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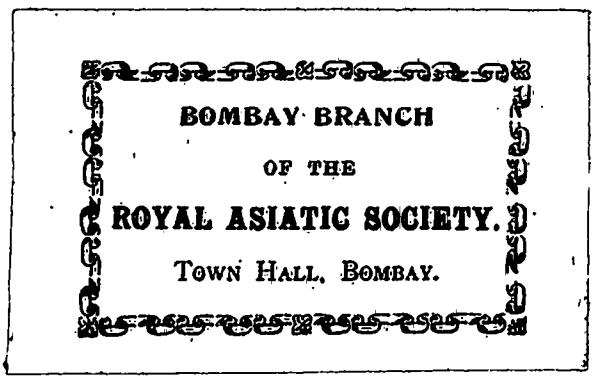

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Charles Alfred Stothard F. S. A.

Engraved by Cooper from a Miniature painted by Alfred Chalon R. A.
in the posession of Mrs C. Stothard.

Published by Longman Hurst Rees Orme & Brown London February 12th 1823.

MEMOIRS,

INCLUDING

ORIGINAL JOURNALS, LETTERS, PAPERS,

AND

ANTIQUARIAN TRACTS,

OF THE LATE

CHARLES ALFRED STOTHARD, F.S.A.

AUTHOR OF

THE MONUMENTAL EFFIGIES OF GREAT BRITAIN.

WITH

CONNECTIVE NOTICES OF HIS LIFE,

AND SOME ACCOUNT OF

A JOURNEY IN THE NETHERLANDS.

BY MRS. CHARLES STOTHARD,

AUTHOR OF

LETTERS WRITTEN DURING A TOUR THROUGH NORMANDY, BRITANNY, AND OTHER PARTS OF FRANCE, IN 1818.

In life or in death, slowly lingering on the bed of sickness, or suddenly snatched from the world, I trust in God. *Vide Letter*, p. 182.

LONDON:

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LONDON:
Printed by A. & R. Spottiswoode,
New-Street-Square.

TO

THE KING'S

MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY,

GEORGE THE FOURTH.

SIRE,

IN availing myself of Your Majesty's gracious permission to dedicate these Memoirs of my beloved husband to You, I rejoice in the opportunity thus afforded me, of publicly avowing my deep and heartfelt sense of the obligations I owe, both to the liberal patronage and the feeling sympathy

Your Majesty, in the hour of my afflictions, has been pleased to evince towards me.

To You, Sire, the dedication of these Memoirs is particularly due; as the subject of them devoted his life to the illustration of our national history, in the endeavour to place, as it were, before our view, Your Majesty's Royal Ancestors, and warriors who, under them, have from early ages asserted the character of the British people. And, I cannot but anticipate from a Monarch, under whom that character has been so eminently maintained, and who is so feelingly alive to the sufferings of an individual, the gracious reception of a narrative, however humble, that is written from the heart.

Accept, Sire, this trifling but sincere tribute of my gratitude; and that Your Majesty may long enjoy in the bosom of

Your people, a happy and a prosperous reign, till that hour comes, when "full of years, and full of honours," He who has bestowed the mortal crown shall give You that which is immortal and unchanging, is the sincere and fervent prayer of her who has the honour to subscribe herself,

Sire,

Your Majesty's

Most gratefully obliged

And faithful Subject,

ANNA ELIZA STOTHARD.

Rodney Buildings, New Kent Road.
March 12th, 1822.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE delay of the present publication has been unavoidably occasioned by a severe affection of the eyesight, preventing the Author from undertaking the necessary revisal and correction of the press.

Amongst the letters of the late Mr. Charles Stothard, introduced in the course of the narrative, some few have been inserted, which may not possess, perhaps, an interest equal to the rest. But it was deemed advisable not to omit them, as they form a *link* in the chain that connects the whole; — descriptive of his various journeys and researches, whilst engaged in pursuits illustrative of our National History and Antiquities.

For the etching of the portrait of De Coster (introduced in the letters from the Netherlands,) after a drawing by Mr. C. Stothard, the Author is indebted to the talents and liberality of Mrs. Dawson Turner.

Mr. Stothard's Chronological Arrangement of "The Monumental Effigies," is given for the advantage of the subscribers to that work.

MEMOIRS, &c.

OF

C. A. STOTHARD.

CHARLES ALFRED STOTHARD, the second son of the celebrated Historical Painter, Thomas Stothard, Esq. R. A., was born in London, on the 5th of July, in the year 1786. The most remarkable qualities of his infant years were an uncommon sweetness of temper, an early propensity to study, and the strictest regard for truth.

He received his first instructions from an old lady, who initiated little children into the knowledge of the alphabet and the rudiments of spelling. I have often heard him say, good-humouredly, that he really believed he was much indebted to this old lady for his patient habits. Having had the good fortune to become her favorite, (as he was a very quiet child,) she always did him the favour of selecting him from the other little ones, to hold her skeins of worsted and silk as she wound them off for the use of the whole school. Little Charles at first felt this an

irksome employment; but soon found the way to make the burthen lighter, by repeating his own lessons to himself, and endeavouring to remember those which he heard repeated by the other children to their mistress, whilst he was standing by her side. This is a childish anecdote, perhaps scarcely worth relating, did it not evince a striking instance in one so young of making the most of time and improving the opportunity; a characteristic that marked his future life.

During his boyish days, he was for some time under the care and tuition of Mr. Deane, a respectable school-master, from whom he learnt Latin, as it is usually taught at private seminaries; but on leaving school, he pursued the study of that language under the tuition of the Rev. Robert Burnside, a gentleman well known for his piety and learning, and who highly esteemed both the solid ability, and the amiable dispositions of his young pupil.

Very early in life, Charles envinced an uncommon talent for drawing, the miniature scenes of his school-boy theatre; some of which still exist, designed and painted with an accuracy and spirit that would do credit to a maturer hand. Though never regularly *instructed* in the art of drawing, he could not fail acquiring a perfect knowledge of its principles and an accurate taste, from the circumstance of being so

constantly with his father; whom, as a painter, he always justly deemed the Raphael of our times.

His elder brother, Thomas, inherited the genius of his parent, and designed even historical subjects with extraordinary ability for such a youth; but his propensity was so decidedly military, that he declared his intention of becoming a soldier. A similarity of pursuits more closely united the ties of brotherly affection. Thomas and Charles were the favorites of each other. Both were youths of the best dispositions and the fairest promise, and both met with an equally dreadful and untimely fate. Thomas, very early in life; for, at the age of sixteen years, he was unhappily shot dead upon the spot by a school-fellow, who was carelessly playing with a gun. Charles, although a mere boy at the time the fatal accident occurred, deeply felt the loss of the companion of his childhood and the brother of his affections, and never spoke of this melancholy event but in terms of the most feeling regret; and how melancholy as well as premature was his own death, will be stated in the following pages.

Of a warm heart, and lively imagination, Charles had early received the impressions of romantic feeling, and his enthusiastic spirit delighted in the subjects that gave it birth.

Nature afforded him a wide field for the indulgence of his favorite propensities. He rejoiced in taking every opportunity of tracing her footsteps, especially where she is seen to most advantage—in the simple charms of a country life.

He had an aunt, a very worthy and respectable woman, who resided at Ivor. Charles was always the favorite of this lady, and frequently her guest. Seated on a low stool in the chimney-corner, whilst the good old lady was employed with her needle, little Charles would read Shakspeare, or the histories of our Gothic times, till his heart was agitated with a quicker pulsation; and his imagination pictured to him in such glowing colours, "the pride, pomp, and "circumstance" of knights and tournaments, that scarcely knowing how to restrain his feelings, and wishing to give them vent, he would leave the house, and rambling into the pine forest in the neighbourhood, there indulge his reveries on past times, till he reluctantly returned, deeply lamenting there were now neither knights, nor tournaments, nor glittering arms.

He was always studiously inclined, and loved books, especially of an historical nature. His studies, as with young people is too frequently the case, were desultory, and for some time perhaps not sufficiently directed to any particular object. History, poetry, astronomy, chemistry, natural

history, Latin, French, Italian, drawing, antiquities, music, all by turns engaged his attention; and it may with truth be remarked, that for whatever he acquired during life, he was little indebted to the instruction of others. Such as he was, he made himself: a sedate and constant application of mind, accompanied with the most indefatigable industry, were his early and prevailing habits. It was with him a maxim, which he strictly followed, "that whatever was worth "doing at all, was worth doing well." Of his own abilities, he had ever a very modest and humble opinion. Never, even from myself, would he receive the praise of *genius*, although he was certainly endowed with it; and yet he was not, nor did he affect to be, entirely unconscious of his own talents; but he always attributed both their progress and success to that perseverance and steady attention to one object, which, he declared, with very moderate abilities, would achieve great things. Since his death, I have found amongst his early papers fragments of his journals, stating the employment of his time. He kept a strict account, obliging himself to regular occupations at certain hours; and it is really surprising, by these means, how much he accomplished during the day.

At the period Charles became of that age when youths generally enter upon some profession,

being allowed by his father to follow the bent of his inclinations, he declared his intention of making the art of painting, in some one of its branches, his pursuit. At first, he wished to be a portrait-painter, but an accidental occurrence altered this determination; for one morning, chancing to call upon a friend who was of that profession, he found him busily engaged in finishing the portrait of a lady of rank. A party, who knew nothing of art, but its name, happened to call in to look at the picture of the lady, who was the head of their family — a woman of plain features and vulgar character. The likeness was so just, that it offended all the company. One complained there was nothing genteel about the person; another, that the features were masculine. In short, the painter was universally condemned, for representing an ugly woman as Heaven made her. Charles was so disgusted at witnessing this scene, that he left the house with a determination never to become a portrait-painter; feeling that he could not submit to give up his own independence and judgment to be the sport of ignorance and vanity.

In the year 1807, feeling desirous to enter upon a regular course of study from the antique, he laid before Mr. Fuseli a drawing, which procured for him an immediate admission as a student at Somerset House; and he soon became

distinguished for his chaste and beautiful style of copying antique sculpture. In the following year, he was admitted into the Life Academy; but his studies were not solely confined to the figure. Frequently, in company with his friend and school-fellow, Mr. C. Deane, he sketched from nature, either on the banks of the Thames, or in the neighbourhood of London. Several of these early productions of his pencil were executed in oil, and possess great merit for their unmannered and faithful imitation of real scenery. It was in this year he became a student at the institution in Pall-Mall, where he executed the picture of a lady and child, after Vandyke, his first and successful copy from the old masters.

In the beginning of the year 1809, Charles became known to our family. A similarity of taste and pursuits, and above all, a mutual love of antiquarian research, first produced the intimacy that subsisted between him and my brother, Mr. Alfred Kempe; an intimacy that soon ripened into friendship and esteem. A high value of Charles's talents and solid ability, a sincere regard for his moral worth and amiable disposition, made us feel, that in him we possessed, what is indeed rarely found, a sincere and devoted friend; who, till the hour of his death, was ever most anxious, on all occasions, to evince by his actions the truth of his regard.

From this period Charles was the constant and welcome guest of our family, the companion of our pursuits, the sharer in all our pleasures and amusements; and, like a true friend, he was equally so of our vexations and our griefs. During this long intimacy, in the open and cheerful hours of youthful friendship, we had a thousand opportunities of witnessing striking proofs of the good disposition; the kind, and above all, the honest sincerity of heart, that formed the distinguished feature of his character. I cannot recall these recollections of our early years, without the most pleasing, yet melancholy feelings; and I hope the reader will pardon me, if I somewhat dwell upon this theme; for it is my most anxious wish to do justice to the qualities of my husband's mind — to show him as he was, the example of every thing that was most worthy or amiable in the human heart.

During this period of friendship, Charles offered to assist our studies in drawing, and gave me lessons, both in oil-painting and in copying from the antique. The instructions I received from him, relative to the principles of art, deserve to be noticed; especially, as they may prove useful to students, who have not an opportunity of pursuing their studies in our public schools of art. He considered, that, in drawing, all persons who possessed moderate ability might make con-

siderable progress, and acquire success by a steady application, and a regular attention to a few principles of art; whilst those gifted with *genius*, frequently relying upon their own powers, from carelessness and want of principle, often toil much and produce little; and their bad habits, early contracted, seldom give place to a regular and proper course.

It was a fundamental maxim with him, that, in painting, grace and simplicity were perfectly consistent with each other, and that no great artist was ever made without them. Simplicity, in his acceptation of the word, was the drawing an object as it is; and grace, that which is given to it by feeling that elegance of line and expression seen in every thing throughout nature. "For instance," would he say, "give a flower to a mere copyist: "he may draw every leaf in its right form and "place, and yet, when finished, the whole will "appear as unlike the elegant production before "him as if cut out in wood; because, wanting a "right *feeling* to observe the gentle and gradual "variations of every line, he gives nothing of "its natural grace; — whilst a careless student, "possessed of genius, would, on the contrary, "immediately feel it; but from a want of strict "attention to the object before him, run it out "into extravagant forms, and by this destroy *all* "the simplicity of the subject." He always

augured well of those young painters who begin in what is called a *hard manner;* Raphael did so. It was a fault, he would say, that led to great things, as the artist who draws thus in the beginning will never afterwards contract affectation. Charles thought too that another chief point lies *in learning to see correctly.* Nature may be strictly copied; and an artist possessing feeling will do this justice to her works, without catching hold of the disagreeable points: his own drawings were a perfect illustration of this principle. Never could there be greater fidelity observed, that in every production of his pencil; yet, draw what he would, there was a grace and beauty in the object, arising from the pure feeling he threw into his style of executing the work.

What is termed *manner*, he considered altogether bad, and, as much as possible, to be avoided; no such thing existing in nature. To instance this, let it be supposed a *single tree* is given as a subject to be copied by three several artists: they shall all execute it; yet their drawings will be so different, that the moment they are seen, we exclaim, that is Mr. A——'s *manner* of painting foliage; these are the greens of Mr. B——; this is the style of Mr. C——, &c.; yet there exists none of this variety in the *single tree* before them. Manner,

therefore, is undoubtedly a fault. — Mr. Collins, the landscape painter, Charles greatly admired for his total freedom from all manner, and his own beautiful sketches, especially those made in Cumberland and Westmoreland, are remarkable for their purity, and close imitation of nature. He did not, like some artists, always paint a purple sky, depict nothing but vivid greens, or represent two different objects in the same way. Another great point in drawing he considered to be *firmness* and *decision*. A line can never be clear or masterly unless it is firm; and the best method to gain this decision, is by looking well at the object ere the line be made — consider, then do it at once. Charles would say, when I occasionally remarked his drawing so much, in so short a space of time, — "I draw quick, because I draw slow;" meaning by this, that he took time before he made a line, and from that attention never had occasion to alter it. This in the end was the quickest of all methods.

In regard to colour, he was a great advocate for endeavouring to imitate nature in study; but he still thought it highly expedient to copy some of the old masters. Rembrandt, Rubens, and Vandyke, were his favorites; the latter he deemed unequalled in his flesh tints, and that he added to his other excellences that of fine drawing. Rubens was his favourite for richness, but

Vandyke for purity. Relative to a method of study, he thought with Johnson, "that great "things are alone achieved by a continuation of "little efforts." Steadiness, a serious mind, an undivided attention, are absolutely necessary; no volatile practice of flying from one object to another. *Study*, *judgment*, *feeling*, were, in his opinion, the three requisites necessary towards making a successful artist, and that all these might be improved by *regularity*. He thought no person could draw finely, without a course of study from the antique, and that it was the best method to commence with severe subjects for the improvement of outline; such as the Elgin Marbles he deemed only adapted for far advanced students, as their great beauty lies in the wonderful imitation of flesh. In the beginning a strict attention to outline is above all things necessary; every drawing should be made, would he say, as if to obtain a prize; and that the student must endeavour to delineate his subject strictly as it is, and beware of suffering his imagination to creep in and lead him into errors or extravagance.

To draw well from the antique, he considered it useful to have some knowledge of anatomy, especially of the muscles; in order to understand their delicate marking in the ancient sculpture. At the same time, the student should beware

lest this knowledge induce a common error with young artists, that of marking in the muscles so strongly that a drawing frequently appears like a surgical dissection. To acquire *firmness*, he advised the practice of daily sketching in pen and ink, either from Raphael or the antique; and to gain a facility in pencilling, copying flowers in oil colour from nature: cloth draperies he deemed the best for study, on account of the beautiful forms of their folds.

For composition, he thought Raphael could not be too much studied, and that to copy him daily would give the purest taste; as the more his works are contemplated, the more must they be admired: new beauties will continually appear, and an enthusiastic love of this great master must grow upon the student; which, to use Charles's own words, will ultimately not only refine his taste, but form his judgment, and teach him to see rightly.

It was his custom always to carry about with him a little book, in which he sketched any thing that came in the way, that struck his fancy. This practice, he considered, gave in time a wonderful facility in sketching; no matter what the subject, something would be gained by every effort.

Having said thus much of Charles's principles and pursuits, of his opinions and practice as an

artist, I shall proceed to introduce in the course of my narrative, in chronological order, such of his letters as I think may be interesting to the reader; the following is one of the earliest remaining, addressed to Mr. George Cumberland, in 1810.

To George Cumberland, Junr., Esq., Portugal.

London, 1810.

Dear George,

The receipt of your first gave me great pleasure, the more so as it came rather unexpectedly; but you must excuse my want of attention in not answering you directly. I know not how it is; but I have a certain antipathy to writing, which I cannot conquer. I believe the only way for my friends to get an answer from me is to follow your example; that is, to reproach me with my neglect. However, I hope this long, very long letter, will make amends. Now you wish for news, you ought not to expect much from me, when you consider in what a jog-trot still I go on, day after day the same; therefore, if I send you uninteresting and trifling events, you must excuse it.

About a month since, I went to the Abbey, and was rather surprised at a circumstance which happened there. Whilst I was drawing, the person who calls himself Mr. Groves, clerk of

the works, came up to me, and asked to see my order; I told him that you had given it to the man with the brown wig and red nose, (for so, you must remember, *you told me,*) who asked us for it, saying it was by the Dean's order. On my telling him this, he replied, we had done wrong in giving it up. He left me; but soon returned to inform me, that he had asked the man about it, but that he had denied ever having received it.

You may suppose I was not a little astonished. However, I went, with the clerk of the works, to him, and questioned him about the affair; he said that you showed the order, but would not give it up. I told Mr. Groves that I could not actually contradict what was asserted, as I did not see you deliver it, and that I should write to you about it. Now, Cumberland, I must beg that you will be candid, and tell me whether you gave it him or not, or to whom you did give it: if you have the order with you, I should thank you to send it to me; if you left it in town, inform me where your brother may lay his hand upon it, as the Abbey is now closed upon me till I produce it. — I must tell you of a singular thing which occurred there since the foregoing affair. I had been engaged three evenings at the Abbey, about a drawing of the Earl of Pembroke; that figure which is

made of wood and cased with brass. You must observe, I was there every other evening; for instance, *Monday*, *Wednesday* and *Friday*.

On the Friday evening, just as I was packing up my rattletraps to be gone, comes up the ill-natured old fellow with the white wig. "Sir," says he, "do you know any thing of the figure "which is broken off from the side of this mo-"nument?" at the same time pointing to that of John of Eltham. I was thunderstruck, when I observed that one of the many beautiful figures which surrounded the tomb had been broken off, and the marks of violence very evidently remaining, as it was broken from the solid marble. I was, however, somewhat relieved from my embarrassment, by being informed that the figure itself was not gone, for they had found it in the next chapel, lying on the ledge of one of the tombs; and he supposed it had been left there, till a fit opportunity occurred to take it away. This, I thought, was plainly pointing at me: I answered him thus — "I knew nothing "of the figure being broken off till you told me "of it: I cannot but confess that I stand in a "very suspicious situation. There are two things, "however, I can urge in my own defence: "the first is, that the last time I came here was "on Wednesday evening, now you say the figure "was found this morning on the ledge of the

" monument; pray, sir, how is it that the figure
" was not found, nor the blank space perceived in
" the niche from whence it came all day yester-
" day? If I had done it on the Wednesday
" evening, which was the last time I came
" here, it could not but have been discovered
" by the men going round so often in the course
" of the day. The second, I think, will prove
" it to have been an accident: had it been
" broken off wilfully for the purpose of being
" taken away, it would not have been left
" in so public a manner, but would have been
" hidden in one of the many holes and corners
" this place affords. The situation of the figure
" on the side of the tomb is such, that a person
" standing up to look at the monument itself,
" must put his foot on the head of one of the
" figures."

This was my defence, with which he seemed very well satisfied, and convinced that I knew nothing about the matter. I dare say now, that if I could read the thoughts passing in your mind, you grievously suspect me; but let me assure you I admire the figures too much, to run the hazard of breaking one in getting it out of the niche: if I could even succeed in that, I could not make up my mind so shamefully to deface the uniformity of the monument itself.

We have nothing to amuse us in London, but what we get from Spain and Portugal; therefore, entertaining you with our news, as the vulgar saying is, would be sending coals to Newcastle. There are several things I wish to hear about in your next; I should like to know how you succeed with the Camera*, whether you find it of great use, what objects you have chosen for the pencil, what antiquities you have found in the churches, whether you have seen any monuments relating to dresses and armour. I hope, if you meet with these, you will not fail to draw them all, as you must know we have had but few prints or drawings relating to the part of Europe you are visiting: tell me, also, have you any brasses there? if so, you must not forget me. I understand there are many ruins of Moorish forts in Spain and Portugal. I should think, from the idea I have formed of their mode of building, they must be very picturesque, and therefore fit objects for the pencil. All this sounds very like *grind on*, I mean the descendant of Sirlo de Grindon; but I know very well when we get accustomed to novelties, how much they lose their interest. You must consider every thing as new, whilst you are away from

* The Camera Lucida, an ingenious instrument for rapidly getting in the *proportional* parts of a drawing.

England, insomuch so, that if you are confined in doors, draw the view you have from your window. I mean by this, however insignificant many objects may seem, when you have so wide a field, they must derive value in this country from their novelty.

I wish you would inquire for me the price of common editions of the plays of Lope de Vega and Calderona, in Spanish; and do not forget some trifle that is curious, (a rosary, *if you can get it,*) for *a lady* that shall *be nameless.* If I were you, I should not spend much time at music, whilst I was in Portugal; about a quarter of an hour of an evening, merely to keep up the knowledge I had gained; and with the rest of the evening I should employ myself in learning Spanish and Portuguese. Consider what advantages you possess in learning languages in a place surrounded by persons who are continually speaking them — consider, too, how much you may learn of the customs of the people you are with; and you will always feel it of use, if it only assists you in acquiring another language; therefore, let me strongly recommend it to your notice. I have been out of town for a fortnight, but only in the neighbourhood of Windsor. I hope we shall have two months together in the country next summer, to make amends for the disappointment of this.

I have been much engaged since my return to town, having commenced my picture of the Death of Richard II.; and will, no doubt, have finished it before you return to England. As it is my first picture, I shall find it a difficult one. I have written so much, I expect you will send me as long a letter in return. I ought to expect more from you, considering what a quantity of subjects you have to fill it with. Yours, &c.

C. A. STOTHARD.

Charles having formed the determination of studying for an historical painter, in 1810, commenced his picture of the Death of Richard II., at Pomfret castle. In this the costume of the time was strictly adhered to, and the portrait of Richard taken from the effigy of that monarch, in Westminster Abbey. In the following year this painting was exhibited at Somerset House, and received the unanimous commendations of the members of the Royal Academy. Notwithstanding the success of this first picture, an occurrence of a domestic nature changed his determination; and fearing that the profession of an historical painter held forth but an uncertain prospect of independence for a married life, he resolved on turning his attention exclusively to the study of our national antiquities; not doubting but his own exertions, and enthusiasm in the

pursuit, would ultimately acquire for him that success he was anxious to gain as a means of domestic competency. His mind, it is true, had received an early bias towards subjects of this nature; and his particular study of monumental antiquities, probably, took its rise from the following occurrence.

In the year 1802, Charles accompanied his father to Burleigh-House, the seat of the Marquis of Exeter; the staircase of which Mr. Stothard, senior, was employed to decorate by his admirable pencil. Whilst thus engaged, he suggested to his son, then a mere youth, that it would be to his future advantage to fill up his time, by making drawings from the monuments in the neighbouring churches, as useful authorities for costume. Pleased with a novel pursuit, Charles entered upon it with great ardour, and produced drawings deserving the commendations they received.

I believe it was in the year 1810, that, by chance, he first saw some very clever unpublished etchings, by the Rev. T. Kerrich, Librarian of the University Library, Cambridge. These, to use his own words "merited the highest praise that could be bestowed." They represented several most curious monuments in the Dominicans and other churches in Paris, since destroyed by the barbarism of revolutionary havoc. It was the sight

of these etchings that determined Charles upon executing, with his own hand, the subjects of his work on "The Monumental Effigies of Great Britain." The objects of this undertaking, as stated in the advertisement which accompanied the first number of the publication, were, "to "afford the historical painter a complete know- "ledge of the costume adopted in England, from "an early period of history, to the reign of "Henry VIII.; to illustrate, at the same time, "history and biography; and, lastly, to assist the "stage in selecting its costume with propriety, "for the plays of our great dramatic bard."— These objects will, however, be found more fully stated in the following Essay, which was written by my husband, and found amongst his other papers after his death. It was most probably intended as the *Sketch* of an introductory preface to the Monumental Effigies, and therefore, under such title, may be introduced with propriety here.

An Essay, written by Charles Alfred Stothard, as a prefatory Introduction to his Work, on the Monumental Effigies of Great Britain.

It is one of the most striking features of the human mind, that it invariably embodies and gives form to description, more or less strong and perfect as the mind is gifted and cultivated;

and it is from this property in man, that the study of antiquity, as connected with and illustrative of history, is the source of some of the greatest intellectual pleasures we are capable of enjoying. By these means, we live in other ages than our own, and become nearly as well acquainted with them. In some measure, we arrest the fleeting steps of Time, and again review those things his arm has past over and subdued, but not destroyed. The researches of the antiquary are worthless, if they do not impart to us this power, or give us other advantages; it is not to admire any thing for its age or rust, that constitutes the interest of the object, but as it is conducive to our knowledge, the enlargement of human intellect and general improvement.

Amongst the various antiquities which England possesses, there are none so immediately illustrative of our history as its national monuments, which abound in our cathedrals and churches. Considered with an attention to all they are capable of embracing, there is no subject can furnish more various or original information. Scattered in all directions, and very remote from each other, they have hitherto possessed but a negative value; it is, therefore, both useful and interesting, by means of the pencil, to bring them together in the form of a

collection. And in some degree, it is to be hoped, such an attempt may give a check to, and serve to counteract the unfeeling ignorance so prevalent in the taste displayed for beautifying and white-washing these vestiges; a custom, which has already destroyed so much, and still continues to make the most dreadful ravages amongst these records of past ages. The destruction by time and accident bears, in comparison with this, but small proportion; although it adds to the claims these subjects have upon our attention, to save them from total oblivion.

The present work was undertaken from a conviction, that nothing effectual towards this last-mentioned purpose had been accomplished; as well as to afford an interesting illustration of history, the progress of art and sculpture, with the changes and costume of different periods in this country.

Of the progress of sculpture, I shall presently speak at large; and of costume, I may here observe, that we have many proofs, that the various dresses which present themselves to us on our monumental effigies, were not at all introduced by any inventive or whimsical fancies in the sculptor. Several agree with our MS. illuminations of their various periods; and we never observe any thing, however singular, but we are sure to detect it repeated in the same age on some other

subject; and it may also be remarked, that, with very few exceptions, these effigies present the only existing portraits we possess of our kings, our princes, and the heroes of ages famed for chivalry and arms. Thus considered, they must be extremely valuable, and furnish us not only with well-defined ideas of celebrated personages, but make us acquainted with the customs and habits of the time. To history they give a body and a substance, by placing before us those things which language is deficient in describing.

Comparatively speaking, we shall be able to ascertain less in the few centuries into which our enquiries lead us, than in the ages of the Greeks and Romans. The reason, I think, is obvious, as the arts in this country found their birth in religion, and were confined to the adornment of religious edifices, and not to the public tributes of a people, or to the memory of an eminent character. Architecture, painting, and sculpture, were no where to be found but under the church, supported by the munificence of princes, and the vast revenues arising from monasteries so richly and splendidly endowed. How different was the spirit which animated the Pagan and the Gothic ages! With the Greeks and Romans, not only the temples of their gods, but their cities, and even their private houses, were

adorned with works of art. Amongst our monkish historians, we neither find a Diodorus Siculus, nor a Strabo. Had the subject of the Gothic arts been more political, history would have been imperfect, had it omitted accounts of things so intimately connected with it.

I intended, on the commencement of my work, to have given a history of the rise of arts in this country, as far as they were connected with sculpture; but, on looking farther into the subject, I found materials too few; and those of such a nature, that the time required to make researches in this particular, would be enough of itself, without thinking of giving specimens, &c. I shall offer, however, such remarks, as may serve to pave the way for another.

Of the tombs of this country since the conquest, we find the earliest were but representations, and appear to us in the shape of the lid of the coffin; these seem to have been placed even with the pavement, having, in some instances, foliage fancifully sculptured upon them, and in others crosses. These were carved in exceedingly low relief, with various fanciful devices; but most generally with such as denoted the profession of the deceased: tombs of this description are extremely numerous. As examples, a few will be selected of the most curious. From some interesting specimens we have prior to the

conquest, we may gather, that such a mode was very early practised in this country.

Effigies are rarely to be met with in England before the middle of the 13th century; a circumstance, not to be attributed to the causes generally assigned, which were either, that they had been destroyed, or that the unsettled state of the times did not offer sufficient encouragement for erecting such memorials. But it rather appears not to have before become the practice to represent the deceased. If it had been otherwise, for what reason do we not find effigies over the tombs of Matilda, Queen of William the Conqueror, his son, William Rufus, or his daughter, Gundrada? Yet, after a time, it is an undoubted fact, that the alteration introduced by the Normans was the addition of the figure of the person deceased; and then it appeared not in the bolder style of the Norman monuments, but partaking of the character and low relief of those tombs it was about to supersede. Of these, and of the few perhaps that were executed, Roger, Bishop of Sarum, is the only specimen in good preservation. But it is singular, as we remark, the figure had not quite superseded the ornaments; and we do not find they long retained this character; but gradually appear more relieved. The effigy of Joceline, Bishop of Salisbury, is

infinitely more so than Roger, Bishop of the same see, which is far from possessing the bold relief we afterwards observe in the figure of King John. Our sculptors having arrived at this stage of improvement, continued to execute their effigies after the same manner, (during which we observe the coffin-shaped slab giving way to a more regular figure,) till the beginning of the 14th century; and it was then that it entirely disappeared, and that the effigy is represented in full relief. It seems very probable, the figure which was placed on the tomb represented the person as he appeared in the coffin. To support such a conjecture is no difficult task. King John, it seems, was exactly similar; as far, at least, as having the sword and sceptre. Withburga, sister to Queen Etheldreda, Abbess of Ely, when examined several centuries after her interment, by order of the Abbot Richard, was found with a cushion of silk beneath her head, &c.

It is not unlikely that it was usual to bury the dead in this manner; whence arose the general custom of sculpturing our effigies with cushions under the head. Henry II.'s effigy, at Fontevraud, is thus represented; and agrees with the account given by Matthew Paris, and other writers, of that monarch's appearance after death when placed upon the bier. And Be-

rengaria, Queen of Richard the I., is seen in her effigy holding a book, the cover embossed with a second representation of herself, (which agrees with the effigy) lying upon a bier with waxen tapers burning in candlesticks on either side. Yet it is probable the custom of burying the dead in the dress which marked the habits of their lives was not universal; for had it been so, we should find knights in their armour, which would have explained points, that now probably will be never clearly understood.

It is true, indeed, that a very voluminous work of this kind has been published by the late Mr. Gough, which was undertaken with the best intentions; but whatever information we may receive from his writings, the delineating part is so extremely incorrect and full of errors, that at a future period, when the originals no longer exist, it will be impossible to form any correct idea of what they really were.

It may perhaps be thought unjust, that I should enter so little into the merits of a work which has challenged considerable notice; but delicacy, united to the wish of depreciating as little as possible the well-intentioned endeavours of another, would altogether make me silent, did I not feel that, in justice to myself, and as the present work is situated, something must be said, or the errors of Mr. Gough might, at a future

period, be the means of injuring an attempt which differs from his on account of its very accuracy. I feel it therefore a duty both to myself, and the object of my pursuit, to point out these errors as they occur; for in future pages it will be unfortunately necessary to make comparisons and remarks, on those subjects where considerable variations occur, in order to exonerate the present undertaking from an appearance of that incorrectness it does not really possess.

Had Mr. Gough been draughtsman sufficient to have executed his own drawings, he might have avoided these innumerable mistakes, which, from circumstances and the nature of the subject, must unavoidably arise. He could not transfer that enthusiasm which he felt to the persons he employed, to enable them to overcome such difficulties. Of what nature these were, and how they acted upon uninterested people, can be easily shown. There are innumerable instances where the effigies are covered with plaster and white-wash, so as to conceal not only the true form, but the ornaments upon it. Such disfigurement cannot be removed by the unfeeling hand of a labourer; and can it be supposed a mere draughtsman, employed upon a work of which he is not the proprietor, will take upon himself the disagreeable and unprofitable task of clearing the surface of a subject which his em-

ployer will probably never see or examine? For it is remarkable, that the most curious specimens I have found and given in my work, presented, at first sight, nothing which could excite the least interest, till, with infinite trouble, time and labour, I disencumbered them of their white-wash, plaster, and house-painting cases; when the figures, dresses, and ornaments frequently came forth in a state sufficiently clear and perfect, to be entirely made out.

To undertake a work like the present, with the hope of success, peculiar advantages should be possessed. The artist should be warmly interested in the accomplishment of his object, and have some knowledge of the subject beyond that of mere graphic execution, or he will undoubtedly fall into great and continual errors. In proof of this, wherever these have occurred in Gough's Sepulchral Monuments, I shall be compelled to point them out; and I may also remark, that although the public is much indebted to that gentleman for what he has collected, yet, considering the mass of matter brought together, it is to be regretted, that we frequently find him so superficial on those points, which were of the greatest consequence. Where he found dates to his monuments, he has used them indiscriminately; and where he had them not, he has invariably shewn by the glaring errors com-

mitted, that he had nothing more than general notions to direct him.

It is not willingly that I appear before the public in the character of a writer, to which nothing could reconcile me but the unavoidable necessity which exists for my becoming such; as it must be obvious to every one that the pen is necessary to assist the pencil, and give that information the latter cannot alone afford.

It must be also evident, that in making the selection for my work on the monumental effigies, much must have come under my observation, which, though not in itself sufficient to the purpose, would yet furnish comparisons leading to the developement of truth; for these are the best and perhaps the only means, in a subject so little known, of arriving at just conclusions. Feeling, therefore, convinced, that I should be deserving of censure for injustice to my subject, in having kept back, from any motive, information so material to its elucidation; I am reluctantly obliged to appear before the public as artist, antiquary, and author. Thus influenced, I found the necessity as well as the utility of seeking farther assistance from writers coeval with the times, and also from other authentic documents, which choice or accident might lead me to consult. With all that I may do, the work I fear will not still be so entirely complete

as I could wish, from an unavoidable cause, that to publish *every* interesting monumental effigy in this country, must be impossible. The selection I shall give, will not be made perhaps from more than a twentieth part of the subjects we possess; consequently many very interesting and necessary links in the series must be wanting, which might have been brought forward to remove or explain those doubtful points now existing; this deficiency, it will be evident, was unavoidable. Could we even feel a certainty in knowing where each effigy was to be found, years must be expended in such a review. From our county histories, it might have been expected I should derive considerable assistance; but these, with a few exceptions, are extremely shallow, and as often mislead as inform — the consequence of a too frequent practice of describing churches the writers had never seen; and with such uncertain guides, the time lost merely in researches would be incalculable.

Much information will no doubt be expected from a work, treating on subjects hitherto so little noticed. If it is to be gained from the combination and comparisons of an infinite number and variety of facts, the reader may not be disappointed; for to little more than this shall I make pretension, on all occasions adhering to matter of fact, in preference to

losing myself in the mazes of conjecture. It is an easy thing to raise hypotheses, and to support them by those specious arguments to which prejudice is ever ready to give birth; it is also easy to pull down the hypotheses of another, from motives little better than the poor ambition of affecting singularity of opinion. Amidst assertions, contradictions, and an infinity of conjectures, *plain fact* has been often overlooked, or but superficially attended to. It is the same, I believe, on all subjects where such a spirit is the ruling principle. For the deist, (who takes vast pains to convince us his reason is superior to that of other people, content to own their ignorance, and the necessity of divine revelation,) after all his efforts, does little more than walk out of the common road to prove himself a fool.

But to my purpose—the work I have undertaken is, in the graphic part, of itself sufficiently arduous without other additions; but no exertion on my part shall be wanting either in this or in that of the letter-press, to render it, as far as my ability will admit, answerable to its object. The plan may be expressed in a few words: it is to give the most *correct* representations of the subjects, to supply what the pencil cannot perform by minute description, and to afford illustrations and remarks, whenever they may be usefully applied. This accomplished with the strictest

attention to truth, how securely will such a foundation assist and support those who wish to make collateral or deeper researches!

C. A. STOTHARD.

To publish a work of this nature, singly, and alone, unassisted by booksellers, or any coadjutor, was indeed a great attempt for a young man totally unknown to the world. But circumstances that would have depressed a less ardent mind, gave but new vigor to the persevering spirit of Charles. He took upon himself, unassisted, not only the whole of the expence, but also the fatigue and labour of travelling to the most remote places in England, for the purpose of collecting his materials, by making drawings in obscure churches, in any little town or village that promised a monumental subject for his pencil. These he resolved to etch with his own hand, and much of his time he likewise devoted to the study of books, ancient MSS. &c. that by such a course he might render himself completely master of the subject in which he was engaged. His pen was not idle. He collected and copied out from various authorities, a vast body of matter, both in English, old French, and Latin, that might prove useful during the progress of his work, and frequently wrote his own observations, opinions, &c. as he gained an improved knowledge of his subject.

To these labours, he added the active management of all business connected with his avocations. And the whole was conducted in a manner so regular, and with so little noise, that though one of the most industrious young men that perhaps ever lived, a superficial observer would scarcely have noticed his exertions. Notwithstanding these labours, he had always time to devote to the service of others, or for the society of his friends, and he likewise engaged in various studies, not immediately connected with this severe pursuit. History was his chief delight, and he was so well versed in it, that scarcely was there an historical event of any import, or interest, but it became familiar to his mind. Nor was this knowledge confined to our own country: he had an extensive acquaintance with ancient literature, and so far imbibed the spirit of these studies, that I have often heard him say, nothing could afford him greater pleasure than to make a journey through Egypt and India, to observe the still existing antiquities of both countries, and trace a connexion he was persuaded existed between them.

In June 1811, Charles published the first number of his work on the Monumental Effigies of Great Britain. This was universally received with commendation: and amongst those persons of distinguished talent who both approved and

forwarded his design, may here be noticed the names of Messrs. Flaxman, Kerrich, Lysons, Chantry, West, Westall, Smirke, Westmacott, Sir R. C. Hoare, Mr. Rogers the poet, Sir James Stuart, and many other gentlemen of known taste and judgment.

Desirous of obtaining the critical remarks of Mr. Kerrich, Charles gladly conveyed to him the first number of his work. Of this gentleman, who is still living, delicacy forbids my speaking all I feel; but gratitude for the friendship and kindness he evinced towards my husband during his life, and towards myself since his decease, forbids my being silent. Mr. Kerrich was one of the earliest and most zealous friends Charles ever found. To great antiquarian knowledge, he united the most accurate skill as a draughtsman. Of his judgment my husband entertained the highest opinion, and always declared, that to his just and candid criticism during the progress of the work, he felt greatly indebted for much of its improvement. Mr. Kerrich, he would say, was a severe judge, but one who never bartered his sincerity for compliment, and whose praise was worth receiving, as it was the commendation of judgment without flattery.

One little anecdote relating to the commencement of his work, I think so highly honorable to his memory, that it should not be suppressed; I

shall therefore give it, and endeavour to do so in his own words, and with the perfect simplicity in which he related it to me.

"When I first determined upon publishing "the work myself, I knew I should require a "small sum of money exclusively for it, to be- "gin with; and, at the time, my purse was on "the decline. I might have had what I wanted "by applying to my father; but I know not "how it was, I had a feeling I could not con- "quer, of wishing to begin the world without "calling upon his assistance. Added to this, I "thought my not doing so, as I was the elder, "would be a good example to my brothers. I "therefore applied to a friend, who had plenty "of money, and requested him to lend me the "sum I wanted. He did so. This was the first "time I had ever borrowed money; and I felt "uneasy till it was repaid. Accordingly, when "I brought out my first number, I laid by every "pound note I received, till I found sufficient "of them lying together to discharge my debt. "I then carried the sum to my friend, and as "soon as I saw it deposited in his pocket, I felt "I had *regained my independence*, and resolved "never again to become a borrower."

Charles, with an humble mind, united a large share of what was sometimes erroneously termed pride, by persons who did not understand his

real character. If an unconquerable spirit of independence, and a consciousness of that natural claim to respect which every honest man deserves, can be termed pride, he had the proudest mind I ever knew. No hope of interest, no occasion of advantage, ever could induce him to court the favour of a superior, or to make a concession that compromised his own honor, his sincerity, or the dignity of an upright and independent character. In some measure this feeling was in him a fault; for I have known him shun a fair occasion of advancement, lest he should incur even the suspicion of courting those who are termed the great. Yet he, who was so high-minded towards persons placed above him by adventitious circumstances, was, to his inferiors, kind, affable, and familiar; deeming every one his equal who filled with honesty and respectability that station in life to which "it had pleased God to call them."

In the summer of 1811, Charles visited Canterbury, for the purpose of making drawings in the Cathedral for his work. Whilst so engaged upon an effigy situated, I believe, in the under croft of the church, he met with an accident that would have discouraged a less arduous spirit. The figure he was desirous of delineating lay obscured in darkness; by the assistance of a number of candles placed upon a plank, which he contrived to

elevate till he obtained a desirable light, he commenced drawing his subject, by the means of a ladder upon which he stood. Thus occupied till night, he had nearly completed his object, when the ladder slipt, and precipitated him to the ground; the plank also fell, and he was left in total darkness, without any hope of being relieved from his unpleasant situation till the morning; for the hour was late, and all persons but himself had quitted the Cathedral. Fortunately he received no injury in the fall, although at the moment he was engaged in the act of cutting his pencil. Thus situated, after many fruitless efforts, he succeeded in groping out his way, till at length he reached the door of the Cathedral, which he unlocked, having possession of the key. After this accident, he never again suffered the desire of gaining time to induce him to draw so late in any church.

He was exceedingly fearless in his pursuits, nor did he allow difficulty to impede the achievement of his object; I remember an instance of this, which at the time made me shudder with apprehension and alarm. I was once viewing the Abbey, when, on turning suddenly into one of the aisles near the chapel of Edward the Confessor, I beheld Charles elevated between thirty and forty feet from the ground, standing upon a ladder, with both hands engaged, one in holding

the drawing board, and the other the pencil; and I found he had actually been employed nearly the whole morning in this most dangerous situation, making sketches of some escutcheons for his work. Upon seeing me alarmed, he descended, but at the same time assuring me there was no danger, as he felt not the least apprehension, and was never giddy in the head.

During the first years of his employment on "the Monumental Effigies," he had one weekly relaxation in which he much delighted, that of playing his violin at an amateur concert, held every Saturday night at the house of Mr. Beane, a gentleman well known for his skill in the opposite sciences of music and chemistry. Three or four evenings during the week were always passed at our house. These were generally spent in drawing, reading, playing chess, music, sometimes in little theatrical amusements, and often in the mutual antiquarian researches and communications of Charles and my brother. The following extracts from letters written by him in the summer of 1811, will serve to shew what were his pursuits at that period, and the years immediately succeeding.

To T. Stothard, Esq.

Ash, Kent, Sunday Evening,
20th August, 1811.

My Dear Father,

Being stationary for three or four days, I take the opportunity of writing to let you know how I arrived here, and what I am about. On getting to Billingsgate, I altered my original intention of going to Gravesend, and took my passage for Margate in one of the hoys, which, with a very fair wind, was then about to sail. We had on board about thirty passengers, who were of course going down for the purpose of enjoying themselves; of this enjoyment, the hams, fowls, pies, puddings and wines, seemed a very great part. We left Billingsgate at half-past twelve, and finished our voyage by half-past ten; a passage of ten hours.

The next morning I got up at seven, and walked on the pier. After I had breakfasted, I began my march, the day being very fine. Leaving Ramsgate to my left, I passed Richborough, a fort built by the Romans, a vast ruin; the walls now standing are in many places forty feet in height and nine in thickness. At three o'clock at noon I reached this place. After I had refreshed myself, and recovered from my walk, I procured the keys of the church, and found

four monuments, every one of which may some time or other serve my purpose, but that to which I have turned my attention, and am preparing to draw, is excessively interesting.

At first sight it appeared an unintelligible mass, shewing nothing but that it was a human form; on a closer inspection, I found it was buried in white-wash, in some places more than a quarter of an inch in thickness. As I perceived also something in it which appeared new to me, and which I did not understand, I set to work with my penknife and nail-brush, to clear it from its coating. After a four hours' job, I was well recompensed in that I discovered. The figure from its armour, seemed to be of the time of Edward II. In its general appearance it has some resemblance to that figure of John of Eltham, of which you made an etching; but with these remarkable differences, on the shoulders are circular plates, having upon them lions' heads. The surcoat is laced at the side, but left sufficiently open to shew the body underneath, covered with small plates of iron, rivetted together; there are also about it some other singular peculiarities. After I had thus prepared for making my drawing, I secured my bed at the inn. This morning I walked to Barfreston, under a burning sun, and through perplexing lanes and foot-paths. The church is one of the most

ancient in Kent, being built in the early Norman style. I drew the principal entrance, on account of its singularity; this done, I turned towards Ash, where I arrived in time to get tea, and have now sat down to write you these few lines. I shall not go to Canterbury till Friday next, when I expect to hear from home. Believe me your affectionate son,

C. A. STOTHARD.

To A. J. Kempe, Esq. Swansea, South Wales.

Sept. 28. 1811.

DEAR ALFRED,

I have but just returned to town, consequently your last letter to me I did not receive till yesterday. It gave me considerable pleasure to hear that you were better in health, and so much delighted with the scenery which surrounds you; but I could not help feeling regret at being unable to participate with you in your rambles. Respecting London, I cannot tell you any thing, without it is, that it looks very Novemberish; but there is one consolation for me in this, that it leads me to look forward for your return. I think I told you I had some idea of going to Canterbury; this I did, and will now give you an account of my expedition.

I sailed from Billingsgate for Margate, at which

place I arrived in nine hours. The next morning after breakfast I left it; as I could not find any thing attractive in my road, I overtook Mr. Ferdinand P., whose company I had for a couple of miles. The ignorance and conceit, blended together in the conversation of this *clever* young man, you may suppose afforded me some amusement. He gave me a most pressing invitation to stay and spend a week with his family in Margate; but I not wishing to undergo the fate of the companions of Ulysses in the Island of Circe, very politely refused his kind offer, and with this bid him adieu.

Leaving Ramsgate to my left, I marched on under a burning sun, till I arrived at Richborough, and was agreeably surprised to find that I had under-rated it, in the size and extent of its walls. Having examined it on all sides, interior as well as exterior, I walked on to Ash, distant three miles, resolving to visit it again during my stay in the neighbourhood. But I did not accomplish my intention, though I was four days at Ash. The novelty of my situation, being as it were isolated from society, tended to my losing all spring for action; and I believe I never felt so much the want of a companion before — and as I afterwards experienced, it is but a melancholy pleasure, that which is confined within our own breast.

Canterbury was the next place where I became stationary. I there commenced my grand operations, making drawings of most of the principal monuments in its Cathedral, of which I might be said to have been an inhabitant, so closely was I engaged for three weeks; and I assure you I was then heartily tired of my unsociable company.

The last Sunday I was in Canterbury (what will my god-father say to this?) I walked over to Reculver, a distance of nine miles, for the purpose of seeing what fresh inroads the sea had made there since my first visit, two years ago. After a delightful, but solitary walk, my road lying through woods and hop-grounds, I reached Regulbium about one o'clock. Being told at the public-house there, that I could not dine under an hour, I strolled down to the beach, which I found strewed with Roman brick, tiles, broken pottery, &c. &c. In one place two or three immense fragments of the Roman wall thrown down on the sands; in another, a part of it jutting out four or five yards over its foundation, supported entirely by the wonderful strength of its cement. In the cliffs (if I may call them so, being composed of a loose sandy soil, the height of thirty or forty feet) are to be seen human bones lying in strata for a considerable length. These I cannot suppose to be Roman, as we

know they never buried the dead within their walls; so that we may conclude them to be the bones of some of the primitive Christians. Their proximity to the church, I think, favours this idea. I picked up on the shore two or three pieces of scored tile, and the best half of a ring of brass, — a green stone, a piece of glass yet remaining set in it, for an impression of which look to the seal of this, and see if you can make out what it originally represented. I have turned and twisted it all ways, but to no purpose.

Before I left the place, I purchased of one of the cottagers, for a mere trifle, a Roman vessel, in form most like one of our water pitchers, this was washed out of the cliff, and picked up by a child. It is made of clay, baked and glazed, by no means unornamental, though rather rude in point of workmanship. For its size, I think it would contain a gallon, were it filled up to its brim; but, unfortunately, two pieces are broken away at the neck. However, I think, on the whole, you will find this a tolerably perfect specimen of Roman pottery.

Besides this, I brought away the greater part of the lid of a vessel of brass, buckles, coins, and other things, of the use of which I am ignorant.

In your first letter, I was glad to hear that you and Eliza were so industrious, and anticipate

a pleasure to come, in rambling, by means of your drawings, to those scenes which you have most admired. I was aware that you would find a monumental figure at Tintern Abbey, and, if I recollect right, there is something remarkable about the form of the guard and gripe of the sword which he is drawing.

You desire to know how my work goes on: considering the time of year, as well as I can expect. I have now to write to several persons, entirely strangers, to thank them for their good offices and offers of assistance. As specimens, one gentleman wrote, desiring me to put down his name as a subscriber with the University of Cambridge; another has made me a very polite offer of procuring for me translations of any of the documents or records in the Herald's College, which will serve to throw any light on my subject. Your father I have seen but twice since your absence, not having had the good fortune to find him at home oftener. Fascination-House has lost all claim to its title, and Apollo broods in solemn silence o'er the change. The elder Bradley is absent in Shropshire, for the purpose of prosecuting his studies as a landscape-painter. You have been very good in writing to me, and I assure you, from the opinion I have formed of you as a correspondent, I shall know what value to set upon your attentions. Remember

me to your mother, Mrs. A. Kempe, and your sister, and believe me, dear Alfred, your sincere friend,

C. A. STOTHARD.

P. S. Write to me whenever you find yourself in the mood: you know I shall be glad to hear from you.

A. J. Kempe, Esq. Swansea, Glamorganshire, South Wales.

Nov. 8. 1811.

DEAR ALFRED,

Many thanks to you for your last letter.—At the time of its arrival I was completely depressed by disappointment. I had expected to have seen you for the last fortnight, and went three times to Newington with that hope. From experience I think there is nothing so tiresome as protracted expectation. I have, however, now I have heard from you, made up my mind to wait with patience. You will not thank me for wishing your return to London: which place is now completely beset by all the miseries incidental to this gloomy month. Rain we have had for three weeks past; and with us it still continues; attended by a cold and damp atmosphere, dark days, &c. so that you have every

reason to be content with your present situation. In your ideas of retirement amidst the wild scenery of nature, I heartily agree: but it seems very unlikely ever to be my lot. Certainly it is a very easy thing to accomplish. Turn peasant, and the scene might be realized. But ambition, and that foolish check on our actions — "What will the world say?"—too often obtrude themselves: and thus real happiness eludes us, when it is within our reach.

That I shall visit South Wales, I think very likely next summer; but am afraid, from circumstances, I shall be alone. Of this I can say more when I see you. Mr. Cumberland has been in town: and from him I had some account of you. He told me, amongst other things, that some drawings were made in Bristol; but what they were he could not inform me, as the sketch-books vanished at his approach. I hope that you do not bring home *duplicates* of your views; as I know that, in sketching, you and Eliza generally sit together. There is a proverb that may be well applied to my hint at this time. However, I think, if advice prove good, it is better late than never. You have, of course, visited the falls at Pont Neath, Vechan; and since the rains, which you have mentioned, they must have received considerable addition to their beauty. Your intelligence concerning Swansea

church I am obliged to you for; and shall make a point of paying attention to it, in my way to Saint David's next summer,

I believe I need not tell you that my companions in Canterbury Cathedral did not trouble themselves to speak to me. High-minded Bolingbroke had not one poor word to say for himself. Not even the sainted Becket dared to burst his cerements: though I think I gave him a fair opportunity for an interview; as I frequently passed the spot where he was murdered. At that dread hour when spirits revisit "the glimpses of the moon, making night hideous," I often wished you were with me: you would then have had a touch of the sublime. As you are not certain which way you return to town, I cannot point out much for your observation. If you should go by the way of Gloucester, you will, of course, see the Cathedral. From accounts I have had of it, it is remarkable for the lightness and elegance of its architecture. In the interior is the monument and effigy of the unfortunate Edward II., likewise that of another unfortunate man, Robert Curtoise, Duke of Normandy. This last is reckoned one of the oldest specimens in England. Berkeley Castle may not be much out of your way: there is food for curiosity; as I am told, among other things, they shew you the room in which Edward II. was murdered.

Wells cathedral is worth your notice. The tower is covered with subjects from the Scriptures: each of which, for composition, might vie with Michael Angelo. It may be reckoned one of the wonders of England.—With all this writing I have not given you any news. Indeed we have none. The comet, now leaving us, is the conversation here, and comfort of superstitious old women. I suppose some have not been without their fears in Swansea. Bradley has returned from Salop. Boxall has been in the country for two months past. I have lately had the honor of being introduced to his sister: who is so like him, that should you happen to stumble on her in Bath, where she now is, you will know her from the resemblance. Remember me to your fellow travellers, and tell them that, amidst all my rusty pursuits, I have not forgotten them. Believe me yours sincerely,

C. A. STOTHARD.

In the summer of 1812, Charles will be found pursuing his monumental researches.

To T. Stothard, Esq.

Wingfield, Friday, July 2. 1812.

DEAR FATHER,

You no doubt expected to have heard from me before this; but I have been so unsettled

for this week past, as to place it out of my power to write, or to convey a letter, had I found time or means to prepare one. I am well, after a great deal of fatigue from travelling on foot, in a county (Cambridge) so little accommodated for travellers, as to inns at least, (I speak of that part which I have traversed,) rain every day, in a disagreeable marshy country, you may suppose, has not a little added to the other inconveniences.

I have now taken up my station in this place for a fortnight at least. I thought, on my first arrival, I should not be able to get house-room; it is but a straggling place, with about twenty cottages in it, almost a quarter of a mile one from the other. Had I not been fortunate enough to procure a room with a bed here, I should have had a walk of eleven miles, every day that I came to draw in the church. I live most sumptuously on cottage fare: tea, bread and butter, cakes, fat pork, bread and cheese and beer, all for breakfast — this is repeated at tea in the afternoon; but in such a profusion of good things I do not then join. What I have seen of the country is highly cultivated, almost like a garden. The views are very confined, this to me is a great fault; but when I write again, I may be able to speak better of it. As it was your wish at my leaving town

I should send you something like a journal, I shall begin from the time Alfred left me, as I did not till then quit Cambridge.

Friday, 19. — Having taken leave of Alfred Kempe, left Cambridge at ten o'clock, walked to Rampton, eight miles; began to rain when I got there, and continued at intervals the rest of the day. Having left off drawing early, to look for a place to sleep in, walked two miles to Cottenham, over a fen: wretched bed rooms.

Saturday, 20. — Returned to Rampton to finish my drawing. The church being without a roof, the rain annoyed me the whole of the day. The evening being fine, walked back again to Cambridge, making a round of ten miles.

Sunday, 21. — In Cambridge all day.

Monday, 22. — Spent the day with Mr. Kerrich, in looking over drawings, and chalking out a part of my route.

Tuesday, 23. — Left Cambridge again for Rampton, finished my drawings there; slept at Cottenham. I should have said, the first time I mentioned this place, that it was famous for its excellent cheeses; in taste and appearance, they somewhat resemble our new cheeses.

Wednesday, 24. — After breakfast walked to Ely, twelve miles—fens all the way; peewits as plentiful as sea gulls. This was the only day we had without rain since I have left town. The

Dean of Ely, to whom I had a letter of introduction from Mr. Kerrich, received me in a very friendly manner, keeping me with him to dinner, and though going out to a very particular party in the evening, for a long time he insisted on taking me with him; this, however, I declined.

Thursday, 25.—Breakfasted with the Dean, —drawing in the Cathedral the remainder of the day.

Friday, 26.—Drawing in the Cathedral till six o'clock. After tea amused myself in looking about the place, and viewing different parts of the exterior of the Cathedral. The tower and great part of the body of the edifice are of Norman architecture—grand, but heavy; the eastern end is of the time of Henry III. and to me more agreeable from its lightness.

Saturday, 27.—Finished my drawing, the only one I have executed in this place. Ely boasts of but few tombs: the drawing I made there is of a bishop, situated at the eastern end of the cathedral, *temp.* Henry III.; the figure is plain, but surrounded by rich foliage and Gothic work. I called at five o'clock on the Dean, to thank him for his attentions, and take my leave. He was going out to tea, would receive no excuse, so took me with him. This was a card party.

Sunday, 28.—Rose at five; a wet morning;

walked a heavy road to breakfast at Cambridge, sixteen miles. I arrived there by ten o'clock; having rested and dressed myself, went to dine with Mr. Kerrich. Mr. Nollekins there in the evening, who was in Cambridge at the placing up his statue of Mr. Pitt, in the Senate-House.

Monday, 29. — Breakfasted with Mr. Kerrich, and took my leave; got on the outside of a coach, which carried me to Bury St. Edmund's. The country all the way to this place extremely flat, especially about Newmarket. The face of the country changed perceptibly when we got into Suffolk; slept at Bury, and met with an odd party.

Tuesday, 30. — Walked before breakfast to Ixworth, seven miles; that being over, went on a mile and a-half to Bardwell; here I remained, drawing some curious painted-glass; two figures of knights in armour, *temp.* Edward III. In the evening, walked on to Bottesdale, nine miles: at this place I slept. Wednesday, — a soaking wet day; put on a smock-frock which I had with me, this protected me in some degree from the rain: arrived at this place in the evening, after a very unpleasant walk.

Here I finish my journal for the present, as every day will be now alike till I leave this place: I remain here ten days. When you write

direct for me at the King's head, Wingfield, near Harleston, Suffolk. I have only paper left to say, give my love to my Mother, Henry, Alfred, Robert, and Emma; and believe me your affectionate son,

C. A. STOTHARD.

To T. Stothard, Esq.

Ingham, August 2. 1812.

DEAR FATHER,

The first and last time I wrote, I was not sufficiently at leisure to collect my thoughts, so that I could say all that I wished; I felt then only desirous of letting you know I was safe and well. Till this time I have hardly found a moment for recreating myself, excepting what little exercise I have taken of an evening; once, indeed, I contrived, as I had promised, to write to Alfred Kempe; that letter I hear you have seen. The evenings are now shorter, and being seated by a cottage fire-side, I have taken pen in hand, to say something of what has happened since my last. At the wish of Mr. Kerrich I made for Wingfield, Suffolk, the place at which I first commenced my operations. I found in the church three monuments, the finest for John de la Pole, Duke of Suffolk*, and his Duchess, a sister of King Edward IV.; the Duke

* Vide "Monumental Effigies of Great Britain."

died early in the reign of Henry VII. These figures have been painted and gilt, and, for the time, the most interesting specimens I could have selected; all the colours I contrived to make out, with but little difficulty. The oldest monument was a single figure of the time of Edward III., or Richard II., very singularly painted—red knee and elbow pieces gold; the surcoat, greaves and helmet, silver. On the red thigh pieces are golden spots, placed at regular distances; from what I have drawn since, I think these were meant to represent studs. The whole of the arms, down to the gauntlets, might have been ornamented in the same manner; but as the paint was nearly effaced, I could not ascertain this fact.

A knight and his lady I found in Wingfield church; these were rudely carved in wood, about the time of Henry V. Both were originally painted and gilt, but the spirit of repairing and beautifying, has now covered them with a thick and impenetrable coat of white paint. This is believed to be the monument of that Duke of Suffolk, who fell in the battle of Agincourt. From these monuments of Wingfield I made eleven drawings, which occupied me a fortnight. I left Wingfield on foot, for Norwich, about twenty-one miles distant, where I arrived on the evening of the day I set out. The next morning,

after I had breakfasted, and ran over the city, I called on Mr. Stevenson, who received me as if I had been an old friend, sent his servant to the inn for my port-folio, and insisted on my staying with him till he left Norwich, which was a couple of days after. He then told me, that if I could find enough to amuse me, I was at liberty to make his house my own during his absence; but as I was looking forward to my return to town, I declined. Norwich is a large city, surrounded on all sides by hills, which shut out any distant views you might have of the town. The castle is situated on a very high eminence within the city walls, which are complete on all sides. From this you have an excellent panoramic view of Norwich, and the distant hills; I intended making a sketch of it, but was too much engaged with the company visiting at Mr. Stevenson's. Mr. S. leaving Norwich, I again took the road, and arrived at this place after a day's walk. I shall not give you an account of what I discovered here; the Wingfield monuments, I find, take up too much paper to admit of my giving you as long a description of those I have just drawn. One of them is, I suppose, on many accounts, the most singular in England.

I have been at this place nine days, during which time I have made six drawings, to add to

those I already executed. When I shall have dispatched this letter to the post, I leave the place on foot. I wished to have procured some conveyance, to save time; but this is not to be done—I must therefore walk entirely across the county, going direct to Dereham east, Swaffham and Lynn, to Holbeach in Lincolnshire, where I shall stay three days; thence on to Spilsby, the last place I shall stop at before I return to town: Lincoln I must give up till I go to York. Ingham is within two miles and a half of the sea, between Winterton and Cromer; from this village the coast appears to us a ridge of hills; the sea is not to be seen till we get within thirty yards of the beach.

On Sunday last I walked to Happisburgh, (pronounced here Haisborough,) four miles thence; I rambled five miles more along the coast. The sea gains considerably from Cromer to Yarmouth, where it loses land; a village called Eccles has been completely swallowed up by the sea. But the most remarkable thing I observed in my walk, was the steeple of its *church*, almost buried in the sands; to account for this, I must tell you, that the winds and waves have thrown up a natural barrier of sand hills, thus keeping out the inroads of the fickle element which beats against the coast. It is within ten yards of the sea that the remains of the church

mentioned appears enclosed; I might perhaps have seen more that was interesting, but had no leisure. One thing I consider remarkable, the mode of building the steeples of churches in this country; they are singular; seven out of twelve having either round ones, or octagonal half-way to the top, finishing with a round tower.

I hardly know what I am writing, the country people about me make such a noise; this is one of the inconveniences of lodging in a village. Finding more room than I expected at the former part of this letter, I will now say something about the monument I spoke of as being so remarkable. It is that of a knight, who lies in a very strange position, appearing as if prepared to jump up on his feet.* He lies on what may be supposed a bed of round flints; his head inclines over his shoulder, towards the inner part of the arch under which he lies. His eyes, which are painted, seem directed to a painting on the back part of the arch. This is much defaced: the subject of it appears to relate to hunting—a figure on the left, with a green hood over his head, is blowing a horn; towards the centre is seen the stag, lion, camel and other animals. Another huntsman, who is not so well preserved, appears to be stringing his bow. The whole of

* The effigy of Sir Oliver Ingham. Vide "Monumental Effigies of Great Britain."

this I have drawn, as well as the fourteen mourners, who stand in niches round the base of the monument; these are dressed in black, the fashions of the dress I think different from any I have before seen.* There is in this church another monument of a knight and his lady, *temp.* Richard II.; the knight's helmet and surcoat very rich: these I have also drawn. Indeed, I found so much to do, that I have been detained eight days longer at this place than I expected. It is my intention to be home in three weeks at farthest. I was sorry to hear of the accident my mother met with, and hope it has not been of more serious consequence than you intimated. Remember me to all at home, and believe me, my dear father, your affectionate son,

C. A. STOTHARD.

To A. J. Kempe, Esq.

Great Framsham, near Dereham, Norfolk.
August 3. 1812.

DEAR ALFRED,

As you requested, I have written to you the first leisure moment I could find. I am now

* Etchings from Mr. C. Stothard's drawings of these mourners, will be published in the concluding numbers of the Monumental Effigies.

on the march, and arrived at this place at seven o'clock this evening. If you find me tedious and prolix, you must excuse it, as I am obliged to spin out my letters to you, with accounts of that part of my time only, which is spent in my progress over this country; what more can you expect of me, who have been immured so long in churches, or charnel-houses, if you will have it so.

Yesterday, being Sunday, having the prayers of all good people, I left *Ingham;* where I passed the last nine days, going by cross-roads toward Dereham. Since leaving Cambridgeshire, this proved the most eventful day I have passed. About three o'clock at noon, I met with an accident, which had nearly deprived me of all the drawings I have made since I left town.

From the late heavy rains that have fallen in this part of the country, the *Thyrn* had overflowed its banks, and flooded the road I was about to pass. Having employed myself for half an hour in making a way across with turf, in my passage over, one of the turfs giving way, I lost my footing, and endeavouring to save myself from falling, threw my portfolio into the stream. Instantaneously regaining it, I found, on examination, the water had but just reached the drawings. Almost every thing besides was sopped. After I had recovered from this mishap,

I continued my walk for four or five miles, till I came to an extensive heath; the horizon before me bounded by this flat kind of scenery. Having advanced, the road soon lost itself in the grass; and I was now to find one of my own. Knowing my course was to the S.W., I had no other remedy but to look to the sun; the flat I was crossing had nothing to relieve it but large plantations of firs, which appeared on the right and left. I walked on in this way for seven or eight miles, till it was dark. You may suppose, I then thought I was in for it. I never felt so strange a sensation, as when I found it so dark as scarcely to see my hand before me, and left to wander wherever chance should direct. In this manner I continued walking on, as I supposed, in a straight line; sometimes running my shins into the furze. After having about an hour's fun of this sort, I was exceedingly rejoiced to see a light glimmering at a considerable distance. I made up to this, but not without apprehensions of its being a Will-o'-the-wisp, or something of that description. It, however, proved to be a light from a window in a village, where I got a bed, such as it was; but to me it was one of down. This morning, I found the place to be Attlebridge, and that I had not gone more than a mile out of my way.

Lynn Regis, August 5. 1812. — I was obliged to break off writing, by a summons for bed, and have not since been able to begin in continuation till to-day. Leaving Attlebridge, I came to a place called Elsing, celebrated for having a very fine brass of Sir Hugh Hastings; his effigy is surrounded by smaller ones, to the number of eight, representing great personages, his contemporaries and relations. Amongst them are Edward III., the Duke of Lancaster, surnamed Tort Col, an Earl of Warwick, and others; but to my great disappointment, found that it had been sadly mutilated. Sir Hugh had lost both his legs, and three out of the small figures were torn away; besides which, considerable pieces of tracery were wanting.

In the evening I reached Great Fransham, whence I dated my last. Yesterday I arrived at Swaffham, where I dined, continuing my march, and found the face of the country changed in its character — the scenery became very extensive and open, the reverse of what it had been before; in some parts it reminded me of the Gog and Magog Hills. Plantations of pines were now innumerable; nor had I ever an idea, that this was the character of that part of Norfolk. I got into this town about seven o'clock last *night*; having, since Sunday, walked above sixty miles.

The whole of this morning it rained incessantly; but I had employment enough in St. Margaret's, in taking an impression of the finest and largest brass in Europe. Lynn is a picturesque old town: ancient buildings here are numerous. The gate at which I entered is not only a very good piece of castle architecture, but extremely sharp and perfect. To-morrow I pass, on horse-back, Cross-Keys-Wash. Of Lynn I shall, perhaps, tell you more in my next.

I shall now go back with you to Wingfield, whence I wrote you my last letter. I may give you some account of what chanced before I settled at Ingham. Having got fresh shod, I walked without any thing material happening till I came to Norwich; where I spent two or three days with a gentleman of that place. The cathedral and castle were the only things of antiquity which were interesting. Bigod's Tower, what they call the castle, is the finest piece of architecture of the kind that I have ever witnessed. You have, I dare say, seen a print of this. The cathedral is nothing very extraordinary; were I to attempt to describe it, the idea I should give you would be vague.

Within a few miles of Norwich, there was, they say, a Roman city, now called Caister; it is said, Norwich walls were built of the ruins of what remained of the place. I was anxious to

get to Ingham, as I knew, when I had finished my drawings there, I should appear to be going homewards; the latter place was not more than sixteen miles from Norwich, so that I reached it in half a day. I found some excellent subjects in the way of monuments in the church; there I kept my court, for I had daily visits from the different great men round the village. I mean the gentlemen farmers; they were all excessively eager to serve me. To give you an idea, they would have pulled down a couple of pews, that I might merely ascertain the two first words of an inscription round a monument. With one or the other I might have dined every day, but early dinners would have cut sadly into my time; this, however, I could not entirely avoid.

A farmer I dined with, shewed me a couple of antiques in your way. A labourer, in digging a dry ditch, discovered fourteen or fifteen implements of different kinds, the whole of brass, which were dispersed amongst the various landholders in the neighbourhood. Those I saw belonged to the lot, and were beautifully perfect; indeed, the best things in the Museum were hardly equal to them. One was a spear-head, the other looked something like a chisel; but I will give you a sketch of both, as I find this the readiest way of conveying to you a perfect idea.

I am not without hopes, at some future period, to get hold of them; I wished to have obtained them for you when I saw them.—Whilst at this place, a party was forming for the purpose of opening the grave of Sir Miles Stapleton, who lies in the chancel of the church; he died, *temp.* Henry V. This we could not accomplish, as we could not get a sufficient number of persons to raise the stone over the body. You will say, we made a difficulty when there existed none; but I must tell you, it was to be done secretly. We, therefore, could not call in the assistance of labourers; but of this I will tell you more particularly when we meet. However, we had two farmers and two clergymen of the party; one of the last has become a subscriber to my work. As it is likely I shall visit this part of the country next sum-

mer, we then mean to effect our purpose. At Ingram, I spent nine days. When I next write to you, I shall feel pleasure in naming the day on which the term of my banishment ends. Pray give my kind remembrance to your father and mother, to your sister, and Mrs. A. Kempe; and believe me, dear Alfred, Yours sincerely,

C. A. STOTHARD.

To Thomas Stothard, Esq.

Thursday, August 6.
1812. Lynn.

MY DEAR FATHER,

As I am about sending a parcel to town, I take advantage of it to give you a few lines. I have been here since Tuesday evening, and continue my route this afternoon, crossing the Wash nearest to this place. I hear no very promising account of the walk I am to have; as I am told, the sand is so deep, over the water, in Lincolnshire, as to be above the horses' knees. Yesterday, it rained incessantly; and to-day, we have had flying showers. That part of Lincolnshire I go over this afternoon, I am told, is where King John lost all his regalia, &c.

The impressions from brasses, I could wish to be carefully unrolled, and laid flat in your press. One of them is the largest and finest in England. Running over Lynn this morning, I was stopped

by Dr. Pearce's footman, who told me, his master, with his family, had just come into that place, in their way to Cromer. The Dean was very glad to see me, and with him and his son I passed a couple of hours. We went together to the Mayor of this town, to see King John's cup, St. Margaret's church, the quays, &c., &c.

Since Sunday last, I have walked across Norfolk, above sixty miles, with nothing very material, excepting nearly spoiling my drawings by an accident; and very nearly spending the night on a heath, near Dereham. When I again write, I shall tell you the day I return home. Give my love to all, and believe me,

My dear Father, your affectionate Son,

C. A. STOTHARD.

To T. Stothard, Esq.

Holbeach,
August 10. 1812.

MY DEAR FATHER,

To-morrow I finish at this place, and go on twelve miles to Surfleet, which lies just at the opening of Fosdike-Wash; I shall stay there two days, thence I shall go to Gosberton. You may reckon on my being at Stamford in about a week from this time. The weather we have had is dreadful, nothing but rain for the last week; the low-lands and many of the roads are overflowed.

The walk I had from Lynn to this place on Thursday evening, and Friday morning, was one of the worst that can be conceived, rain almost all the way; and such roads, it was lucky for me I had got rid of my port-folio, papers, &c., &c.

Being prepared for what I was to encounter, I fastened all my drawings, with paper for a dozen more, into a little folio, which I placed between my coat and waistcoat, buttoning my coat over it; it was well I did this, as I afterwards found. The Wash (Cross-Keys,) I could not pass, the tide ran too strong to do it in safety. The old men round this country say, they never remember such a summer for rain, nor to have seen the lands so soon laid under water. We have very cold weather here for August; and when I shiver, I think I am about to have the ague, which they tell me, will stick by you for three years. I shall wish myself well out of such a country as this. I must add, that I never was so surprized at leaving one county for another, as I was on observing the sudden change in the style of church-building on my entrance into this. The churches are like cathedrals, in comparison with those of Norfolk and Suffolk; they have, for the greater part, spires, with little windows jagging out all the way to the top. I knew this to be the case at Stamford, but did not expect to find it so peculiar to this county. C. A. STOTHARD.

To Alfred Kempe, Esq., Hayes Common, near Keston, Kent.

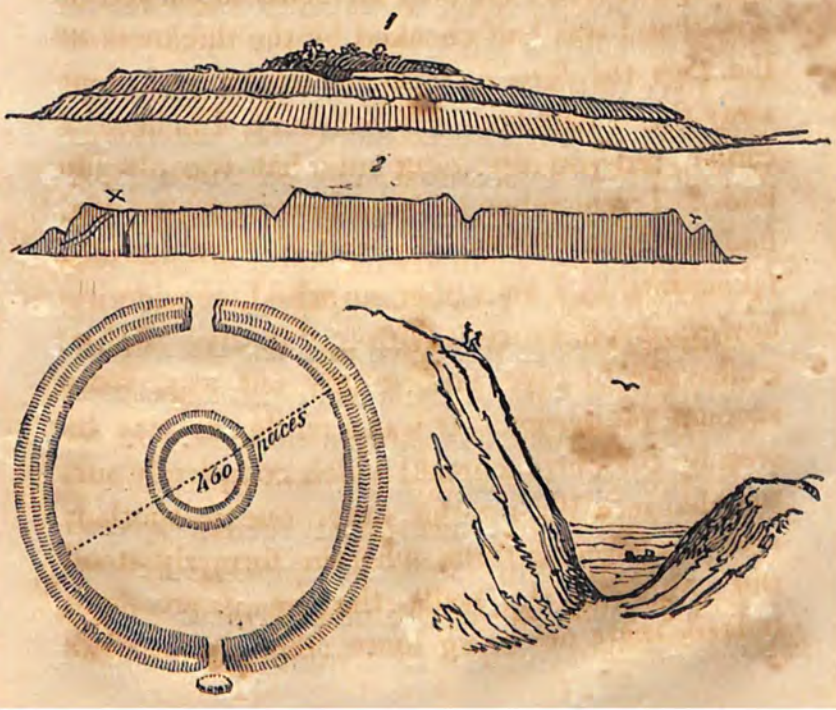
Salisbury, Oct. 18. 1812.

MY DEAR ALFRED,

Blue-deviled by all the horrors of a wet day, spent in silence and alone, my only resource is to write to you. Although I cannot answer for affording you any amusement; but, together with the old subject, *antiquities*, and other matters, I shall endeavour to spin out till I want paper.

Leaving town on the Thursday following the Tuesday which I spent with you, I travelled by the night-coach; the only incidents to tell you of are, that I was half choaked by the thickness of the fogs the fore part of the night, and slept away the remainder. Of Salisbury, I believe, I cannot tell you any thing but what you already know. I remember to have heard you say, you had not seen Old Sarum; and if I am not mistaken in this, I am rather surprised, considering how short a distance it is from this city. I shall endeavour to give you, in my old way, some account of Sarum. It was a circle, as may be seen by the entrenchment which completely surrounded it. Within this outer one is another, also of a circular form, wherein formerly stood the castle; of the walls, the remains are slight indeed, there not being more (though there are

two pieces) than would fill three cart loads. I have drawn the site of this ancient city, as it appears, and measured it by my steps; and, to give you a right understanding of the immensity, as well as the perfection of the remains, laid before you these views: No. 1, is Old Sarum, as it appears at the distance of a mile; that part where the castle stood now covered with trees—No. 2, a section, showing all its rampires and trenches, under the ×, a subterraneous passage—No. 3, the ground plan—and No. 4, a view of the outer rampire and trench; the figures on the top convey some idea of the height and depth.



I have now, I think, given you by these sketches as clear a definition of the thing as our old friend Camden would, had he attempted it.

After I had examined these stupendous remains, I visited Stone Henge. As there is nothing that I can say will afford you any idea of it, but fall short when you see the place, I shall say nothing, but that the mind is lost in the contemplation of such vast efforts of human power. I have made drawings of this wonderful collection of stones in several points of view; and luckily, at the time, a company of soldiers on their march, dispersed in all directions, viewing the wonders of the place, gave me an excellent scale for the magnitude of the work.

I have now told you of all I have seen at present, you might expect more, if I did not say I made these expeditions only on Sunday afternoons. I lodge facing the Cathedral, in the house of a good motherly old lady; so that I am as comfortable as it is possible to be, so far from my friends. Society I have in plenty, if I choose it, and of the best in the place; but I feel more inclined to stay at home, from the desire of getting through my work. Whilst drawing of an evening, the above mentioned good lady reads to me an old friend of Eliza's, Zimmerman.

In a family I visit at this place, I have found a young antiquary, who, from practice, can open

a barrow as nicely as you would cut up an apple pye; and from his description, it is done much after the same manner. I unluckily missed an opportunity of being present at an operation of this sort. Had I been at Salisbury three days sooner, I should have made one in the party. Amongst other things found in the barrow opened, was a comb, which is a singular instance; whether it was large or small toothed, I did not inquire, or I think we might have drawn some very interesting conclusions.

I cannot for certain say when I return; the subjects I have in hand keep me employed in the evening as well as the morning. I often think of you, and your bath; I suppose, by this time, your relish must begin to abate. And pray tell me, if you write, what fresh discoveries you have made on your station: — Have you yet seen the relics preserved at the farm-house? If you write at all, let it be soon, as my stay is uncertain. At any rate, I do not leave Salisbury before Sunday next; but that I shall come home direct, is uncertain also. I had nearly forgot to say, that I did not travel by Marlborough as I had expected, so that I was disappointed in what I had reckoned on seeing; this miscalculation made me take a place in the night-coach, that I might have the more time to devote to my principal object. Till you see me, you will hear no

more accounts from me. With remembrance to all friends at home, believe me, dear Alfred, ever your sincere friend,

C. A. STOTHARD.

During the summer of 1813, my brother removed with his family to a beautiful part of Kent, in the vicinity of Holwood Hill, the seat of the late William Pitt. There Charles was his frequent guest, and some of the happiest hours of our lives were passed on this spot. It afforded the finest subjects we could desire for the study of landscape, and we made frequent excursions to Knowle Park, Eltham Palace, Wickham Court, &c. Sometimes with our family, including my brother's children, we rambled into the neighbouring woods, where we passed the day in those harmless pleasures, that gay spirits, mutual friendship, and charming scenery afford.

Charles highly delighted in these rural excursions, and joined in all our sports; sometimes the playmate of the children, at others engaged in kindling a gypsey fire for tea, or in sketching the landscape, whilst the setting sun gilded with its resplendent lustre the broad green masses of oak, that form so distinguished a feature in Holwood's delightful walks. Charles, who so closely followed his sedentary pursuits,

silent and solitary, for days together, amidst the dreary mansions of the dead, felt with more than common pleasure the exhilarating effects of the bright sun, and the cheering landscape, and gave himself up to the open and unreserved freedom of innocent enjoyment.

Perhaps, whilst on the subject of my brother Alfred Kempe's intimacy with Charles Stothard, it may not be misplaced to introduce his own words on the subject, in which, as they were not originally intended for insertion, some few repetitions of what I have myself said may be found. The reader will, however, pardon these, if he thinks as I do of the manner in which my brother has expressed his thoughts relative to his friend.

Extract from a Letter addressed to J. B., Esq.

A love of monuments of antiquity, as affording ocular testimony of the truth of history, a taste for the fine arts, and a feeling for the beauties of nature, were, I believe, in some degree common to Charles Stothard and myself. It is not, therefore, surprising that a casual introduction at first, became, in a short time, a friendship of the closest nature. At the period when I first became acquainted with my *late* ever-lamented friend, he was a student at the Royal

Academy; where his faithful drawings from the antique sculptures, and the living figure, indicated talents of no common kind. He soon acquired among his fellow-students, not only the reputation of an excellent draughtsman, but of a consummate judge of art; and the originality or excellence of a picture was constantly submitted to him for his decision.

In the summer time, Charles would frequently transfer his studies from the gallery of the academy to the field of nature, sketching, with great fidelity of effect and local colour, both in water and oil (but particularly in the latter), from the landscape scenery which the environs of the metropolis affords.

In the year 1810, the second of our acquaintance, we were much together; my regiment was then at Deptford, in Kent. Camden's Britannia had informed me of the fortifications called Cæsar's Camp, at Keston, in that county; and being an ardent lover of Roman remains, I proposed to Charles to explore them. On a fine autumn day we proceeded to put our design in execution. He had been drawing but a short time before the monument of Sir John Crosby, and his lady, in the church of Great St. Helen's, Bishopsgate, for its sculptural beauty, and as a good specimen of the costume of the fourteenth century, and had then, I believe, conceived an

idea of commencing a work, the object of which should be, to concentrate and preserve, in accurate etchings from drawings by his own hand, the antient sepulchral monuments connected with our national history. Gough had, indeed, displayed much learning and research in his volumes on the same subject; but the engravings attached to these were often matter for poor Charles's animadversion: an animadversion not founded on a vain comparison with his own drawings, but on his deep practical knowledge of the subject; and his conviction, how unlike the monuments they professed to represent the engravings in Gough's work were. From sketches collected in all sorts of ways, and from all sorts of artists, the engraver *made up* the prints. How often such authorities must have led Mr. Gough into erroneous conclusions is obvious. At the same time, it must be considered, that the delineatory art has made a rapid advance since the publication of Gough's work; nor is it here intended to deduct from that merit, which, being composed by a man of deep information and learning, it may be well supposed to possess. To return—I did not fail highly to applaud the plan my friend had struck out, of the execution of which I knew him to be so eminently capable; and it is now among my pleasing recollections, that I ever, as a favourite theme, represented to

him the lustre and honour his work would attain by seeking for the commencement of his series of regal effigies, those of the Plantagenets at Fontevraud. This object he accomplished alone, in a foreign country, at that time almost ignorant of its language, with a nerve, perseverance, and enthusiasm which cannot be too highly praised.

Such then were the topics of our conversation, until, after a walk of ten miles, we reached the summit of Holwood Hill, the site of that entrenchment which, from its importance, confers, by way of eminence, the name of Keston, or the camp, on the parish in which it stands.

To reach these remains of antient castrametation, the road is peculiarly rural, through the retired little village of Hayes. There is a wildness about the remains at Holwood, seldom to be found within an equal distance of the metropolis. When Mr. Pitt resided at Holwood-House, he made extensive plantations in the grounds. His alterations were not, however, made with an antiquarian hand: he did much to obliterate the lines of the camp; but still enough remains to shew of what a strong and extensive nature they were. The venerable oaks, the variety of firs and shrubs, the heath, broom, furze, and briars which are scattered over the verdant area of Cæsar's Camp, with the wildness of nature, ever agreeable, form the foreground of a landscape,

which, embracing the spires of the metropolis, is lost in the faint lines of receding hills beyond it, blended with the atmosphere. I had almost forgotten the limpid spring head of Ravensbourne, which wells out from the road just below the camp, and forms two or three glassy *lakelets* in the foreground. A scene to which the beautiful lines of Chaucer may not unaptly be applied:—

" There saw I growing eke the freshe hawthorne,
" In white motley that so sote doeth smelle,
" Ash, fir, and oak, with many a young acorn,
" And many a tree mo than I can tell,
" And me beforne I saw a little well
" That had his course, a I could wele beholde,
" Under an hill with quicke stremis and colde.

" The gravile gold, the water pure as glasse,
" The bankis round the well invironing;
" As softe as velvet was the yonge grasse,
" And, therupon lustilie came springyng;
" The sute of trees about incompassyng,
" Ther shadowe caste, closyng the well around,
" And all the herbis growing on the ground.

Complaint of the Black Knight, line 71, *et seq.*

The ardour with which Charles explored the vestiges I have described, accorded with that which he afterwards carried into his fixed pursuits. He scaled the steep sides of the valla; and seemed delighted with the contemplation of their high antiquity which had involved even the

conjecture of their founders in a dark obscurity. My idea that Holwood entrenchments mark the site of one of the British towns mentioned by Cæsar, I have since found confirmed by opinions more entitled to respect than my own. In the following lines I have hinted at some of the conjectures relative to their origin: perhaps they may not be deemed by you intrusive in this place; and as I offer them with a diffident hand, I request from you an indulgent perusal.

" *To Cæsar's Camp, Holwood.*

" Eighteen hundred years have rolled
" Their circles, Holwood, o'er thy mound,
" And still thou rear'st in ruin bold
" Thy frowning valla o'er the ground.

" Moss-grown, mouldering, lonely token,*
" Would the genius of thy place
" From thy thickets, wild and broken,
" Might thy founders' story trace.

" Here our island's first possessors
" Gainst the war-proof Roman stood,
" Rejected polish from transgressors,
" And sold their freedom with their blood.

" Or leaguer'd round with savage foemen,
" Plautius drew the rampire here,
" Till numbers gave the wary Roman,
" More than the valour of his spear.

* It will be well known to the classical reader that in the Heathen mythology, every place was supposed to have its

" Whelm'd in the darksome stream of time,
" Roman, Briton, now repose,
" Oaks and firs thick weaving climb,
" Where the bristling pila rose.

" And childhood plucks a harmless wreath
" Of broom and wild flowers from thy mound,
" Where erst the laurell'd meed of death,
" From honour's hand was welcome found.

" And here how oft one wandering came
" Revolving in his pensive soul,
" How soon oblivion o'er his name
" Her deep and rayless night should roll."

In the year 1811, having quitted a military life, I passed the summer partly at Chepstow on the Wye, and partly on the shores of the broad æstuary formed by the Severn Sea at Swansea; charmed with the romantic scenes which the shires of Monmouth and Glamorgan afford. In the year following my return, I took up my temporary residence with my wife and family on Hayes Common, in the immediate neighbourhood of Holwood Hill. Here Charles became a frequent and indispensable visitor. We strolled among the venerable fantastic oaks of Holwood, bathed in the lucid spring, passed the livelong day in the study of nature, of the changes of her varied

tutelary genius: hence the superstitious tales of later ages, —" the elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves."

hues, till the golden regent of the earth declined into the west, while his lingering light illumined the horizon long after his departure, by a thousand bright and fiery traces of his track. Often were our rambles prolonged till the shadows of eve stole upon us, and the silver light of the moon again disclosed to us the face of nature, in its mild and solemn livery.

" Sicubi magna Jovis antiquo robore quercus
" Ingentes tendat ramos, aut sicubi nigrum
" Ilicibus crebris sacra nemus accubet umbra;
" * * * * * * *
" ——— Cum frigidus aëra vesper
" Temperat et saltus reficit jam roscida Luna
" Litoraq. halcyonem resonant et acanthida dumi."
VIRG. GEORG. lib. iii. line 332.

Among our antiquarian discoveries in our rambles about Cæsar's Camp, were the vestiges of a sepulchre, at a spot about a quarter of a mile to the south of the old entrenchments, which bears the singular name of *the war-bank*. In this place various stone coffins of a Roman make had been found, with other antiquities.

In the centre of a sort of tumulus is an oblong cavity, lined with flint, interspersed with regular layers of a peculiar sort of Roman wall-tile, turned up at the edges. We wished to ascertain the form of this tile, but being built into the wall, the hardness of the cement made me at last

abandon the idea of loosening one for the purpose. The next morning Charles was absent from the breakfast-table; I went in search of him in the direction of Keston Heath, when I met him half way, laden with a large Roman tile; and found that he had actually been employed ever since seven o'clock that morning in battering, with the assistance of the flints he found about the tumulus, the wall, until he at length extricated from its bed of cement the Roman relique. This little anecdote may, perhaps, at first view, be considered as trifling — I offer it merely as typical of a perseverance and enthusiasm which was afterwards so successfully applied to great and useful endeavours.

Another chance led to the discovery of an object in the same neighbourhood, which greatly excited Charles's attention. I was sketching one afternoon on the Common at Hayes, when I was accosted by a gentleman, who informed me he could shew me some very curious paintings in his house, of which he should be glad if I could give him my opinion; he added, they were somewhat obliterated, but a paper-hanger, who was at work in the house, had offered to retouch them. This gentleman, whom I found to be the respectable James Randall, Esq. of the old manor-house, the Barton in the parish of Hayes, introduced me to an obscure little closet in his

mansion, where I was agreeably surprised to find two whole-length figures, painted with great force and simplicity of expression, both in the costume of the age of Edward IV.; and the remains of some, of the same period, sadly mutilated by the saw, and adapted to patch up the panels of the water-closet: never were such curious paintings found in a more degrading situation. I saved them from the murderous touch of the paper-stainer. I wrote to my friend Charles — he came down — was equally pleased with myself at the discovery, and confirmed my conjectures relative to the pictures. He pronounced them the earliest specimens of painting in oil he had ever seen; thought that one might be a portrait of Edward IV., the other, from an imperfect black letter inscription, below the figure, and a robe powdered with the initial letter of his name, was certainly a suppositious representation of the Saxon king Athelstan. A series of these paintings had, perhaps, adorned the panels of a room in the old mansion, which had been entirely modernized or pulled down. From the figures which remained, Charles made the accurate drawings which are now in my possession.

In the Memoir inserted in the Gentleman's Magazine for 1821, I have already sketched in chronological order the life of my friend,

a melancholy duty: his widowed partner is preparing a more ample and worthy account of his labours — what chronicler could be found more likely to do his virtues and talents justice? Without reference to the continuity of time, I will proceed to set down such anecdotes of Charles Stothard as appear to me interesting.

The monument of Aveline, Countess of Lancaster, in Westminster Abbey, was concealed by the lofty cenotaph of Lord Ligonier, and thus rendered inaccessible even to the light of day. Never daunted by any difficulties which offered themselves to antiquarian pursuit, Charles furnished his pockets with wax candles, clay, and a percussion tube for producing fire; thus prepared, he watched his opportunity, scaled the monument of Lord Ligonier, lit and fixed his candles, and in the situation above described, smothered with dust, actually completed the drawing of this beautiful monument, which embellishes his series of effigies, without the knowledge of any of the attendants in the Abbey.

In one of our customary rambles, we had the good fortune to meet with the monument of Sir John Peche *, (or Pechy, as it was pronounced,) a fine specimen of the military costume of the age of Henry VIII., executed in an admirable style

* At Lullingstone, near Eynsford, in Kent.

of sculpture. Charles was delighted with this monument; the detail of the armour is beautifully minute, the figure itself excellent. The gauntlets presented an illustration, as Charles affirmed, of the Almain rivets. The whole is in good preservation, but the very circumstance which had contributed to that preservation had rendered it very difficult for an artist to delineate the figure: it was covered by a slab, not more than eighteen inches above the face. This did not repulse Charles. By the aid of his graduated line (for he drew all his monuments *by scale*), in the space of two days he completed the drawing now in my sister's possession, which yields, in beauty of execution, to no other production of his pencil. This monument also very fortunately brings his series to the intended period of its close, the time of the eighth Henry.

Often, when a monument was so disfigured as, to the eye of any ordinary observer, to appear hopeless as a subject for a drawing, would Charles, by industriously stripping it by means of his pen-knife of its barbarous coat of whitewash or other plastering, (called by country churchwardens *beautifying*), restore the sharpness of the parts, and produce a drawing replete with the finest minutiæ of detail. Never did I see an eye so accurately observant; frequently, when in a church with him for the purpose of making antiquarian observations, have I admired the

knowledge he displayed of the style of art employed in different ages. Not a fragment of glass, a tile decorated by any sort of ornament, but Charles could assign to it its proper æra. — "This lion rampant was of the manner adopted in heraldic blazonings in the reign of the first Edward;" — "the ornament on that belt was of the third;" — the mitre on the head of a certain bishop was of Henry the Third's æra; — the style of a capital bespoke a co-eval date. How far such acumen, coupled with such excellent taste, ability of execution as a draughtsman, and extensive ocular experience, would have carried the researches of Charles, had it pleased Almighty God to spare him, is difficult to conjecture. What a loss he is to his country and his friends, may be more easily appreciated.

There was more nerve and perseverance necessary for the pursuit of his monumental researches than might be supposed; and it was no small part of Charles's aptitude to his task, that he joined to his rare talent and discrimination, a slender active body of the middle stature, about five feet eight inches in height, a habit remarkably abstemious, and the most perfect health. He was capable of the longest walks without suffering inconvenience from them. I knew *him*, on one occasion, to have walked from Ightham in Kent, where there is a fine monument, to London, in the evening, after finishing a drawing. Many

miles did he pass on foot through obscure roads, to bye and unfrequented villages, in search of ancient effigies. On his arrival at the church he often found the effigy removed, or so mutilated and disfigured as to be useless for his work. Many days and weeks did he spend in rural solitudes; the whole of his day in the church, and at night was forced to content himself with taking up his quarters at the village public-house, where I have often heard him say, the sight of a pedlar with his pack was a most unwelcome one, as it often foretold, that the only tenantable bed in the cabin was occupied for the night. Yet Charles had resources in his own mind, drawn not only from his pursuits, but his good understanding, which preserved his spirits in these scenes. Seated near the huge chimney of the village ale-house fire, the burning brands illumining the ample hearth, the motley group of rustics all around, Charles would listen to their conversation, and note it down when it took a singular or comic turn; or he would take out his little sketch-book and delineate their boorish features. "There is great pleasure," he would say, "in observing the character of man in all its forms. How often in a village ale-house," would he add, "have I recognized the clowns of our inimitable Shakspeare."

There was a serious apparent reserve about Charles Stothard on most occasions; but it was not

the reserve of pride, but of modesty; the reserve of one rather willing, if possible, to be instructed than to instruct; but he possessed a warm, generous, and sympathizing heart; he could share in the smile of harmless wit, or in the tear of pity. Never was there a man more willing to impart any thing he knew for the information of others, without a shadow of the petty jealousy which so often characterizes men of genius and talent. His goodnature to children (how many instances do I recollect, gratefully recollect, of it to my own), was remarkable. He would partake in their innocent sports, and be a very child with them. There was a candour, a sincerity, an artlessness, an innocence about Charles, that stamped him most truly "in wit a man, simplicity a child." Such was the friend I have lost! What a husband must my poor afflicted sister have to lament! Snatched from us as it were by a thunder-stroke; for purposes, no doubt, directed by infinite, but inscrutable wisdom. — What a lesson have we of the imperfection of sublunary happiness! — What incitements to lay up for ourselves treasures in that world which the Christian is taught to expect, and which is neither subject to change or decay! From the Gospel alone do we receive the certain hope of future life and immortality; all else is mere speculation. By the Gospel, we are

assured that the corruptibility of our nature shall be changed for incorruption. Thus secure of an eternal existence, it matters but little, comparing the course of the longest time with eternity, whether our souls are, on their dissolution from the body, immediately called into a state of perception, (which, nevertheless, seems the best supported opinion), or whether, until reunited at the last general resurrection to our more perfect and spiritual bodies, we all descend at no long interval of time, in the pathetic language of the poet, —

" Down to our graves, as to one bed, together;
" There sleep in peace, till an eternal morning."

ALFRED J. KEMPE.

The following letters were written by Charles in the year 1813.

To William Stevenson, Esq., Norwich.

April 16. 1813.

DEAR SIR,

Would you think it, that the moment your letter arrived, I was in the act of numbering the copies I had laid aside for you! I am only sorry I did not get the start of this letter. As it is, I believe you will give me credit for not having forgotten you, which my silence might perhaps have indi-

cated; the more so, as I remember to have promised to send you some account of myself on my arrival in town. As I see you have again requested it, I shall be less fearful of annoying you by a recital extremely uninteresting as to matter. What can be expected from charnel-houses?

I will begin by saying, that the day I took my leave of you, I arrived, after a wet walk of fourteen miles, at Ingham, on the sea-coast. At this place I found sufficient to furnish seven drawings; from two of which I have given you etchings, in the number I have sent. From Ingham I walked across to Elsing, where I had the mortification to find the fine brass of Sir Hugh Hastings, a mere shadow of what it was when Carter drew it; so sadly has it been mutilated. Pursuing my road, full of the disappointment I had met with, I passed through E. Dereham, Swaffham, &c. till I arrived at Lynn, hoping at this place to meet with ample amends: but this was not to be; I had yet to witness more of the barbarism of the modern Goths and Vandals. The brass of Braunch and his two wives I found had been spoiled, as a piece about two feet square has been torn away from the right-hand corner, towards the bottom, consequently the peacocks' feast is now ruined. Another beautiful brass, of a citizen of the name of Athelath, is entirely destroyed (see a print of it in Gough's Sepul-

chral Monuments). Could you believe that the churchwardens gave it out of the church, as a thing of no value: the woman who had it told me she sold it for five shillings to a brass-founder, who consigned it for ever to oblivion by putting it into his melting-pot. The woman from whom I had this information was much provoked when I told her I would with pleasure have given her a guinea for it. So much for an enlightened age.

Going by Wisbech, I got to Holbeach, in Lincolnshire. What I did there you will see in the 1st and 2d plates in the number. Laifleet and Gosberton were the next places I visited: at the latter I did some good, besides making a drawing. I learned that under the vestry-floor, about three feet deep, lay buried the effigy of a lady; this I with some difficulty persuaded the churchwardens to take up, and give a place in the church. Can you conceive any thing more ridiculous than their reason for not having done this before? *They did not like to disturb the dead!* I must confess I was not a little pleased at putting the lady by the side of her husband, who till then had been lying alone.

By this time I was tired of the wandering life I had followed for the two last months; rainy weather and the fens did not a little add to my chagrin. Getting on the outside of a coach at

Spalding, I was conveyed to Market Deeping. In the neighbourhood of this place I stayed two or three days; thence a stage carried me to Huntingdon. I then turned pedestrian for fifteen or sixteen miles till I got to Cambridge; drank tea and supped with Mr. Kerrich, to whom I shewed my drawings; told him where I had been, and what I had seen, &c. The next morning I arrived, by nine o'clock, in town. After I had been at home about three weeks, I began to recover the ardent desire of collecting subjects for my work. I accordingly left town direct for Salisbury: I there found many monuments, extremely interesting. When I had drawn all I wished, I finished by returning to winter-quarters in London. I think I have, by this time, tired you: however, you must recollect it is all your own doing; you have drawn it upon yourself.

I have often thought you would wonder what had become of me, and the fourth number. My wish that, for execution, it should surpass the former ones, and some other reasons, have hindered its appearance till the last week; I shall, however, make amends by publishing No. 5. in a month or six weeks. I have not forgotten the drawing you are to have, and only delayed making a copy of it for myself; otherwise I should have sent it with this. Will you, when I next

hear from you, tell me whether my introducing an etching of it in my work will at all interfere with your plans; as I should be sorry to present you with any thing which was not every way to your wish.

You speak of the new edition of Dugdale's Monasticon; I shall be free in telling you what I think of it. For a book of such price, I must own, I should have expected infinitely more. They have attempted to give us fac-similes of Hollar and King, which I think extremely ridiculous; there are only some particular plates which they should publish in that way: I allude to the habits of the different orders. From these I think it would be wrong to dissent in the least. For the other part of the work, why do they not employ some of our architectural draughtsmen, of which we have so many admirable for their correctness? The Cathedrals are, the greater part, pretty nearly in the same state as when the views we speak of were taken. The few which are not so, may be much improved in the drawing of those parts which still at this time remain. However, I must not be too severe upon them. The taste of the public is so strange and various, that there is no wondering at the work being well received and admired on its present plan. You know, I believe, what a terrible disease the Bibliomania is.

As we are on the subject of public taste, I must tell you that I feel a sad want of encouragement in the prosecution of my work, and were it not for a chosen few, and feeling devoted to the object, I would give it up. Would not such a thing be a disgrace to the Society of Antiquaries, who ought to be the first to espouse my cause? I am thus severe upon them, as, out of seventy subscribers, I have but five of that body. I do not conceive I have done more than any one else might, with patience and attention; yet still I cannot be deceived as to what must be the product. I am well convinced that some time or other *my labours will find their value.* It is at present my intention to make some improvements which will render the subject complete. * As I have it only in agitation, I will not tell you what they are till I have decided with certainty.

Next spring (1814), I think I shall see Norwich: I am almost certain not before, as my arrangements for the coming summer will take up the whole of my time. I am about to glean in this campaign all the finest monumental subjects; so that you may suppose my route will lie very wide. Mr. Mackenzie I expect to see in a day or two, and will then say to him all that you wish: I shall not delay this, as I know he will

* The introduction of vignettes illustrative of the letter-press, &c. &c. vide Monumental Effigies.

soon leave town for Oxford. Having run out a greater length than I intended, I must conclude, although I could say more were there room. With remembrances to Mrs. S. and your family, believe me, dear sir,

Yours sincerely,

C. A. STOTHARD.

I insert the following letter, merely to prove that poor Charles was not at all times regardless of his personal safety, whilst engaged in his professional pursuits.

To A. J. Kempe, Esq. Hayes Common, Kent.

Sunday Morning.

DEAR ALFRED,

I should have been at Warwick ere this had I not met with many difficulties in making my drawings in the Abbey. Having conquered them all, I shall not stir till I have finished, as I can work now without any risk of breaking my neck; so that you see I take care of myself, and intend to do so, if it is only to plague my friends. On Thursday morning, (taking your own figure,) I sail from the port of London, well freighted with paper and other materials, for the purpose of profiting by my discoveries. I feel already inclined to complain of my solitary pursuit. Evils are enough of themselves, without

increasing them by anticipation. I shall not then describe the shapes of the different kinds of blue devils which haunt me, till they really appear.

The Oil and Water-colour Society go on, I suppose, as usual. The spongé, I should hope, will not be applied by your sister to hide faults, by throwing a mist over the landscape; nor an unseemly tear make its destructive course across the sky. These are not the means of arriving at any excellence. The student who is wise, (whilst he profits by the remarks of every uneducated person,) keeps his faults also for the same purpose. He who once falls into a pit, and leaves it without remarking where it lies, may again fall into it. With remembrance to "mine hostess," your mother and sister, believe me, dear Alfred,

Yours truly,

C. A. STOTHARD.

To Thomas Stothard, Esq.

Warwick, Tuesday Evening,
August 31. 1813.

MY DEAR FATHER,

According to my promise I should have written two or three days sooner, but the constant employment I have found for my evenings has put it out of my power till now. Being arrived

safe at this place, you will expect all the news I can give. My journey was extremely tiresome; the coach having as many passengers, and as much luggage stowed inside and outside as it could well bear; indeed, I expected we should break down. The dreadful stories told us by our guard on this subject did not a little add to our apprehensions. Our road was through Oxford, which we entered a little after six in the evening. Between this place and Cambridge no comparison is to be drawn; the former being infinitely superior in its appearance. We did not get to Stratford-on-Avon (the place of my destination) till three in the morning. Here being set down, the coach rolled off, leaving me completely in the dark, wandering through the town. I had the good fortune to see a lanthorn which still glimmered in a stable; with hallooing, I managed to awake a couple of ostlers, who came to me grumbling and swearing at being unroosted at so early an hour. The White Lion I found was not ten yards off; and here, they told me, I might procure a bed, if they could awake the servant; if not, I was extremely welcome to a bed of bean-stalks in the stable. To this last I had some dislike; but the appearance of a light at the window of the inn put an end to all the disagreeable thoughts which had begun to enter my mind on this subject.

The following day, as soon as I had breakfasted, I visited the house in which Shakspeare was born, and was not a little entertained, as well with the place as with the means resorted to of imposing on the credulity of the curious. My examination of the various articles of furniture said to have belonged to Shakspeare, was put an end to by the arrival of the stage at the door, which was to take me on to Warwick. After I had rode an hour and a half we entered that town, which by no means answered my expectations. The streets are remarkably clean and well paved; and dull enough it would be, were it not for the county militia, who are drumming from morning till night. This is a strange mode of giving life to a place; but this, I think, would not have any without it. Through Mr. Theed's letter of recommendation to the house-keeper at the castle, I have the whole range of the place. Amongst the pictures, there are the finest Vandyke's I ever beheld. There is one of Charles I., on horseback, as large as life; another, a portrait of Henrietta Maria, his queen. There is also a portrait by the same master, of a lady, finely coloured; but, I think, singular; as, excepting some gold brocade, the colours in it are almost all either blacks, whites, or greys; but principally the two former. The armoury in this castle contains several very curious specimens; but, I

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believe, I have seen most of them in Grose. I have not spent so much time among these fine things as I could wish, for I prefer employing the little leisure I have to spare out of church, in sketching; though I have found the shortness of the days and a north-easterly wind much against me.

In the way of monuments, of two, which I expected to find, one of them turned out to be nothing extraordinary, although it has six-and-thirty figures around it. The other, of Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, temp. Henry VI.*, far exceeded my expectations. In the first place, it has round it fourteen figures, each about a foot and a half high; the draperies of which are exceedingly fine, but the figures are some of them wanting in proportions; the heads being too large: the whole of these I shall draw before I leave this place. The effigy of the Earl resembles very much one I have given in my fourth number, of Robert, Lord Hungerford, but with considerable variations; whenever it is similar, it serves to illustrate that figure. But for the armour of the time, nothing can be conceived more explanatory; not a strap, buckle, or hinge, appears wanting. To give you the best idea of it would be to say, that it seems a real suit of armour of that æra,

* Vide Monumental Effigies.

in brass; so thinly wrought is the metal in the elbow-pieces and pass-guards which protect the neck. It is to be lamented, that this fine figure is not quite perfect: the dagger and rest are wanting; the holes drilled in the brass, point out their having been in those places in which you would expect to find them. On Saturday last I made a discovery that the figure was loose; and, with considerable difficulty, having raised it an inch or two, found, to my great surprise, that the back was nearly as highly finished as the front. To get leave to turn the figure was a matter of great difficulty; my request having being put by, with its being hazardous, and requiring the assistance of three or four men. This morning, on re-examination, I conceived a mode of executing my purpose.

Having locked the doors for fear of interruptions, with the assistance of a mason, who by good luck was working in the church, I succeeded, in the course of ten minutes, in turning this massy figure completely over, laying him face downwards. The drawing I have begun of this view, although unsightly, will unriddle many things which till to-day I did not understand. I shall have six or seven drawings made from the monument I have now described; and reckon on completing them on Wednesday week, when I shall leave this place, going by way of

Coventry to Tamworth. Should I not stop there, I shall proceed through Litchfield and Stone, in Staffordshire, to Banbury, near Nampt-wich, in Cheshire. From the uncertainty of my staying in any place, if I hear from you, it would be better to let me have the letter before I leave Warwick. This I shall be glad to do, as, though in a town, I have had little or no society.

What paper I have left I shall fill up by telling you, that on Monday I walked to Kenil-worth, where I spent the day in sketching. This place is not distant more than five miles; the ruins of the castle are of great extent. The extensive lake, described in the fête given by the Earl of Leicester to Queen Elizabeth, has disappeared; nor could I imagine in what part it had been situated. Give my love to my mother, and all who are at home, and believe me your affectionate son,

C. A. STOTHARD.

To Thomas Stothard, Esq.

Warwick, Sept. 6. 1813.

DEAR FATHER,

Returning from Kenilworth on Sunday I found your letter, and have in consequence of

its contents, lost as little time as possible in answering it to such points as are essential. * * * * * * * * * * *

Warwick, this week, is about to be very gay on account of the races; I am sure it need to be so sometimes, for if you look in the streets it would seem, that the plague or some other mortal distemper had raged here. For three or four days past we have had a good deal of rain, accompanied with high winds. Since I wrote, I have been to Leamington, two miles from Warwick; two or three years ago a very inconsiderable village, but now coming into note as a place of fashionable resort. I should not be much surprised in a few years if Warwick becomes secondary to it in point of size. Here I find Mrs. Opie is a leading woman. The evening I walked to Leamington I was greeted on my entrance to the place, at dusk, by hearing the thundering denunciations of a methodist preacher, who it seems had possessed himself of an empty sale-room, in order to counteract if possible the works of Satan: when I went into the room, I found his auditory chiefly to consist of gentlemen's servants; ladies' maids might be there too, though not so distinguishable. I heard the preacher tell them in very plain terms, that their masters and mistresses were going to the devil as fast as they could. I should not have filled

my paper with this account, had I not been highly delighted, as well with the earnestness of this gentleman, as with the elegance of his oratory: I would have given any thing to have taken parts of it in short-hand verbatim.

A few days ago, a little man, about three feet high, paid me a visit; I thought him at the time rather impertinent, and might have treated him accordingly, but have since accounted for this kind of freedom, as he has turned out to be the mayor of the town. We are now very good friends; — he has a fine collection of books, and a small one of prints; amongst them I saw Holbein's Dance of Death, engraved by Hollar. This man is a very singular character; and to see him so diminutive as he is, presiding in his gown of office, I am told is extremely laughable. Believe me, dear father,

Your affectionate son,

C. A. STOTHARD.

To Alfred Kempe, Esq.

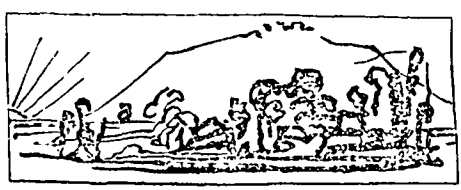
Bunbury, Cheshire,
Tuesday, Sept. 14. 1813.

DEAR ALFRED,

I am afraid you have more than once thought I had forgotten you; it was only from the wish

of writing to you with the more pleasure that I postponed it, and am at this moment glad that I have done so. You will no doubt say this is a pretty way of excusing myself. You may do so if you like, and write to me as much as you will; but to leave off all preluding, I will give you such an account of myself as I am able.

This morning I arrived at the village of Bunbury; what little I have seen in my way here, and half an hour's walk this evening, have presented objects which much excite my admiration and curiosity. At the distance of two miles and a half to the west, is a hill, (in justice, I should rather denominate it a mountain,) on the summit of which appears perched a castle, now in ruins, called *Beeston*; as I slightly sketched in the outline on my walk, I give it you here.



It will convey to you more than I can say about it. To the left of this mountain are others; the forms are fine, but not equal to it. I feel sorry that what I have in hand will not detain me here more than three or four days, as I shall on that account not have sufficient time to explore.

Sir Hugh Calvely, a great soldier under Edward the Black Prince, is my subject, and in tolerable preservation, considering the hazards he has already run of being pounded, and given in powders to cattle; for alabaster, I understand, is a sovereign remedy for the rot in sheep, and other disorders of that nature. The knight's feet, sword, fingers, and part of his crest, have already been used for the above purpose. What say you to Cheshire recipes? I have now got into my old way of living; quite rusticated, and rather on the barbarous order. To give you a specimen, three minutes since comes a little dirty boy into the room, sidles up to the table, seeing me employed in writing, tells me he *can daw* (draw); it is only the prelude to putting his hand into the plate of toast, and retreating with half the round: this is freedom.

As I know yet but little of the place where I now am, I will speak of what I met with, after leaving London. Stratford-on-Avon was the first town in which I slept on my road to Warwick. I lay in the room next to that in which Shakspeare was born, though ignorant of it till the morning: instinct did not point this out to me, nor was I the least inspired in consequence of it. Before breakfast I paid the tribute to Shakspeare, by viewing every insignificant relic, said to have been his; amongst them, I detected

many glaring forgeries; one was an angel, with a glory round his head; a piece of needlework in a frame, somewhat like a sampler, called Shakspeare in the character of Ariel, as *he always acted the ghosties and sperrets* in his own plays. The other a picture; the subject a garden with gravel-walks, cut hornbeam and yew, ladies and gentlemen taking the air; this, I was told, was painted for one of the scenes of the plays in which Shakspeare acted; though evidently of the time of George the First, by the gentlemen's perriwigs, and ladies' hoops; what is most interesting you already know by Ireland's book. If you value relics, I have a splinter of the leg of Shakspeare's chair for you.

The above scrutiny was put an end to by the coach which was to carry me to Warwick. The castle there is certainly very grand; but, I must confess, I was disappointed, after I had heard so much said of it: the fault perhaps was mine, in the imaginary picture I had painted with too strong colours.

After this, I could not think much of going to Kenilworth castle; but some part of Sunday being a day with me for taking exercise, and rambling, curiosity led me there; but how infinitely did I find I had undervalued it: though in ruins, and having lost the attraction which water once gave it, yet, in my mind, it far sur-

passed Warwick. There are three or four styles of building observable in Kenilworth, — one heavy and grand, the early Norman; another light and elegant, Gothic; a third of the time of Elizabeth, which is the least attractive. I can say more of it when I see you.

In Warwick castle there is a very beautiful armoury. Of pictures, there are Vandyke's in great number, and very fine. Though I was free to range over the place, I had no time to do them justice, and many things will be forgotten, which I could have wished to impress on my memory. Amongst others, I met with what will puzzle you, I think, as much as it does me: in exploring the different apartments in the castle, chance led me to an obscure little room, in the upper part of one of the towers; just looking into it, and on the point of leaving it, I cast my eyes on the fireplace, and observed it to be covered with inscriptions * in the Roman character; I

* These inscriptions appear to have been sepulchral, they are copied literally from the rubbings made from the stones themselves, on soft paper, as was the custom with Mr. C. Stothard. The borders of some of these stones are slightly ornamented, and they are of various dimensions, from four to five inches square.

PISTUS ET ARTEMIS
LIB. LIBERTABUSQ.
SUIS FECER.

found they were placed round like little Dutch tiles, to the number of seventeen or eighteen. These do not at all bear the appearance of forgeries, though their all being of marble indicates it. The inscriptions are cut in different styles, some much ruder than others. I mentioned this to the mayor of Warwick, (a little man, three feet and a half high, but very intelligent;) he said

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EXTRICATA
OCTAVIAE . AUG...
SARCINATRIX
V. A. XX

DIS MANIBU....
CAESENN . . .
SANCTISSIMAE . E ...

VIXIT ANNIS VI MENSES . VII.
DIEBUS XVI CLAUDIA
VE : .. CUNDA FECIT

.]. .. I. CLAUDIUS .EPAPR ..
CLAUDIA . HEL
CLAUDIAE. HYGIA
CARISSIMAE
VIXIT ANNOS X
MENSIBUS IIII DIE
XII

FAUSTIO
SISSENNÆ

D . M
ROME ALU
MNAE. DUL
CIS. SI. MA FOVAE

he knew of them, and that Lord Brook, son to the Earl of Warwick, had told him they were dug up about the castle. As I have rubbed them all off on paper, you shall see them when I return to town.

I remained at Warwick nearly three weeks, employed in making drawings from the monument of Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, temp. Henry VI. I have executed four views of this figure, back as well as front; the former I had some difficulty in accomplishing, the effigy being of bronze, and an immense weight; but, with the assistance of a mason, working by a lucky chance in the church, I managed to turn the Earl's face downwards, by which means I have got at the whole œconomy of the armour. What a treat of buckles, straps, and hinges for Mr. Kerrich!

Having finished at Warwick, I bade adieu to all the bears and ragged staves*, taking the road to Coventry, which city I entered after a smart walk of two hours and a half. Of dirty places, this, I think, is the dirtiest; you would imagine yourself in Wapping: this is inexcusable, considering they have no cause for it. The houses are in the ancient style, rich Gothic work in the gables of many; though I could not look up

* The badge of the Warwick family.

long at them, on account of the mud in the streets. St. Mary's Hall once boasted of the finest figures of noble men and women, of Henry VIth's time, painted in glass, nearly the size of life; but within a few years they have been all defaced, and the glass sold by the glazier. In the same hall is also a piece of tapestry, representing Henry VI.* and his court: perhaps in number altogether thirty figures; all of them the size of life. I should like much to have drawn this, but had no time for so great a work. I am surprised no print has ever been made from it. When I had seen what I have mentioned, and St. Michael's, the parish church, I left this city, going by cross roads towards Tamworth, stringing the churches in my way. About nine miles from the latter place night overtook me, where I obtained a bed like a piece of wood, — so hard was the one I felt glad to lie upon, and so much was I fatigued with my walk. The next morning I made all haste to arrive time enough before service began, to examine the monument I had in view; it was the effigy of a knight, one of the Bracebridges, [*Brass Breeches*] and perfect in Dugdale's time; but I was mortified to find nothing but the trunk

* Most faithful and elaborate drawings of these subjects have been made, etched, and published, fully coloured, by Mr. John Bradley, of No. 47. Pall Mall, a gentleman well known for his talents as a miniature-painter.

remained. What made me regret it more, was, that it had the appearance of having been very singular. Finding nothing was to be done there, I continued my walk, and arrived at Tamworth: there is a castle at this place; but it has very much the appearance of a church. I did not observe any thing more that was remarkable. Having dined heartily upon a hare, plumb pie, and rice pudding, for one shilling and six-pence, I felt in no humour for walking, but sauntered very leisurely to Litchfield to tea. The cathedral has something in the interior, which pleases me more than any I have yet seen; but the sharpness of the carving is destroyed by the yellow wash with which the whole is covered. The gates on the exterior surpass every thing I have met with, for richness of work; the principal one, which is on the west side, instead of columns to support the arches, appears to have figures: this, in Gothic architecture, was to me a novelty. No monuments of any antiquity are to be found here.

Leaving Litchfield after breakfast, I walked seven miles to Malveysin Ridware, where I might have been *nicely bit*, if I had not been well skilled in monumental costume; how this happened I shall leave till I see you. Continuing my walk towards Stafford, I got within a mile of that place, when the mail overtook me, —

which carried me onwards to Nantwich, where I slept last night, — and seven miles walking brought me to the place where I now am; and here I expect to remain till Monday next, when I purpose going to Whitchurch: my stay there will not be more than four or five days, at most. Shrewsbury may not detain me half a day, unless Roger de Montgomery turns out to be original; but this I very much doubt, after the frequent disappointments I have met with.

I have given you the above hints, that you may know when and where to write to me, should you have the time and inclination. Tell me, when I hear from you, whether you know what part of the world John Bradley is in; I wonder much if he stands the weather we have lately had. You have been to your mother and sister at Tunbridge; of course visited Hever Castle, &c. &c.: I have frequently wished for you, when I have seen what I knew would interest you, and at this place especially. The church clock at this moment strikes ten, which puts an end to any thing further I might have to say, as the people of the house are all going to bed. Give my remembrance to Mrs. A. Kempe, also to your mother, sister, and father, when you write to, or see them; and believe me, dear Alfred, your sincere friend,

C. A. STOTHARD.

I would resume to-morrow, but I have the opportunity of sending this to the post-office, three or four miles hence, before breakfast.

The same continued: —

Sept. 15. — Having failed in conveying this to the post-office, I have opened it to tell you, I have but just returned from Beeston Castle, which I visited for the first time. With much labour I gained the summit of the rock, for so I find it: from the size of the castle beneath me, I should suppose it about the height of St. Paul's. One side is not at all accessible, being quite perpendicular; to venture to the brink and look over, was more than it would be prudent or safe to do. From what little I have seen, I believe I shall dream to night of falling off some such place; — so sublime and dreadful is the scene. The view from this spot is fine indeed, and the circumstances under which I beheld it added not a little to its effect. The first objects I saw were the mountains of North Wales, the clouds rolling towards their bases, so as to shew their outlines, as they appeared one before the other; to the right was a point of land running towards, and declining in height, as it appeared directly over Chester (Chester is twenty miles hence); farther still to the right, was the river Dee, the Irish ocean, and the river Mersey. Look-

ing round again towards Wales, it had entirely disappeared, and what I had seen, seemed to me only to have been visionary; and it was not till the sun set that I again saw it, and it then appeared a flat mass of purple, against a sky of gold. Behind me, to the south-west, was Shropshire, the Wrekin appearing very evident; the hills of Derbyshire, Yorkshire, and Lancashire, finishing the view by the Mersey.

To Thomas Stothard, Esq.

Worcester, September 27. 1813.

DEAR FATHER,

I arrived here this morning, after a delightful ride from Much Wenlock, about twelve miles this side of Shrewsbury; and am now in lodgings, which I have taken for a week, being about the time I expect to stay here.

I will now resume the account of myself since I wrote last. If I recollect right, I did not leave Warwick till nearly the end of the week, two or three days after I had proposed doing so; and then proceeded on foot, after breakfast, through Kenilworth, to Coventry, ten miles. The latter place, at a distance, is characterized by three spires; and when within the city, by its dirt and filth. I do not think Wapping is worse. After amusing myself for an hour with whatever

struck me as curious, I again proceeded on my journey.

The monuments I was looking for, at a place called Astley, I found broken and destroyed. That night I slept at a little village, called Whitaker, about four miles to the north-east of Coleshill. I had a very hard bed, but was too much fatigued to find it out till morning.

Breakfasting at seven, I proceeded on to a place called Kingsbury; and here I found nothing left but the trunk of a very curious figure, the representation of which I had seen in its perfect state. Having nothing now to look for in Warwickshire, I thought it advisable to push on, as fast as I could, for the principal points of my destination. I must tell you, that the part of Warwickshire I had walked through was flat and uninteresting. Looking towards the south, I could see two or three hills, which appeared of considerable magnitude, but at a great distance: these characterized the horizon; I imagined at the time they were in Oxfordshire. But to keep up the thread of my journey; from Kingsbury I walked on to Tamworth, where I dined; this, I remember, was on a Sunday; from thence, up hill to Litchfield. I got in time enough to devote an hour to the Cathedral, which is extremely rich, especially in the doorway; the interior they have yellow-washed.

Sleeping in Litchfield, the morning following I commenced my march again, through Mareveysin Ridware, Rudgely, and by Wolsely-Park; when within four or five miles of Stafford, the appearance of the country very visibly changed, becoming extremely hilly, sweeping up in plain land to a great height on each side of the road. When within one mile of Stafford, the Chester mail overtook me, and I was not sorry to mount on the outside. Rain coming on, by the courtesy of the coachman I went inside; it being by this time dark, I fell asleep, and did not awake till we stopped at Nantwich, where I staid that night. By ten the next morning I got to Banbury, and began my drawings from Sir Hugh Calvely, a captain of the free bands, under Edward the black Prince. About two miles from that place is a remarkable rock, on the top of which is a castle, which bears the name of Beeston; but what interested me most, was the view it commanded. I should think it was the height of St. Paul's, and on one side nearly perpendicular. The singularity of an effect of atmosphere was what struck me most. The sun was within an hour of setting, and shone beautifully on the Welsh mountains; the outlines of which, as they intersected each other, I could plainly make out, by the relief that the clouds rolling down their sides gave to them. All this

was wonderfully clear. From these, I looked on the Dee, Chester, the Mersey, Liverpool, part of Lancashire, Yorkshire, the hills of Derbyshire, the Wrekin; and having again come to the mountains of Wales, — nothing was visible; and what I had but a moment before beheld, seemed but as a dream. The Derbyshire hills appeared very interesting in their forms, running in long ridges, and then chopping suddenly down. The short time I stayed in this place I was much employed, and could have wished business to detain me longer.

Leaving Sir Hugh Calvely last Tuesday, I breakfasted at Whitchurch, in Shropshire, where I found a lump of plaister, called John Talbot, the great Earl of Shrewsbury. Had it not been for the rain, I should not, I believe, have paid him any attention; but wishing to make the most of it, on that account, I literally uncased him, as you would an Egyptian mummy; and so astonished the churchwardens, that I left them hard at work there, with soft brushes and soap-suds, on the other monuments in the church. The figure I have been speaking of is imperfect, wanting that part of both legs from the knee to the foot; otherwise, n a tolerable condition. On Saturday I left Whitchurch, and walked to Shrewsbury, twenty miles. Yesterday I spent part of the day about

the place, but slept eight miles on this side of it. This morning I walked two or three miles, apparently almost at the foot of the Wrekin; the top of which I could only see, as it was gilt by the rising sun, all the lower part was lost in fog. At Wenlock, where I breakfasted, I found the Worcester coach; which brought me here by way of Bridgenorth, a very singular town, situated on a rock, the Severn running at the foot. In this rock are a number of cottages, like rabbit-burrows; gardens, of course, on the top of the cottages. I regretted I could not spend a day there, — it would have afforded some good sketches.

From the place I am speaking of, to Kidderminster, the country was fine indeed; what I have as yet seen about Worcester does not at all come up to it. I may, perhaps, change my opinion when I have strolled to the Malvern hills; which I propose to myself to do soon. In about three weeks I expect to finish all my drawings; when I shall not, I dare say, be sorry to return. The days draw in, and the mornings and evenings begin to be very cold. With love and remembrance to all at home, believe me, dear father,

Your affectionate son,

C. A. STOTHARD.

To Thomas Stothard, Esq.

Worcester, October 2. 1813.

MY DEAR FATHER,

I received yours this afternoon, and thank you for sending it to me in time, as I leave Worcester on Monday evening, for Great Malvern. Although I go there to-morrow morning for my pleasure, as I shall have no time to make any drawings out of church in this week, and my main business will not detain me more than a day and a half, I expect to be at Tewkesbury by Wednesday next * * * *

* * * *

I look forward to my walk to-morrow morning with considerable pleasure; for although the weather is really very fine, it does not appear so to me; this is in consequence of being within stone-walls one-half the day. I am almost frozen, but particularly before breakfast. However, this gives me an excellent appetite; I question, if I have a better after my eight miles walk in the morning.

To shew how singularly persons meet, a gentleman, with whom I had formed a slight acquaintance at Warwick, and whom I imagined I had left there, passed through the Cathedral this evening with his family; who were, I believe, again returning to Warwick, after making a tour in North Wales. We recognized each

other with astonishment, scarcely believing our eyes; and on parting, did it as if, after what had happened, we should meet again. This is the second singular instance of the kind that has occurred to me during the summer.

Worcester Cathedral I know you have seen; but did not, perhaps, find time to observe every thing worthy notice. What I am most struck with, is the remarkable beauty and lightness of some of the capitals to the columns in the choir,—they surpass every thing I have seen of the kind; and very carefully indeed must the drawing be made, which can give any idea of them; though the yellow-wash has sadly defaced some fine ones.

Believe me, dear father, your affectionate son,

C. A. STOTHARD.

To the Rev. T. Kerrich, Cambridge.

London, December 22. 1813.

DEAR SIR,

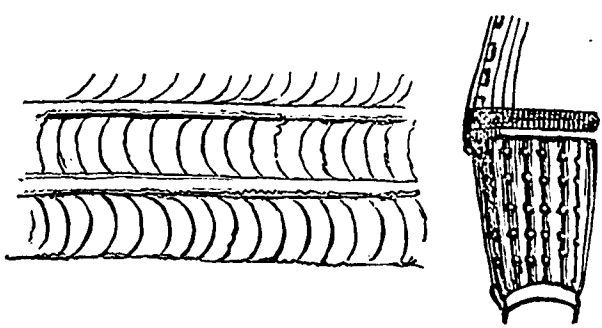
I had been in town but three or four days when I received your letter, and would have answered it before this, had I not been much engaged in arranging my affairs, which were sadly out of order, in consequence of my being in the country. I return you my thanks, for the additions you have made to the list of subscribers; and will not forget the caution you have given me, with respect to titles, in future.

The copy for the Honourable and Reverend Mr. Neville I sent some time since.

Your approbation of my last number encourages me; but I shall be glad to hear any thing in the shape of criticism from you, knowing how much I have already profited from your remarks. I hope to re-visit Cambridge next summer, either in my way to or from York; but count on seeing you in town before that time, having, in my last expedition into the country, met with some remarkable things, which it would afford me much pleasure to shew you. Your conjectures respecting Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, are right; it is, indeed, a great acquisition. I never saw armour so well made out, on any monumental figure: every buckle, strap, and hinge is attended to. The best idea I can give you of it, is, to say, that it appears to me a suit of brass armour, having the head, hands, and straps added in the same metal. What I think will much interest you in this figure is, that the back of it appears as much finished as the front. Having obtained leave of the mayor of Warwick to turn the effigy round, I made a drawing in this view; which explains something I never before understood, particularly straps and pieces of armour on the shoulders of Lord Hungerford, at Salisbury. Amongst other curious things I have met

with, is a figure, which has some remarkable points about it; but for the discovery of these I devoted a whole day, in clearing away a thick coating of white-wash, which concealed them. The mail attached to the helmet was of that kind so frequently represented in drawings, and which you have had doubts whether it was not another way of representing that sort we are already acquainted with.

I am sorry that I know no more of its construction now, than before I met with it; the lowest row of rings finish in the way I have represented them, without the band or cord. I must advertise you, that the original is but a coarse representation. I have an impression of a small portion where I found it sharpest.*



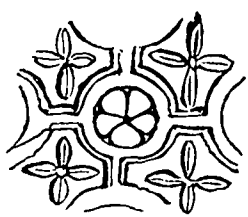
The cuisses of the same figure are remarkable. The mode of fastening the mail to the head, in William Longespee, is not uncommon; I have

* On a knight called, by mistake, Wenlock, at Tewksbury.

two specimens similar. Reverting to the effigy * of Robert, third Earl of Oxford, it is singular, that what you speak of, as to the bearing of this figure, should also have occupied my thoughts. I am still doubtful, but will tell you what I am inclined to believe.

On the shield, which is attached to the above effigy, all the quarters are diapered in relief; the first and fourth quarter thus:

and the second and third thus:



Now, I do not see, because the *fleur-de-lis* is introduced into the former, that any herald is justified in calling it a quarter of France; nor shall I be convinced it was borne as such, unless I meet with it elsewhere; but am apt to think,

* See the Monumental Effigies.

this was the only authority for the assertion. I did not observe any paint on any part of the effigy; nothing appeared but a little gold, on the second and third quarters of the surcoat. Another thing I will mention which struck me; it was, that the style of sculpture and armour was of the time of Edward I., and not of the early part of the reign of Henry III., when, it is said, the Earl died. The fashion of writing the inscription, was also very uncommon in the former period. I think there can be little doubt, but the effigy we speak of was intended for the person it is generally taken for; though singular the execution should have been so long after his death.

The question you ask me, concerning one of the Templars, I was not at all prepared for, as I never entertained a suspicion; the head might have been false, — I have often thought it impossible for a man to breathe, who wore such a helmet. Since you wrote to me, I have examined it; and do not perceive any appearance of its having been added to the figure, in lieu of a former one. My belief that it is original, is strengthened by the circumstance of another of the Templars having the upper part of his helmet of a similar form, — the same sort of fillet being also at the top. If I am right in my conjecture, of its being a sort of quilted fillet, it is a very sensible

defence, and, I think, well calculated to break the blow of a sword. It is my wish to make some drawings at Earl's Colne next summer; but this will depend on circumstances. I must not promise myself too much, or I may be disappointed. With compliments to Mrs. Kerrich, I am, dear sir, your most obedient servant,

C. A. STOTHARD.

28. Newman Street,
Oxford Street.

To ——

February, 1814.

MY DEAR SIR,

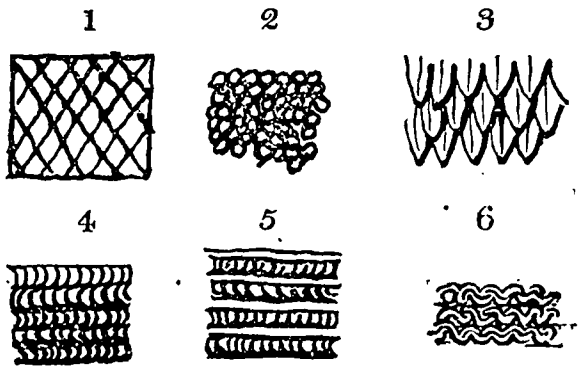
You have, doubtless, long before this given me up as a correspondent; but although I have been unable to write, you have, notwithstanding, been in my thoughts, and I have many times reproached myself with seeming neglect towards you. It has not arisen from want of inclination that you have not heard from me; but really from want of time. Those moments I can spare, are chiefly employed in collecting materials, consulting authorities, and various necessary preparations for the letter-press of my work; answering letters on business, and making previous arrangements for the next campaign, during which I shall with pleasure pay you a visit, as I intend making Ingham in my way home from the north. I purpose now giving myself an in-

terval of leisure; so that if you write to me in answer to this, I will endeavour to retrieve my character, by a more regular attention to yours.

It is now, I believe, four months since I came to town, when I found your letter to me; for the information it contained, I thank you, and I must add, it gives me a flattering pleasure, to see you so warm in my cause. You, amongst other things say, that you think my etchings superior to those of Mr. Kerrich; but you are not perhaps aware, that if they really are so, it is in consequence of the judicious remarks and criticism I have received from that gentleman, from time to time; and it was the very severe opinion that he gave me on my first number, which induced me to endeavour at acquiring that sort of excellence he then pointed out, and to which I still look forward with anxious hope. You say, you have discovered an effigy of a knight near Norwich; the date, the beginning of the thirteenth century. From your telling me it is in good preservation, I presume you have seen it; will you oblige me, when you write, with some account of it, as to its appearance, and whether I have yet published any thing that is at all similar; if so, I am afraid, unless he is a gentleman who has had something to say for himself, that he will not be on my list.

The effigies of this period are pretty much

alike; but when we can meet with any thing that differs, it is generally very acceptable. As an instance of this, a friend of mine discovered a cross-legged knight, of the date of that you mention: in general appearance it was like all others of the same time; but the mail was of a very singular construction, different to what we usually meet with, and there have been more varieties,—which will explain the objects of my search. I have here given you six different sorts, in the sketch beneath: No. 4. and 6. are very common; of No. 5. I have only just met with a specimen. We should not be aware, even of the few I have given, and of the many varieties, were it not for the very early illuminated MSS.



You will excuse my going so deep into this subject: I am sometimes too apt to imagine others may be interested in my pursuit, when with me it may be termed a mania; but I endeavour to keep myself as free as possible from a disorder so common amongst antiquaries—that of a love

and veneration for every thing *bearing the stamp of age.* For my own part, I only admire an antique, in proportion as it is *beautiful,* or conveys *information;* and the study of antiquity in this way, affords me the greatest pleasure.

My motive for visiting your part of the world, is to ascertain more particularly, the painting on the surcoat of De Bois. There is very little doubt now with me, as to what it should be; and as this was but vaguely made out in my drawing, I could not think of publishing it, till I had achieved so necessary an improvement. If you remember, I was not convinced that that monument was erected for one of the De Bois family, on two accounts: Weever, when he describes a monument in the church for De Bois, speaks only of a knight; this, and the conviction of the sculpture being an hundred years later than the date ascribed to it warranted, made me so inquisitive to find out as much of the inscription as possible.

I now have discovered that Weever was guilty of making the greatest mistakes; and that it was no uncommon thing to erect monuments to persons, from one to five hundred years after their death, representing them in the habits of the time of the *erection of the monument,* and not of their own. Six instances, at least, of this sort, I met with last summer; so that I am now very willing to restore to Sir Roger De Bois

his name and title, without any fear of committing myself.

I thank you for your answer touching Mr. F——s: it was as I expected; indeed it is by no means a pleasant thing to me, to meet with persons, who, out of politeness, affect to admire, and feel an interest in what they really do not understand. I believe I need not say, how painful the sensation is, produced by such a thought. Mr. F——s last week sent me a brace of hares, and as I have a shrewd guess at the cause, I think I may commission you, the first time you see him, to give, with my compliments, my thanks for so unmerited a remembrance. Excuse the haste in which this letter is written; and believe me, dear sir, very truly yours, C. A. STOTHARD.

The talents of Charles, the excellence of his productions as an artist, and the depth and accuracy of his researches in the various subjects connected with his peculiar pursuits, soon obtained for him a distinguished reputation as an antiquary*, and the acquaintance of men, eminent

* As an instance of his acumen may be remarked his conjecture relative to the origin of the collar of SS; which he imagined had its rise from the word "souverayne," the motto assumed by Henry Bolingbroke, afterwards Henry IV., in whose reign the collar of SS was first worn. Indeed, this word is inscribed on various parts of his tomb in Canterbury Cathedral. For an example of this collar of SS, see the Monument of Robert, Lord Hungerford, in Mr. C. Stothard's Work; see also Sandford's Genealogy.

for their literary and scientific fame; amongst these was the late Sir Joseph Banks, who so highly appreciated him, that he was pleased to say, he did not think there was a young man in England of greater promise, and that in his way he was unequalled. Till within a few months of Sir Joseph's death, my husband had frequent interviews with him, and always left his society with an augmented esteem, both for his abilities, and the amiable character of his manners.

The work on the Monumental Effigies gradually obtained great and deserved celebrity, both for its research, its extreme accuracy, and the exceeding beauty of the etchings. Several of our first artists and engravers freely gave it as their opinion, that such etchings had never before been produced; that they possessed the finish of the finest drawing, with a masterly execution, and a boldness of light and shadow, that gave them equal delicacy and force. The fame of his work first procured for Charles the acquaintance of the late Samuel Lysons, Esq., a celebrated antiquary, and the author of the Magna Britannia; an acquaintance that was succeeded by a friendship, which continued till the death of this eminent person.

To great talents, and an extensive knowledge in the subject of his pursuit, Mr. Lysons united a warm heart, and an active zeal in the service

of his friends: He was not one of those who are easily attached; but to whomsoever he gave the name of *friend*, that person might feel assured both of his sincerity, and of his faithful and constant exertions in all that concerned his interest and advancement. No man ever more highly appreciated the talents of another, than Mr. Lysons did the abilities of Charles; and to this high respect for him, as an antiquary and an artist, he added the sincerest esteem for his personal merit. I remember, in the last interview between this gentleman and my husband, when the latter spoke of his future plans relative to his work, that Mr. Lysons, with his accustomed strenuous and animated mode of expressing an opinion, replied, "You have given us a "work, Stothard, that does honour to our "country; we have till now seen nothing like it. "Persevere; complete the thing, — and I hope "yet to live to see you as great as you deserve "to be."

But to return to the narrative, it was in the year 1814 that I accompanied my mother to Worthing, in Sussex. During our stay there, we visited Arundel, and the Roman villa of Bignor, situated in the vicinity of that town. Highly delighted with our excursion, I wrote an account of it to my father, who, upon receiving the letter, communicated the contents to Charles.

As this letter determined him upon an immediate visit to Arundel and Bignor, and gives some little account of those places, which afterwards highly interested my husband, I trust I may be pardoned for its insertion here.

To John Kempe, Esq., Rodney Buildings, New Kent Road.

Thursday, Aug. 11. 1814.
Worthing, Sussex.

MY DEAR FATHER,

We received a letter this morning, and I find by its contents that you are anxious about my health; I therefore hasten to inform you by this post, that my beloved mother is well, and myself considerably better than I have been since we quitted town. I must now give you some account of our excursion to Arundel.

We left Worthing on Saturday morning, wishing that Alfred and my dear father were to be our escort in the little tour. The ride from Worthing to Arundel is truly charming: sea on the one side, and the most beautifully wooded country on the other. The town and castle of Arundel are situated upon a hill; the river Arun adorning the landscape with its winding course towards the sea. The park of the castle is delightful. Tell Alfred, that if I were studying for a landscape-painter, I would remain for a considerable time at Arundel, as it

abounds with subjects for the pencil. The trees around the castle are particularly fine, and, in their colour, remind me of the vivid greens of De Loutherbourg. On the eastern side they grow upon a steep bank, nearly one hundred feet in height, in the most beautiful and fantastic forms; falling from the base of this elevation into the Arun, with all the varied luxuriance of wild uncultivated nature. One spot, near a water-mill, charmed us both; there, a small bridge crosses the stream near a steep wood, called Orpham Hanger. A white broken cliff, the castle-keep, and forest-trees of majestic magnitude, combine to form the landscape; and several little islands, with young plantations, surround you: whilst hills, covered with woods, close in the scene, and appear reflected in waters clear as crystal. The setting sun, which I last evening witnessed from this spot, presented a most glorious spectacle.

Turning from it to the left, we ascended the steep bank, following the winding path that runs towards the park, amidst the finest trees. The castle-keep, and the mound on which it stands, covered with beech and ash, form a most striking feature; and the river, which lies immediately below your feet, is here and there seen sparkling amidst the foliage of the trees; or where a more extensive view of it

is gained, the deep and clear blue of the water affords a beautiful opposition to the vivid greens, and the broad shadows of the surrounding woods. The wind, although not boisterous, sounded hoarse and loud amidst these wild and lofty beech-trees; and sometimes rushed along with a noise like that of distant thunder.

We quitted this enchanting path, and wound by the side of the fossé into the park, where all appeared tranquil and beautiful. The castle was the next object of our attention. The habitable part is *modern* Gothic, and like all that is so: but the imitations of the Norman Gothic arches and ornaments in the court-yard, are well executed; so are some few of the ornaments of the house. But there is an exceedingly frightful thing in Code's stone, representing Alfred the Great instituting the trial by jury. The house we did not half see, being hurried round it, with above an hundred people of all kinds and ranks. A woman, who performed the office of guide, could not answer a single question. The pictures are few, some very curious—but for the greater part nothing but trash is to be seen amongst them; however, we were not allowed much time to look at them. One very good picture in a bed-room struck our attention; perhaps a Murillo, or some Spanish painter. Mr. Lawrence's picture of Satan calling up his Legions is not now at Arundel; and on asking

for Mr. Stothard's painted window, we were shewn a frightful one by Hamilton—the former they had never heard of, the guide said. A baronial hall is now erecting in Arundel Castle, which is not generally shewn to the public.

We next ascended the keep, a venerable remain, and the trees about it form a beautiful contrast with the colour of its walls. On Saturday evening I determined not to lose time, and opened a gate leading towards the castle, with an intent to draw Bevis's tower. The porter, however, politely desired me to march out,—saying, he was sorry, but that no one was admitted within these gates, or suffered to draw the castle, or the *park-trees*, without permission. I told the man I could not feel displeased with him for obeying orders, but that I should not ask his leave to draw the castle from the *highway*. I seated myself accordingly without the gates; but was at last fairly driven from my post by the annoyance of nearly thirty school-boys, more mischievous and impudent than you can imagine. This was one of the miseries of sketching.

After many vain enquiries, we at length learned that the Arundel monuments were existing in a ruinous chancel of the church, separated from the church itself, and formerly belonging to a convent. A Miss Griffiths keeps the key; she politely shewed us the tombs herself. The chapel is falling to decay, for want of

a little repair. The monuments are only three in number; and are, indeed, worthy the attention of Charles Stothard.* One is of a knight who was killed in the time of Henry VI. His armour is such as I think is called *plate armour*, with a close helmet, and a surcoat. The figure appears very perfect; but as the owls roost immediately above him, his dress is much concealed by a new one, given to him by them. The † next tomb is of alabaster, said to represent in their effigies John, earl of Arundel, and his countess Beatrice, daughter of the king of Portugal. This is a fine monument, — the draperies long, and in straight folds, like Henry IV. and his queen, Joan of Navarre; the lady's headdress and waist, (if I remember correctly,) much resemble those of her majesty. The former is large, and projects from either side. This effigy, I believe, affords us a specimen of that monstrous fashion the ladies adopted, called the *horn headdress*. At the feet of the figures there is some animal, but of what order in creation I know not. The heads of these effigies lie under a beautiful, architectural, Gothic canopy; and around the tomb appear the figures of monks, praying for the souls of the departed. ‡

But near the west door, stands by far the finest

* Vide Monumental Effigies. † Ibid. ‡ Ibid.

tomb; that of Thomas Fitzalen and his wife. This monument is ascended by steps, as if to be approached for the purpose of praying at the feet of the figures. The tomb stands high, and is surmounted by a most elegant and beautiful Gothic canopy, about twenty feet in height, and fifteen in length. How these effigies are to be drawn I cannot think. The attempt will be worthy the enterprise and ingenuity of Charles Stothard; for they are placed not a foot and a half below the roof of the canopy, so that (excepting the profile of Sir Thomas) you can see them only in perspective. This monument I find has been most foolishly removed from its original station. The canopy is supported in front by four twisted columns, said to be of a later date than the tomb and the other ornaments; these are finished by Gothic capitals. I am not an adept in such matters, but the columns did not appear to my ignorant eyes, incongruous; but be they so or not, they are elegant. The effigies of this tomb are beautiful, particularly the draperies; they reminded me of Albert Durer. Indeed, I should think it a very fine subject for Charles's work; and could I steal into the chancel, I would make a slight drawing of all the figures, to give him some idea of what they are.

On Monday we made our excursion to Bignor,

six miles from Arundel. You pass over the downs, for four miles along the London road. The hills around are truly Welch, and charm the eye by their magnitude and extent; whilst the peaceful English valley, hamlet, and wood, diversify the scene.

After a while we turned out of the main road; and riding at the base of immensely high downs, through a rough road and wild country, for about two miles more, we at length entered a field known by the name of *Bignor*, situated one quarter of a mile from that part of the Roman road to Chichester called the Devil's Bank, which runs over the downs. How shall I describe to you what we then beheld? I feel it is impossible: but I will attempt it, in the best way I can; and I doubt not I shall so far succeed, in exciting the curiosity of Alfred, and his friend Charles, that they will personally visit the spot. Indeed, I shall send them by Mr. E. M., (who is going to town,) a sketch I made from recollection of what we beheld; having no time when on the spot to draw any thing but the ground plan; and this I did, marking the points of the compass. We staid but one hour at Bignor, and I assure you I was not idle.

After we left the chaise, and had entered the field, a few moments presented to our view the finest remain of Roman antiquity I had ever be-

held. But to begin regularly, — On the western side of the field appears a fragment above twenty yards in length, of mosaic pavement; where the representations of a bird, a Bacchus, and a porpoise, together with the letters T. R., are very perfect, excepting the Bacchus; the rest is ornamental. But towards the north end there appears a female head, larger than life, wrapped in drapery, even to the chin: she bears a leafless branch, This is supposed to be an allegorical figure of *Winter*.* It is admirably executed, and so fresh and perfect, that it seems as if but just laid down. The remainder of this part of the pavement was unfortunately destroyed, by the roots of the trees that once grew above it.

The other pavements are now covered with buildings, erected on the foundation of the original walls that yet remain, two or three feet in height. Never were we so delighted with any thing of this kind, as when we first entered the room into which I am now going to take you with us. In the centre is seen an *hexagonal bath*, or basin, of freestone, nineteen inches deep, and six feet from one angle to another, measuring from the

* A most curious fac-simile coloured drawing, the *size* of the *original subject*, was afterwards made from this head by Mr. C. Stothard, who represented every individual tessera, with its exact tint and form.

outside, and four from within. These measurements I noted down, as they were described to me by Mr. G. Tupper, the farmer, to whom Bignor belongs. There is a leaden pipe in the bottom of this basin; and around its exterior hexagonal forms, richly bordered, having within them figures in various attitudes, and dancing Bacchantes. These are in some places broken: but the *drawing* of them, when we consider the means by which it is produced, (various-coloured tesseræ,) is really astonishing; for the figures possess both symmetry and elegance, and are designed in the simplest and most tasteful attitudes. Towards the north, in this apartment, appears, within a circle, the eagle of Jupiter, bearing away Ganymede in his claws. The cup-bearer of the god is represented with a Phrygian cap on his head, and a crook in his hand. This subject is beautifully executed; and, near it, we remarked the fragment of a column that I conjectured once formed a part of the superstructure.

We then passed into an anti-room, where there is a pavement quite perfect, formed with Greek and other ornaments. Here were human bones, pieces of earthenware, fragments of dilapidated columns, &c. Dame Tupper was not without her suspicions, and watched me narrowly; but

I managed to steal part of a vase, and a bit of a broken flue; following, in this, the worthy example of my fellow antiquaries, the learned investigators of Holwood Hill, on some such occasions, and whose consciences let them rest in peace, in spite of certain remembrances of purloined Roman keys, old tiles, bricks, and broken pitchers. But to continue. — We entered from this anti-room, into a large apartment, thirty-three feet in length, and eighteen in width, where we beheld the noblest pavement of them all; the form a rectangle, finished by a semicircle towards the north. Around this last-mentioned part is a rich border, called, I think, the Greek Scroll, thus *——. In the centre of this semicircle appears a head, finely executed, the size of life: they say it is the head of an empress; but I should think it was designed to represent Juno, from the circumstance of the peacock being introduced on either side the head: the tails of these birds are formed of green glass tesseræ, quite brilliant and perfect. In the head of Juno, the mastoid muscle of the neck is finely marked, with even the high light upon it, in different-coloured tesseræ. Beneath this head are

* Some slight sketches of the pavements, &c. accompanied this letter.

several figures, and groups of gladiators; some fighting, others preparing for the combat. Two of these are represented holding what the farmer called a *drum*, but what I take to be a votive altar, with a helmet placed upon it. There stands also a figure, which, from his robes, I should conjecture to be a priest, especially as he holds a sacrificial knife. Towards the termination of this groupe, appears a wounded gladiator; the blood is represented issuing from his side, and running down his thigh. He seems about to perish by the sword of his opponent, uplifted in the act to destroy him.

The tesseræ employed in this work are of various and appropriate colours; the whole laid so as to form a white mosaic ground around the subjects, which appear as if but just executed, and are quite perfect. The various figures below the gladiators are generally represented in dancing attitudes. The lower part of this pavement is broken; and from that circumstance you may perceive it is laid upon a foundation of pillars, covered with large square bricks, above the pillars and beneath the tesseræ, the bricks lying between both. The places for fire were constructed outside the walls, and the heat was conveyed by flues into the interior of the rooms. These, in several places, remain entire; and the cinders, they say, are found in some of them. Only two coins

have been discovered. I wished to see them, in order to learn their date; but Mr. Lysons, or Mr. Richard Smirke, I understand, have the possession of them.

In an adjoining field, towards the east, another tesselated pavement has lately been discovered. The execution of this, although inferior to those I have already described, is, nevertheless, exceedingly curious. A Medusa's head appears in its centre. Nigh to this last-mentioned pavement, a bath has also been found, but is not yet cleared out. It is very extensive, and of freestone. In the north part of the field are seen the dilapidated remains of Roman walls: I lament I had not time to pace their distances, and examine them. These antiquities were first discovered in ploughing, eighteen inches below the surface of the earth, in the year 1803. My dear mother was as much delighted as myself, and examined every thing with a veneration worthy the antiquarian zeal of the Holwood Society. To me it seemed as if all I had read of Roman times (which from their distance appeared half ideal,) was confirmed and brought before my view. I fancied I could, in imagination, conjure up Cæsars, Ciceros, and Pompeys, to fill the vacant apartments.

Dame Tupper I found very troublesome: she stuck as close to me as if she suspected I could

carry off a pavement in my pocket: but she need not have feared; for although I did not scruple to purloin a broken fragment of pottery, I have too deep a veneration for these magnificent and ancient remains, to steal the smallest piece of tessera that helps to compose them. She would not let me *walk* upon any of the pavements for the purpose of examination, although, to awe her severity, I thundered in her ears the name of Mr. Lysons, who is dame Tupper's Bignor king. The name had some effect; and she suffered me to crawl upon hands and knees under the railing on to the pavement. In this way I made my remarks; and crawling off again, deeply engaged in my subject, I forgot the railing, lifted up my head too soon, and received such a blow in the face, that for some time will both make me remember, and shew the marks of my zeal for Bignor. Adieu for the present. Our united regards to all at home; and believe me, my dearest father,

Your dutiful and affectionate daughter,

ANNE ELIZA KEMPE.

In order to continue my narrative on the plan with which I have set out, I shall here insert some letters, &c. of my beloved husband's, not only addressed to his friends, but some even to

myself. Although I have in my possession a great number of the latter, I shall be sparing in their use. As they are so highly honourable to his mind, it may be asked, perhaps, why I have determined on suppressing them. The answer, I think, is obvious; delicacy points out, in some degree, the impropriety of introducing a *large body* of matter, addressed to *one's self;* especially when it is considered, that such was dictated by the *partial friend,* and the *affectionate husband.* And I may also remark, that although these papers must be dear and sacred to the feelings of a wife, they might not so fully interest the general reader. I purpose, therefore, only giving such extracts from them as may tend to develope the character of their writer: and such cannot but be acceptable, for I never knew him make a profession, or utter a sentiment, but such as the uniformity of his conduct ever proved were the sincere dictates of his heart—a heart too honest to flatter, and too ardent to admit inanimate feelings, where he once had placed his affections.

I shall begin then with an extract from a letter addressed to me in 1814, where he gives an account of an accident that befel him during the summer of that year, and which, but for the mercy of Providence, might have terminated his existence.

* * * * * What you might have feared is past, yet but for the mercy of the Almighty, your Charles would have lost his life. If I should remain silent and not relate to you the particulars, you would possibly hear them from some other quarter, and imagine there was still danger, when there existed none.

Not to keep you longer in suspense, yesterday evening wishing to divert the melancholy with which I was inspired, I took up my violin. Finding the room exceedingly close, I opened the shutters and window for the sake of air, but on reclosing the shutters, I received a blow on *my head*, which for a moment deprived me of all sense. On the return of reason, I, in an instant, knew that the iron bar of the shutters had fallen on me. The horrible sensations of pain I then felt, added to my knowledge of the weight and size of the bar, convinced me that I had not perhaps many moments to live. What thoughts rushed in a second across my mind, that *I had perhaps seen my dearest Eliza for the last time; what would be her feelings on hearing I was no more to her in this world.* The agony of my mind at innumerable thoughts of this kind, is not to be described. A few seconds passed, and I was convinced, the blow was not *instant death:* in a quarter of an hour, I was so far recovered to be able to put on my hat, and walk to a

surgeon; no one being in the house at the time the accident happened, but an elderly woman. Having had my wound dressed, taking a draught as a cooler of the blood, &c. I returned home. If there had been any dangerous symptoms, they would have appeared this morning, but as that has not been the case, I am now out of all danger, and have only to complain of the unavoidable consequences, a slight headache. Had I been drinking wine, at the time, or of a less temperate habit, the most dangerous consequences might have been expected. Return thanks with me, dear Eliza, for this fortunate escape, to that Almighty Providence who has preserved me, for never was death so near me before to my knowledge.

1814.

My dearest Eliza,

* * * * *

You tell me (in consequence of the accident I met with from the iron bar) that I am a very careless, imprudent, and absent young man. Pray why do I deserve such a character? Is it because human foresight is not sufficient to ward off accidents. This which happened to me was not from want of care; I was well aware of what might occur, and took but a moment before the only precautions which could prevent it. Twice before has this bar fallen upon servants in our

house: the last it fell upon was deranged for a day and a night in consequence of it. I, who am called imprudent, have always cautioned servants whom I observed careless on that particular point. In this life we can only take care to avoid accidents, but if we arrogate to ourselves the power of preventing them, we may be justly punished by their occurrence. * *

* * * * *

A few evenings since I drank tea with your father at Bradley's. With the appearance of considerable pleasure he threw me a letter across the table to read, which I found Alfred had not then seen. It was from you. How gladly did I open it! It gave me great pleasure to find you had spoken of the monuments at Arundel as you did, and I have to thank you for doing a service to my work: indeed this letter of yours will determine my campaign, and as there is danger of the subjects going so fast to decay, or being disturbed by alterations, they certainly demand my earliest attention.

I think your account both of Arundel and Bignor will prevail with Alfred to induce him to visit me, especially the vicinity of the latter to my head-quarters. I shall be much disappointed if he does not come, but, at the same time, this visit must not let him off from his first engagement with me at Canterbury.

In your description of the figures of Thomas Fitzalen, Earl of Arundel, and Beatrice, his countess, it is very remarkable, that, from a bad drawing I had seen of these effigies, I formed an opinion that the stile of sculpture, as well as the costume, was similar to the figures of Henry IV. and his queen. The monument we are speaking of was executed nearly at the same time. The drawing I saw was very rude, and only a perspective view of the profiles of two figures, the earl being foremost; I was not aware, therefore, till you mentioned it, that the dress of the countess was similar to Joan of Navarre. The knight you describe (and which I shall certainly draw,) is, I believe, John Fitzalen, Lord Maltravers, a great soldier under the Duke of Bedford, he was mortally wounded and taken prisoner in 1435, in a battle with the French, who were marching to raise the siege of Herberoy, before which town his army lay. When I see him I can speak positively by the arms of his surcoat. The two monuments here mentioned are what I have in view, of the other I can say nothing till I see it. * * * *

You appear sadly out of heart with your drawings, but I think without cause. You surely, cannot expect in your early attempts from nature, the same success you have achieved in copying from the antique, when you practise

so little in the former, and have given such a long and severe study to the latter; and you are very much to blame in destroying any drawings you execute. In my opinion it is a bad practice, for which you will hereafter be heartily sorry. Persons, especially learners, are seldom able judges of what they produce themselves. For my own part, I never sat down to make drawings from nature, with expectations so extravagant as yours. I have no other thoughts than the means I am to take to represent what I see before me. If the beauties depend on the effect, I call to my aid what few principles I may have, and by reasoning, apply them as well as I am able. If I am charmed with the minutiæ of the landscape, I know that nothing will serve me so well as *patience*. If I fail I am reconciled to it, by the reflection, that it is not for want of proper attention. If on the contrary, you should feel that you have neglected the *means*, which might have produced something better, I cannot then wonder at any one being disgusted with themselves for their neglect. If you are about to make a drawing from what you see before you, (for this is what I would advise you to do, and never on any account, retouch any drawing after you have lost sight of the original subject,) you must not expect getting to your satisfaction the points which strike you as most beautiful; if you

do, you will generally be disappointed. We ought only to look for an humble imitation, which it must be considered, will increase in its value when it can no longer be compared with its prototype.

To answer your questions, I will tell you how I make my own drawings; but before I adopted the mode I am about explaining, I think it highly necessary you should know the motives from which it took its rise. I wanted to convey correct ideas to myself of places I had seen, and this with as little trouble and time as possible. Finishing a drawing in colours took a long while, and an outline with a slight shade of pencil would be very deficient. I therefore considered that an outline would suffice, if the objects did but possess the local colour; this outline, correct as to the placing the parts, was my principal object. Having executed it with rather a firm pencil, to allow for what might be lost by washing, I next laid on the local colours of the objects, as flat and even as possible, and the tints rather lighter than nature. When the washes are thoroughly dry, take a pencil marked H. B. and touch up here and there where the drawing is wanting in clearness or spirit. This is the simple mode which you must not lose sight of by too great an attention to what I am about to mention.

You will perhaps, not be quite satisfied with a drawing executed strictly in this manner; you will, however, from the practice of it, gain strength, and as you do so, you may throw colour into the shadows of the trees or other objects, instead of black-lead pencil, but still making use of it to touch up and clear with. As examples, look at the two drawings of Kenilworth Castle you have of mine. To conclude my advice, whatever you attempt, do not on any account neglect your outline, for this well attended to, you may consider your drawing three parts finished; if you neglect it, you will very soon find yourself perplexed, and finally, disgusted. As I intend, if possible, to make some improvements in this mode of drawing, I shall perhaps, if I succeed, have the pleasure of communicating them to you when I next see you.

C. A. STOTHARD.

To Alfred Kempe, Esq, Hays, Kent.

Arundel, Sunday, Sept. 5, 1814.

MY DEAR ALFRED,

You will, I have no doubt, be much surprised at my long silence, the only reason for not writing before was, that I did not know till yesterday, whether I should succeed in bringing away drawings from the monuments here. I am in fact now making my drawings against the

positive orders of the ———, and of course without his knowledge. One of the causes for my giving up the Canterbury scheme was, having heard from very good authority that it is now in agitation to restore the Arundel chancel, and the monuments, according to the ideas of what they originally were. How far such improvements are to be feared you will judge, when you see yourself what is already done in the architectural way here.

From what I have stated, you may well conceive the drawings I am about to make will become very valuable, being taken before any offensive alterations are made. I have much to do, and shall stay in this town at least three weeks. I have very comfortable lodgings; pray join me here. You will be delighted with the scenery about the castle; words will not sufficiently convey to you an idea of the luxuriance of the trees, or the beautiful lines which their foliage makes, as it slopes from above the castle to the edge of the water below: but you will find in Eliza's letter to her father, a very correct and just description of every thing here.

There is one view of the town and castle of Arundel with the surrounding woods which will enchant you; I never yet saw any thing to equal it. Come to me as soon as you can make it convenient to yourself, but do not think of being confined to a week.

In a fortnight, Mr. Lysons and Mr. Richard Smirke will be at Bignor, when they intend uncovering another portion of the pavement; at which I have received an invitation to be present. You must go with me if you have any curiosity for fresh discoveries. I however only advertise you of this, that you may manage your time accordingly. I have during the last week been drawing a monument at Ifield, thirty miles from town. I expected to gain leave to draw the Arundel monuments yesterday week, but was disappointed, or I should have written to you before. If you do not come to me in a day or two send me a letter, and say when I may expect you. You know it will give me much pleasure to see you, and especially, to enjoy the charms which this place possesses with one who will so well feel them.

I have been introduced to a gentleman * here who has great taste for the arts, and is quite an enthusiast in his admiration of the views this country affords; we have already planned some pleasant excursions in which you must join us. The fine country seems here only to begin. Towards Worthing and Brighton, we see nothing but undulating lines without any appearance of wood, and towards the sea very flat and low.

Petworth, the seat of Lord Egremont, which

* Mr. Charles Lane.

we propose visiting, is, I am told, exceedingly fine. If you are not with me I shall not do it justice in admiration, as I find but little enjoyment in any thing alone. I have not yet found opportunities for sketching, or I should have sent you a sample to induce you to come down without delay.

The situation and appearance of Arundel castle much remind me of Warwick, and that I think you know is very fine; yet they each want what the other possesses. The architecture of Warwick is superior to Arundel, but the landscape of the latter is superior to the former.

I have nothing to tell you concerning the last week, without it be, that the parcel containing my linen and razors by some means miscarried, and I brought with me here a beard like Robinson Crusoe, because the country I had been in was so wild, it would not produce a barber; a horse-collar maker performed these operations, but this he dared not do but on a Sunday. How does Alencon go on, has ye yet taken any of the trout in Colonel Kirkpatrick's pond? Bradley too, I suppose, came home, as he was hourly expected, and you have seen his drawing from the Coventry tapestry. Speaking of this reminds me, that in my way across the country from Ifield to Arundel, at a little church called Shipley, I saw a small reliquary or chest for holding relics, about seven inches in length and

six in height, beautifully enamelled and gilt, with the subject of the crucifixion, angels, &c. From the stile it is Saxon, or very early Norman workmanship. I made a memorandum of it in the best manner I could, considering I was on a march; but it deserved a correct drawing.

We have now very fine weather for sketching, and there seems every probability of its continuing so. Worthing is not more than nine or ten miles from this place. I hope your mother and sister were both well when you heard from them. I also wish that I may hear little Mary Anne has recovered. Give my remembrance to Mrs. K—— and to your father, should you see him before you come to me. Believe me, dear Alfred,

Yours, sincerely,

C. A. STOTHARD.

I venture to introduce the following letter, though with some hesitation as to what refers to myself; but from the excellent sentiments it contains, it would, I think, be injustice to my dear Charles not to insert it.

Monday Evening, 1814.

MY EVER DEAREST ELIZA,

Did you remark how beautifully the sun set yesterday, with what pleasure did I look upon it,

when the grey clouds in streaks deadened its effulgence. You will remember this, and your thoughts at the time. I was walking from Horsham to Crawley. The lengthening of my shadow on the road as I was going from the sun, announced to me the time, and that this was your favourite hour. I needed no such monitor to remind me of her, who is never absent from my thoughts, she alone possessed my mind the whole of the day.

How much happiness do I find in thinking of you, and I feel that which the poets are said to feign of love is true, of all passions wisely implanted in us as the bond of union, none contributes so much as this to form the character and to improve the heart, when prudently encouraged, tending to the happiness and virtue of society. And I think it will generally be found to exist with those who have the highest sense of duty; it was given to us by our Creator, arising spontaneously, unbounded, when the affections are guided by honour and founded on esteem.

When I compare *my happiness* to the sickly and unmeaning lives of thousands, who have no object but merely to exist, and feel that I enjoy mine, without offending the decrees of the Deity, or having any thing to reproach myself with, (for there can be no real enjoyments which are

not thus governed. I am thankful to Almighty Providence for his infinite kindness, in giving me an object equal to my wishes; nor do I repine at the blind dispensations of fortune. If I had been favoured from my birth, it is more than likely I should have been wanting in those resources, which I would not exchange for inexhaustible wealth. Chance might not have thrown in my way the happiness I enjoy in you. Indeed, I think, if I were a better reasoner, I could prove that all is for the best.

On Sunday morning, I beheld a scene of itself affecting enough; but as I applied the feelings of the sufferer to myself, supposing you were the object that occasioned them, how much did I feel, and how deeply enter into her sorrows! I tell you all my thoughts.

Waiting at the door of Horsham church, I observed several soldiers round a grave. The funeral service was performing for some person, but of the sex and age I was ignorant. At the moment the earth closed the coffin from the view, a beautiful young woman rushed from the crowd of mourners, with a grief so expressive, that I never felt so much the wish to possess the power of soothing the afflicted. Her young companions followed her, and she sunk almost lifeless into the arms of one of them. How well could I feel the grief of this poor young

creature; how well the moment which for ever destroyed each lingering hope! You, my dear Eliza, would have sensibly participated in such a scene, had you been present with me.

This is a melancholy subject, but still it is not displeasing to me. I find pleasure in every thing which reminds me how dear you are to me; and we never know so well the value of what we regard, as when we know the loss of it for ever. How dreadful is the loss of one beloved! Death presents itself so frequently, and in such various shapes, that I wonder not so many quit the world by their own will. I was the other day considering how soon an act of this kind is past recal. Never, never, dearest Eliza, would I cut myself off, by such an action, from meeting you in a better world: if I should be so unfortunate as to lose you, I would with patience wait the appointed time; but sorrow would secretly destroy me. Yet now, thank God, I have better thoughts; and hope through a long life to give you better proofs of my affection, should Providence grant me length of days, as the husband of my adored Eliza.

Farewell for a time, dearest girl; may the Almighty bless you, and restore you to your health again. Be assured your Charles will never fail to offer up his prayers for your recovery, and to implore blessings, tenfold bless-

ings on your head: if his prayers are worthy to be heard, he will fervently beseech Providence to grant that he may deserve, and render you happy to the last hour of his life.

C. A. STOTHARD.

To Thomas Stothard, Esq.

Arundel, Thursday Evening,
Sept. 7. 1814.

DEAR FATHER,

I had deferred writing till I should arrive here, but could get no opportunity till now, I have so often dined and drank tea out. Since Friday last, the day I came to this place, I have scarcely eaten a meal at my lodgings. This evening I was obliged to plead having letters to write, to avoid an engagement.

Before I say any thing of Arundel and its inhabitants, I will, as you requested, give you an account of my journeying from the day I left town. — Quitting Charing-cross at half-past two, I arrived at Leatherhead about six in the evening; a ride in which I saw nothing remarkable. I drank tea with the Rev. Mr. Dallaway, the gentleman who was to assist me in getting at the monuments in the Arundel chancel, having given me some necessary instructions, and a

letter to a friend resident here: I left him, and secured my quarters for the night.

The next morning, after I had breakfasted, and looked to the forwarding the little luggage I had with me, I left Leatherhead on foot, taking the road to Horsham, with a most beautiful day, and a fine country before me; I thought I could not have contrived better before-hand for the enjoyment of my walk. I had now cleared the citizens' country boxes, and all that put me in mind of smoky London. The luxuriant scenery about Mickleham and Leith Hill you know too well for me to describe; I can only say, that it was impossible for me to have had a finer day for the views continually presenting themselves to my right and left.

I got to Horsham to dinner, a walk of eighteen miles. Whilst my repast was preparing I went to the church, to examine the monument I had in view; but found it very similar to one I had before drawn. This being the case, as soon as I had dined I turned out of my road to the left, inclining again towards London; but finished my day's journey at Crawley, in the Brighton road. The following morning, I began a drawing at Ifield, a place one mile and a half distant. I stayed there three days, with very bad accommodations for sleeping; but preferred

this to losing time by walking three miles for every meal.

During my stay there, I was put to much inconvenience: the small portmanteau I had left at Leatherhead to be forwarded to Horsham had not arrived there, consequently I had not any change of linen; but it was of little consequence. The same evening I finished my drawing I walked again to Horsham: the following morning, not hearing, on enquiry, any thing of the portmanteau, I gave directions for it to be forwarded to Arundel, and then set off on foot for that place. I had again the good fortune to have a beautiful day, but excessively hot.

Going through Shipley, a little village near West Grinstead, and threading bye lanes, at three in the afternoon I reached a village called Storrington; having refreshed myself, I prepared to cross a chain of hills which I had seen before me from Horsham. Having gained the summit, I first caught sight of the sea: the coast appeared exceedingly low and flat, with a sad want of trees; but the valley beneath me was excessively rich, especially so, looking S. E. towards Findon. I sauntered a good deal that day. It became dark when within a few miles of Arundel; where I arrived, after a short walk, the next morning.

Mr. Lane, the gentleman who was to assist

me in getting at the monuments, (which I found close under lock and key,) is a surgeon of considerable eminence; he has a great taste for painting, and fond of every thing relative to art. He made me exceedingly welcome; and there is scarcely a day but he comes to the church at five o'clock to take me home with him to dinner, nor will he admit of a refusal. Intimate with him are three ladies who keep a boarding-school; these are, I believe, friends of the Duke of Norfolk. On a visit with them are some of their relatives from Windsor; so that, at present, there is nothing but tea-parties and gaiety. Two evenings have I been engaged there through Mr. Lane's introduction. It is one of the above ladies who keeps the key of Arundel chancel.

The monuments are all of the earls and countesses of Arundel. There are two ladies, each of whom have singular head-dresses, particularly one of them, which you will think monstrous; it is of the latter end of the reign of Henry IV., exceedingly rich in jewels.* As restoring the chancel and monuments is proposed to be done this or next year, I shall esteem myself extremely fortunate in making my drawings before such restorations take place. From what I see of architectural designs about the castle, called restorations, every thing is to be feared when this work begins.

* The horn head-dress.

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I expected only to have been here a fortnight, but I find there is work for a month. I am resolved, on the above account, to bring every thing away with me, leaving nothing for a second visit. The scenery about the castle is exceedingly beautiful; one view of the town, castle, and surrounding woods, with the river in the foreground, being fine beyond conception: this is amongst those I intend making. I find myself extremely well, and do justice to Mr. Lane's good dinners. Believe me, dear father,

Your affectionate son,

C. A. STOTHARD.

To Thomas Stothard, Esq.

Arundel, Oct. 1. 1814.

DEAR FATHER,

Since I wrote last, I have by an accident been placed in an awkward situation. The plot which had been contrived by my friend Mr. L., for getting at the Arundel monuments was inadvertently discovered; consequently I have, for this fortnight past, drawn by taking advantage and getting into the chancel when workmen were in the church. This, you may suppose, has occasioned me loss of time; I am, however, now glad to be well done with it. It is *not* likely I shall ever make drawings again under similar circumstances.

The country towards Chichester and Petworth is very fine; and, what I had no idea of, the boldness of the land must in many places, I am sure, resemble South Wales; but of this you shall judge from a drawing I intend making on Thursday. My critical situation, with respect to the monuments, has deprived me of the opportunities of drawing landscape, which I might otherwise have embraced. I shall, however, see what time I can spare next week to appropriate to this purpose.

I have been highly favoured by the kindness, the attentions, and politeness of Mr. Lane, who is ever ready to show me any thing. Yesterday morning I went over Arundel castle with him; which, for all the expense bestowed upon it, is not worth seeing: excepting three or four whole-length portraits, of the time of Henry the Eighth, and Queen Elizabeth, there are no pictures but the vilest trash. In the castle, all is modern Gothic; so tasteless and overloaded with ornament, that you feel quite surfeited. You here find Grecian figures (if they deserve the name,) intermixed. To give you the most complete idea of the taste which pervades the castle, I need only speak of the library. It is of course in the *Gothic* style; the whole of mahogany and cedar, polished and varnished to excess: the smell of the cedar is so overpowering, that it

gave me a violent head-ache for the remainder of the day. To this library there is a fire-place: the chimney piece is of marble; and instead of being the work of an eminent sculptor, it is evidently from Coad and Sealy's over the Bridge. Two figures in small life grace this elegant production; they stand on each side the fire. One represents Esculapius, the god of physic; and, as if the serpent and staff, his attributes, were too common-place, he actually has his lap full of physic phials, with labels carefully attached to each of them. Things here are unlike any thing else; and on this point, indeed, I think there is much to rejoice in. Should I not come to town, I purpose going to Chichester and Winchester; and when I again write, it will most probably be from the latter place. With love and remembrance to all at home, believe me,

Your affectionate son,

C. A. STOTHARD.

To William Stevenson, Esq., Norwich.

London, February 16. 1815.

MY DEAR SIR,

My conscience has often reproached me for not having, in all this time, written you a single line. You will think, perhaps, I forget old friends; but, I assure you, this is not the case.

The continual employment you cannot but be aware I must now find, affords me an excuse in my laziness as a correspondent; and it is the fear of appearing neglectful urges me at last to write. I hoped, during the autumn, to have seen Norwich: in this I was disappointed. I form plans, but accidents almost always arise to derange them.

I believe I have, for the two last years, intended coming into Norfolk. I shall not make any more resolutions, and tell you of them; but drop upon you unawares, or with a week's notice. I have no idea, at present, which way I shall bend my course this next summer, as it will depend on the time I can spare to be from home. I am now, and shall be, much engaged with the letter-press; parts of which I purpose publishing early next winter. You know I did not intend doing this at all, till I had finished the plates of my work; for there existed difficulties, that I have now hit on the means of overcoming.

You remember I talked some time since of improvements. I have given them every consideration; and now, if I have not doubled the interest of the work, I shall be the sufferer. As it is at present, I am told by every one in time it must find its way against all obstacles: the proposed additions will, I hope, force it; for patience is but cold comfort. As you have had infinitely

more experience amongst publishers, (and as one,) than I perhaps shall ever purchase, and have better notions of the variations of the public pulse, I will submit my intended plan to your consideration, that I may profit by such objections and improvements you may from your knowledge suggest.

As my plan at first stood, I merely intended adding the architecture of the monuments, making plates of the same dimensions as those for the effigies, placing on each two, three, or more subjects, as their size and proportions would admit. On my present plan, I purpose placing the monument described, so as to fall in with the upper part of the page. Upon the margin of it (which will be broad,) I shall put such escutcheons, with their bearings, as are to be found on or about the monument above. Not drawing the arms as our heralds now do, but copying them closely from the originals; starving my lions, and flourishing their tails to the fashion of the time; forming, by these means, a more authentic and extensive roll of arms than they can possess at the Heralds' College. If I have room for a tail-piece, and want it at the end of the page, I shall reserve that place more particularly for subjects, though not strictly belonging to the effigy or monument treated on, yet such as

will be interesting, as illustrating what may not be otherwise understood without them.

By these means the letter-press will be very rich, and combine with the plates. It is true, I shall suffer in pocket by it; but I hope I may be remunerated in the end, and acquire reputation, which last may enable me to stretch my wings for future projects. Every day does but convince me, that having acquired a name with the public, you may do almost any thing, however silly; I would have that power, *not to abuse it*, but as it might at a future time enable me to execute what now would be termed mad ideas. I have plenty of enthusiasm, which I would willingly give way to, if it met with more encouragement than at present.

You have of course seen my advertisement in the Gentleman's Magazine for January: what do you think of the idea? I intend in future to announce the publication of every fresh number in this way, but in a more extended manner; I did this, because I have been told by several of my subscribers, they were sorry to find my work was not sufficiently known. You have, I remember, often preached to me the necessity of frequently advertising. Can you add any thing here by way of advice? Let me hear from you soon; do not pay me off according to my deserts.

I saw lately some beautiful drawings, made from Norwich cathedral, by Mackenzie. I learned he was with you at this time; remember me to him. I give him joy on finding a part of the means to eclipse us all; he will laugh at this, I know. Speaking of Mackenzie brings to mind your being in town: you almost deserve my silence, for having paid such a fly-away visit; I daily expected to have seen you again, but you came not. I suppose you will not be in town this summer. Should I be at Norwich before I see you, I will not return your visit by the example you have set. Mine cannot be but short. I am expected to spend a few days with my friend Mr. Turner at Yarmouth, also with a gentleman at Catfield; both which visits I must limit to a couple of days at farthest, or I shall have my subscribers calling me to account, as I must now husband my time.

I was at Arundel last autumn, drawing some fine monuments of the earls there. The chancel which contains them was locked up, all drawing forbidden; and yet, in spite of such obstacles, from an encourager of the arts and sciences I obtained access.

Two parties possess keys of the chancel. I attacked that point I thought weakest, — three pretty girls, friends of the duke's. I got into the chancel by these means; but paid for it by at-

tending at dances, &c. &c., and being as unmonumental as possible. I hope my difficulties may be ever overcome in this manner. My paper tells me I must conclude. I hope Mrs. S., yourself, and family are well. With my remembrance.

I am, dear sir, truly yours,

C. A. STOTHARD.

28. Newman-st. Oxford-st.

In the summer of 1815, Charles made a journey towards the north of England, for the purpose of executing some drawings for the Magna Britannia of his friend Mr. Samuel Lysons, and also to add to his own collection, for the monumental effigies of Great Britain. During this journey, he visited the lakes of Cumberland and Westmorland, and viewed the Picts' wall; executing, as he past along, a vast number of little drawings of the various scenes that delighted his fancy. These miniature landscapes were finished in the most peculiar and delicate manner, (recommended in his letter to me,) true to nature and to taste. Whilst he was absent from London upon this tour, Mr. Lysons gave him the strongest proof of his esteem and regard, by obtaining for him *unsolicited*, on the death of Mr. Richard Smirke, the honourable post of historical draughtsman to the Society of Antiquaries.

The following extracts are taken from letters written by my husband during this journey; and I exceedingly lament, that those addressed to the late Mr. Lysons have not been found amongst the papers of that gentleman, as I am aware they contained many most interesting details of his journey and pursuits.

Extract from a letter, written from Alvechurch, To Miss A. E. K.

Sunday Evening, Aug. 6. 1815.

. . . . . You will perceive, from the date of this, I am not at Birmingham; I left that place this morning. I am now writing in the parlour of a little thatched alehouse, in an obscure village in Worcestershire. I arrived about an hour since. I stay here to-morrow, and the greater part of Tuesday. On Wednesday evening I hope to be at Manchester.

I have discovered by mere chance, in the church of this place, a curious figure of a knight*, of a description I had an idea of, but never thought I should be lucky enough to meet with it in reality. You see, my love, I mount you with me upon my hobby; and in the years I hope to live with my beloved wife, it is my wish she

* Vide Monumental Effigies.

should always feel an interest in my pursuits. I write to you, therefore, as to the friend of my bosom. And while I think of it, love, I must tell you, if you too would make me such, I cannot admit of any sharers; the next letter therefore you send to me, do not let it come like this last, *open*, as I to-day found it, at the post-office.

I have commenced too soon to write to you, for I do not know what opportunities I shall find before Saturday next. Amidst hail, thunder, lightning, and rain, have I to-day found my way here, by Broosgrove, a distance of nineteen miles. The walk has been delightful, although with what I have premised it would seem otherwise. But I speak truth, when I say the sun has not disappeared more than ten minutes at a time. How often have I thought, (not to-day only, but constantly,) that a country life, with you, would be *indeed delightful*. I believe, if true happiness is to be found, it is to be so sought.

Wednesday evening. — From accident, I have stayed another day in this abominable place; I came from Alvechurch to Birmingham yesterday evening; to-morrow morning, at seven, I go off for Manchester. Lord Athenry is coming here. I learn this from two of his friends, who have been in search of me. I shall not stay to see Lord A., although he expects it. He is going onwards towards Yorkshire, and has offered to

take me to any part of the country which is nearest to my route. This is certainly a friendly offer, but it has its inconveniences. His travelling at the rate of only a few miles each day, would not now suit me: I must therefore hasten my departure; for should I be found here to-morrow, I am assured I shall not be able to get off. I have therefore just dispatched a letter to his lordship, which he will receive upon his arrival.

Lancaster, August 11. 1815.—Two hours since I arrived at this place, after a very gloomy ride. I slept last night in Manchester. It is with the greatest pleasure I now resume that occupation which makes you the companion of my journeying. If I thought you did not feel an interest in, and wished me to recount, all the trifles that occur, I should feel extremely unhappy. We were never intended for selfish beings, to bury every thought in our own breasts. I esteem myself fortunate indeed, in so near a friend as my Eliza, to whom I can freely unbosom my most secret thoughts.

I left Birmingham yesterday morning at seven o'clock; passed through Staffordshire, a country, though possessing no attractions, yet made horrible by its iron-works. At Congleton in Cheshire, a delightful place, (from the bold promontories which characterize the scenery,) I discovered old acquaintances, which I had before seen, in

the visionary sublimity distance gives. The hills of Derbyshire and Yorkshire rise and disappear to the right of the road. This reminded me much of Cisbury and Chankbury *, possessing similar forms, and the same sterile fare. At eight at night I arrived at Manchester, the coach driving off without giving me an opportunity of paying my fare, so that I came ninety miles cost-free; and I cannot imagine to this moment how it was possible the mistake occurred.

I awakened this morning at five o'clock. The sky was dark, but it did not rain; however, in less than an hour, it came down in torrents. I had then to consider what was best to be done; for a day in doors, at Manchester, was by no means an agreeable contemplation. With all possible haste I gained the Lancaster coach, and fortunately found one place vacant. This I engaged; nor did I repent it, for it has poured incessantly till within this last hour. Through the rain I observed the same kind of country as before, the whole of the way; yet more barren.

Such melancholy weather had a very sensible effect on my spirits, and I was devoured by the most gloomy of blue devils; my imagination could paint nothing of what was before me, but my separation from you. Within two miles of

* These hills are near Worthing, in Sussex.

Lancaster, I had the curiosity to thrust my head out of the coach-window, in the pouring rain. We were near the brow of a hill. I eagerly looked forward, to what was to present itself. When we reached the summit, the most romantic composition broke upon my sight, formed by the city of Lancaster, crowned by its castle, an inlet of the sea, and the distant mountains of Cumberland and Westmorland, gleaming in sunshine — the only sunshine which could be seen; but though almost visionary, it gives the hope of a fine day to-morrow. I am told, from the nature of the country, that should we have rain to-morrow, it is probable it will continue for a week at least. The scene I have just described I hope to have it in my power to attempt putting on paper, but really expect that my ability will not come up to my wishes; but, my love, whatever I may do, or feel, I will not consign it to the washhand-basin, like a certain young lady, a friend of mine, her view of Piercefield's woods. Hints are useful sometimes, so I say no more.

Lancaster, Saturday evening. — My dearest Eliza, I shall endeavour to go forward to-morrow, although the weather at present appears against me. This morning was fine, but threatening. I began the view I mentioned to you; but had no sooner got in the outline, and began to wash in the tints, than the rain came down in torrents, and so has continued, with scarcely any

intermission, the whole of the day. I was nearly wet through in an instant. I hastened into the first cottage I observed, for other shelter was not to be had; the tenant of this I found to be a woman, who had lost her sight by a brain-fever, when but three years old. Such an unhappy object excited my compassion. A good turn is never lost: the poor creature brought fuel, and with a few turfs made a good fire, by which I dried my clothes: and thus was I cooped up for nearly four hours. So much for this day.

This terrible weather has a most powerful effect upon my spirits. I shall not tell you all my thoughts: in spite of my exertions, they are of the most gloomy character; and the future sometimes appears, like the scene of to-day, cheerless and clouded; — a dark image of my own mind. There are moments, when the uncertainties of human life bow down the firmest spirit. You, who are so lively, feel this; for, with all your gaiety, I never knew a mind more prone, at times, to a melancholy train of thought than yours. Such, I think, are your notions of religion, you are for ever anxious to fathom the depths of Omnipotence; to penetrate that veil you are forbidden to pass; and torture yourself with a thousand miserable apprehensions, an humbler mind, with a calm trust in the wisdom of that Providence who created and upholds you, would dispel.

I never *flattered you;* and the same sincerity that has sometimes induced me to dissent from you in opinion, and give you advice, now bids me tell you, that you are wrong in this. Indeed, your conversations on subjects so far beyond our limited powers, have, I believe, infected me with thoughts somewhat of your own cast. Last night before I slept, as is usual, I thought of you; and from the happiness of this life, I looked to the future and eternal one. I felt many doubts and fears, lest there should not be that union of souls, in which all our happiness here will consist. Conscience whispered me, I might not be deserving of that felicity we look for in a future state. These thoughts made such an impression on me, that they have been in my mind the whole of to-day.

Indeed had I so regularly read some works you once recommended to me, I should, I fear, have become either a bigot or enthusiast. I can do nothing as it ought to be done, but I am apt to run into extremes; and either of the above characters in religion are to me the most melancholy and distressing. Religion was intended as the beacon to eternity, to render us happy; pray, therefore, shun those melancholy notions you are inclined to.

I have no time at present for reading, or I would, to please you, listen to Sherlock's assur-

ances; but, in my own mind, a firm reliance on the goodness of the Deity is more than any thing ignorant man can pretend to shew me. Let me ever avoid doubts, if I would hold my faith unshaken. *In life or in death, slowly lingering on the bed of sickness or suddenly snatched from the world, I trust in God; and that he will not abandon the creature he has raised into life — surely for happiness.* * * *

* * * * *

I try various plans to enjoy at least composure in my absence from you. With all I feel, I think, my situation a thousand times happier than if I were here, and had never known you; so bitter and so sweet is affection. You alone have the power of dispensing happiness to me. I have no wish that it could be otherwise: should it ever be so, I should esteem myself the most unfortunate of beings.

I have often dwelt with the greatest pleasure on the recollection of those evenings I passed with you before I quitted town. I ought not to have tasted such happiness. I am the less reconciled to my present situation. I feel I do not exist, as my days now pass; and yet life has so many charms in the hopes of the future, that I should feel most reluctant to quit it. I shall not only take every care of my health, but also of my person. I will never do any thing hazardous;

to-morrow I shall have an opportunity of shewing my attention on this point. I purpose writing to my dear friend, Alfred, as soon as I have visited the Picts' wall, knowing the subject will be extremely interesting to him; and as I imagine you will hear the account, I shall not send it you over again.

I add these few lines, to give you the last accounts of myself. I have taken no cold by the wetting I had in the thunder-storm of yesterday. To-day the sky is very clear, and it is likely to turn out delightful weather for the prosecution of my journey. In half an hour I go by coach to Cartmel, crossing the Lancaster Sands; there is danger to cross on foot; to this I alluded when I wrote last night, so that you must give me credit for some prudence. If I had not a being dear to me, as you are, I believe I should not take this precaution. God bless you, and believe me,

Yours, &c. &c.

C. A. STOTHARD.

To T. Stothard, Esq.

1815.

DEAR FATHER,

I should have written to you before this, but I had nothing to say out of the common track. According to my usual custom, I shall now begin

with giving you an account of myself from the time I left London.

By the coach I arrived at Birmingham, at twelve on Wednesday morning. I did not feel the least inconvenience by this part of my journey; the night was remarkably fine, without that degree of coldness I have generally experienced two or three hours after midnight. Birmingham I found a very disagreeable place; noise, smoke, and red houses. Here I staid till the Wednesday following, being better than a week. Lord A——— did not come as I expected; I had a visit from two of his friends who were waiting for him. Having no time to spare, I set off for Manchester early in the morning, and arrived there the same evening, cost-free. How this was managed I hardly know: I got off the coach; during the time I was giving directions about my portmanteau, it drove off. It was then needless to seek to pay the money, which, it would be more than probable, would never get into the hands of the right owner.

I awoke at six on the Friday morning; the sky was very dark; I had forebodings from this of the day. I instantly got up and went to the window, and there beheld, to my comfort, a settled drizzling rain. To stay in doors at Manchester the whole day, pay for doing so, and lose time, was out of the question. I dressed

myself instantly and ran to the coach-office, and was fortunate in securing the only inside place vacant. — Wednesday, August, 1815.

I began a few days ago writing to you; the finishing my letter and sending it off has been interrupted by various accidents. This was a matter of uneasiness to me, as I knew the time had passed when you expected to hear from me. To continue where I left off. After a most melancholy ride (for we had a settled rain the whole day), when we were within a mile of Lancaster, the evening cleared for about half an hour, and it was then that I saw Lancaster for the first time; and must confess, I was more struck with the combination I then beheld, (with one exception,) than any thing I have since met with. The following morning I began to make a drawing of Lancaster, from the point I had seen it from the day before. I had scarcely got in an outline, when the rain came down in torrents, attended with thunder and lightning. I was nearly wet through, before I found shelter in the cottage of a blind woman. I managed to dry myself, by standing over a turf-fire for the three hours the storm continued. It did not, however, cease raining for a quarter of an hour at a time the whole of this day. I persisted in what I had begun, and at the price of another ducking,

finished, in the best manner I could, what I had so far proceeded with.

The following day began with great promise; I went to the spot I had been so many times driven from the day before, and felt excessively mortified, that I had made a drawing under circumstances so unfavourable; the view was more beautiful than I could have imagined; indeed, the scene seemed a work of enchantment. The castle, touched with the lights of the morning-sun on its battlements and towers, appeared entirely the work of fancy, and not a substantial fabric. I believe this object derived its value from the ultra-marine tint of the distant mountains to which it was opposed.

Leaving this scene with some regret, after getting my breakfast, I proceeded by coach to Cartmel, over Lancaster Sands, not only a great saving in the number of miles, but the most delightful ride, novelty adding something to the charm. From Cartmel, I walked on towards Broughton, the scenery more fine than I had been led to expect. I sat down about four at noon to make a sketch, which was bounded by the distant mountains I had for some time seen before me. During the time this occupied me, I think I was never so tormented in my life. I was stung most dreadfully in the face by myriads of

flies, so small as scarcely to be distinguished; the swelling this caused did not go off till the following day.

Benighted, I arrived at Broughton, a poor little place containing about a dozen houses. The day following began again with rain; as it ceased at intervals, after I had breakfasted I set off. Black-Comb (pronounced Coom) I could not see, though close on the right of my road. I had proceeded on my way towards Ravenglass, I think two or three miles, when I began to ascend more sensibly. I was often interrupted by the rain, which obliged me to seek shelter under the trees that grew thick on the right and left. Fortunately, the rain had ceased entirely to fall, when, looking up before me, I saw the road I was going lose itself in the clouds; this made me think rather seriously, who had never before been in such a situation. All I feared was getting wet through, for, by what I could see, it was not likely I should find the least shelter.

Having surveyed the clouds, looked to the wind, and considered four or five minutes, I thought it probable, I might get over without the evils I dreaded; leaving then the friendly trees, I began with toil to ascend this rugged and barren road. When I had proceeded at a pace as speedy as the difficulty of the way would admit for half an hour, I perceived the clouds in

the form of volumes of fog rushing before me with the greatest rapidity. In another half-hour I could not see any object twenty yards before me: the road was luckily too plain for me to mistake it. On these dreary regions, I observed nothing more than a few patches of heath and angular masses of granite. That side of me exposed to the wind was entirely white, occasioned by innumerable bead-like drops of water. As I descended this fell, (Stoneshead,) and emerged from the cloud, the effect of the sea and other objects before me was singular. Having been for an hour surrounded by fog, I had forgot it did not exist below; from my own motion, an immense black curtain seemed drawing up. The first objects I observed, were irregular streaks of white light; what they at first were I could not imagine, as they appeared to be in the sky. When the country below, glittering in sun-shine, was unveiled, I found that the white breakers and surge on the sea-shore was what had so much attracted my attention. I did not go farther than Ravenglass that day.

On the Tuesday, I went through Gosforth, by Calder Abbey, to Egremont and St. Bees; Wednesday passed at Calder Abbey; Thursday at Gosforth. I shall have more to say when I write next. I have arrived at this place from Irton Hall by Wast Waters, Borrowdale, Buttermere, and

Crummock Waters. Before the end of the week I shall be at Keswick. My stay at any place is so uncertain, that I do not know how I can get a letter, without perhaps writing for it; I would willingly keep this back a day to write more, but think it better to dispatch it, as it may serve to quiet any fears on my account. I have also a promise to perform in writing to Mr. Lysons, which has not yet been in my power.

The weather has been extremely unfavourable, very cold and wet; but there is now the appearance of its mending. In ten days or a fortnight I shall write again. I hope all are well; and with remembrance, believe me, dear father,

Your affectionate son,

C. A. STOTHARD.

Cockermouth.

To Miss A. E. K.

Friday Evening,
September 1, 1815.

MY DEAREST ELIZA,

In a wet and gloomy evening, I have fortunately just got housed comfortably, at the foot of Helvelin. I should have commenced writing, according to my intention, yesterday evening, from Keswick, but was then employed in completing what the rain would not allow me to finish during the day. I shall now have more leisure to think as I write than in my last. I

have dispatched you a letter, but shall not feel easy till I imagine you have received it. God knows what you may have conjectured the cause of my silence.

I must now thank you for both your letters; I have read them over and over again; you may judge they are great resources to me, for my present life is both melancholy and strange. I have little enjoyment in any thing; I am in a fine country, but I am scarcely excited to admiration. I draw, it is true, but sit down for the purpose with hardly any inclination. My father would rate me so much did I not bring home some memorandums of the country I have seen, that it is this motive alone induces my exertion. I know the time will come, when I shall esteem it fortunate such a motive existed; that time, when I shall have forgotten the pains and anxieties of absence in the bosom of my Eliza, who will then be my wife.

I am sure, were you in my situation, you would feel it far from enviable. I seldom find any interruption to the chain of my melancholy thoughts. Some parts of your letters have added not a little to them; and although you are silent about your health, this very silence makes me fear you have not derived the benefit I hoped you would from the sea-air; and I cannot but feel pained, when I see your constitution the shuttlecock of every

medical practitioner; they who cheat society with the name of physic, a juggle that holds forth but unstable and unnatural props to a delicate and weakly frame. If it is my lot to be in my future life miserable, there is no alternative, but to harden the mind to suffer, or to give myself up to an uncombated sorrow that will destroy me. But I will not tease you with my unhappy thoughts; a more than usual oppression has taken possession of my mind; I dread I scarcely know what.

I will now give you some account of myself. After I had put my letter to you into the post, I took coach to cross the Lancaster Sands. This passage is not without danger, particularly to foot passengers; scarcely a year passes but persons are lost, but chiefly through their own imprudence. The morning I crossed was delightful; to which the novelty of the thing, and the beauty of the scenery before me, not a little added. The distance over these sands is eleven or twelve miles. When on *terra firma*, I proceeded onwards on foot, (towards noon,) in a delightful country. I then sat down for an hour or two to sketch, in far better humour than I have been in lately. I was obliged to desist from this a little before my time by a singular fly, which annoyed me in the most dreadful manner, and also from the warnings given me by distant thunder.

If I would convey to you some idea of the country I this day passed through, I should say, you must imagine some fairy at your elbow with her wand, endeavouring every fifty yards to outstrip your imagination, both in the variety, as well as the quickness of change presented in the scenes. Hastening on to avoid the threatening storm, when within four miles of Broughton the rain began slowly to descend; but I arrived at that place before it had increased sufficiently to give me a ducking. All inconveniences were soon forgotten in a dish of tea and a comfortable bed.

The next morning, when I arose, it still rained, but by the time I had finished my breakfast it began to be fair at intervals. I set off again, and by sheltering myself now and then under the trees, which grew thick on each side of the road, I managed to get in a couple of hours four or five miles; all this was up hill. On a sudden turn in the road the trees ceased, and nothing presented itself but a barren waste; my eye followed the road upwards that I was going to take till it was lost in the clouds. With me, who had not been used to this mode of travelling, it seemed rather a serious matter, and under such circumstances too; fortunately for me, it did not at this time rain. Looking at the clouds, and making every calculation to avoid a wet jacket, I left the friendly trees, and proceeded upwards,

with all the speed the steepness of the ascent would allow. After proceeding in this way a couple of miles, and without rain, I perceived volumes of fog whirling before me with amazing swiftness; for such was the appearance the clouds put on as I approached them. In a quarter of an hour after this, I could not see any object more than ten yards before me. Had I not been on a beaten road, as I have since learned, this would have been a situation of some danger. In this dreary region, nothing presented itself to the sight but heath scantily spread, amidst vast angular masses of granite, which here and there projected from the earth.

Melting from the exertion to gain the summit of the fell, I was at the same time exposed to the most piercing wind; that side of me towards it was white as the hoar-frost of a winter's morning. Having proceeded in the blind manner that I have described for above an hour, I began at length to descend. The first object I discovered was a white irregular broken line in mid-air; what it was I could not devise; on a sudden, the most singular spectacle presented itself; nor did I perceive, at first, my own motion was the cause. A dark mass, like a curtain, seemed to raise itself slowly, and as it did so, unveiled by degrees a country glittering in all the beauty of sunshine; it was then that I dis-

covered the white line I had seen was the breakers on the sea-shore, which had also gained their elevation from my own situation. So much for passing Stoneshead Fell. I have seen nothing like it since. In the hands of one inclined to enlarge, it would have afforded ample materials.

Having wandered about the rest of that day, I came at sunset to the river Esk, over which there is no bridge, but merely stepping-stones. This river is as wide as that at Arundel. Had I heard the story told of the fool of Muncaster castle, (which overhangs the river at this place,) I should not have attempted to pass over: I made the effort, and at the third stone the river was nearly up to my knee, at the fourth a little deeper; the promise I had given to my dear Eliza, and my own fears, made me return. Wandering up the banks of the river till it was nearly dark, I discovered a boat; a cottage was not far off, and here I applied, in the hope of finding the owner. An old woman told me it belonged to her sons, who were fishermen, and that if I would go and wait by the boat, they would soon come to me. I followed her directions, and after staying till out of all patience, I jumped into the boat, and pushed over the river.—Necessity has no law,—I left it to the wind, if it would take it back again.

I had not proceeded fifty yards, before I heard some men, with dreadful imprecations, calling on me to bring back the boat. No, no, thought I; I am on the sure side of advantage, and I will not therefore submit to such language; and so walked on till the hanging woods concealed me from their sight.

In a quarter of an hour I got into Ravenglass. Excepting meeting with that unlucky post-office at Egremont, I believe, for a few days, nothing crossed me out of the common way. I think I before stated enough of this part of my route, but did not say that at Irton Hall I saw some young ladies, not only pretty, but sensible; yet their charms were lost on me, for indeed, my love, I have no eyes, but for my Eliza.

Sunday evening, Kirk Oswald. I have a few minutes that I must dedicate to you before I sleep. I am now indulging in the delightful hope of reaching Carlisle to-morrow evening, but of this I am scarcely certain. There are monuments here which I have not yet seen, and which that curse, *etiquette*, prevented me from doing yesterday; otherwise, I have but two drawings to make, which will not detain me above a few hours here.

Writing as I feel, I am not aware at the moment that, by what I am to add, I may be giving you much that is unnecessary; however, you have my thoughts: how strange and contradic-

tory are they at times! of this I will give you an instance, though but of to-day, yet not the first of the same kind. You know well the object of my pursuits, and that my favourite *hobbies* are monuments: the interest I feel in this subject, so important to my work, is the best support I can find in your absence. After I had dined to-day, to drive away the melancholy I found gathering thick about me, I went monument-hunting. Although the hope, the very hope of finding something, induced me to walk several miles; yet — how can you account for it — when I entered a church I dreaded seeing any thing; and when I did not find what I sought, felt in my disappointment a secret delight; and had I discovered a subject to detain me but two days, I believe I should have quitted the spot, and have gone first to Carlisle, in the hope of finding your letter. I shall write to Alfred in a few days, as I have much to communicate that will interest him. Mine will be a very long letter; but all curiosity with me is now absorbed in the wish to get towards home; it is not therefore likely I shall spend so much time along the Picts' wall as I originally purposed doing. * * * * * *

C. A. STOTHARD.

The letter written to my brother, above mentioned, from a singular occurrence, was not

conveyed to him by the post, and Charles ultimately reached town before its delivery. This most interesting letter, which gave a full detail of his journey along the Picts' wall, &c. &c., Charles had in his *own* possession, and *destroyed it*. Since his death, upon carefully examining his papers, the following fragment was discovered. Brief as it is, I think it worth inserting here: —

Fragment to Alfred Kempe.

* * * journey, I have much more to tell you than I can well write. As the pen is a feeble instrument in describing fine scenery, I shall principally confine myself to Roman antiquities, of which I have seen so many, and in such perfection, that I should now scarcely look at any thing in the south, unless it were the perfection of Bignor.

But before I proceed farther, I must shew you I do not, in the love of antiquity, forget my friends. I hope this will find your father, mother, sister, your wife and little ones, well; for yourself, I need not say how much pleasure I shall receive in hearing you have recovered from your nervous attack. You know I would sooner join my old friend and companion over a rump-steak at a sorry ale-house, in commemoration of the discovery of a Sir John Peche, or

other worthy, than condole with him over a fit of the *narvicals*.

I shall now endeavour to give you some idea of what I have seen. I had rain, more or less, the whole of the time I was amongst the lakes and mountains. I was more struck with the *effects* on these objects, than with their magnitude or form. The colours to be seen at times must excite the attention of an eye not even nice in discrimination. I have made a few attempts to copy what I beheld, but felt I was a child in the use of colours before such objects. Indeed, to do any thing, one should reside in one place a month or two at least.

The first I heard of the Romans was at Papcastle, near Bridekirk; at that place there is little or nothing apparent above ground. I saw a few coins dug up there; it is remarkable, they are generally in high preservation. One very fine, had on it a head of Faustina; the reverse a Peacock; as the principal object, the letters Junoni very visible. I had impressions in wax of this, but destroyed one by an odd and provoking accident. A few years ago, many discoveries were made at Papcastle, but not followed up, through timidity and ignorance. A farmer digging, I believe, for stones in his garden, (the site of Roman buildings,) broke through a wall into a passage, half choaked up

with rubbish; on each side were niches; the passage led under his own house. The farmer's wife was most terribly alarmed, lest the house should fall in, and had the address to persuade her husband to close the entrance up again, without following up the discovery.

To learn as much as I could, I consented one fine evening to be shut up with a party of old maids, at a card-table. To give you a taste how things are valued, one of these antiquated damsels told me, she had once a beautiful little cup, on which were the figures of Bacchus, with animals, (probably panthers or leopards,) also much ornamented. She did not know what had become of this cup, but apprehended a child who came with a lady to her house had taken it away. I at the same time learned a curious lamp found here, is in London, at 6. Laurence-lane, which * * * * *

To T. Stothard, Esq.

Haltwhistle, Northumberland.
Sept. 19. 1815.

DEAR FATHER,

The wandering life I have so long led has been against letter-writing, especially of any length. As I am this evening free both from fatigue and society, I seize the opportunity at

least to make a beginning, but have no idea at present when or where I shall finish.

Notwithstanding a great deal of exertion, as well as drenching from rain, I am in good health. You will find by the maps, I am near the much talked of Roman wall, making towards Newcastle and Durham. As to what I have seen and where I have been since I wrote last, I have a long track to retrace; but as some parts of my journey have been uninteresting, the task will not be so difficult, although I must say, that in the same space of time, I never before beheld so much or such variety.

I have seen a picturesque country in the lower part of Cumberland; in the upper, the seat of border-warfare; and in Northumberland, the most considerable Roman remains in England, and have yet some to see. I shall begin to particularize from my last letter, which broke off, I think, at Gosforth, Cumberland. I proceeded from that place through Egremont to St. Bees, on the sea-coast: as I advanced in this direction, I found the country less and less interesting, on which account, you may suppose, I was not displeased to return to Wastdale. Here, with Mr. Irton, of Irton Hall, I spent two or three days in most agreeable society, on which I shall enlarge when I return.

Upon a fine morning I left this place, taking

the road towards Borrowdale, by the side of Wastwater. I must confess I was much disappointed in this specimen of the Lakes: a fine clear sun-shining day did not set it off to advantage, — gloomy weather would have been better. Having arrived at the end of this lake, I determined, if possible, to strike out something which might recompense me for my disappointment. The road I was upon appeared to be about two-thirds up the side of a mountain, whose piked top looked extremely inviting to curiosity; the way was steep, and without any track. I had calculated I might accomplish my wish, by steady perseverance, in half an hour at farthest. I set too *tooth and nail*, but at the end of the proposed time sunk down quite exhausted, with the view of the top of the mountain before me for consolation, apparently as far off as when I first set out. With rest I gained resolution, and once more began to ascend: having persisted for an hour and a quarter, I would willingly have made a retreat, but found I could not descend on the same side without the greatest difficulty; as there was no remedy but to go on, after more than two hours' fagging, I at last arrived at the summit: the sight that presented itself was so novel, that I seemed to be in a dream. To the south and east appeared a sea of mountains, for they resembled its waves; in the opposite

direction the sea itself, with the Isle of Man, and the mountains of Scotland, bounded the view.

I did not long look about me, but took out a compass, divided all I could see round me into four portions, with as much nicety as I was able, and by chance only began drawing that which included the Isle of Man, and coast of Scotland. The heat I was in from my exertion hindered me at first feeling the atmosphere was intensely cold, — I had been engaged about a quarter of an hour when I became sensible to it; and in ten minutes more, scarcely knew I held a pencil. I tried all possible means to promote warmth, but without effect; if any thing, I found myself but colder. I was much vexed at being thus deprived of the power of profiting by my situation; with the little I had done, I was obliged to descend from my lofty perch, which I did on a side less steep than that on which I had ascended. I found myself sufficiently fatigued with the exertion of this expedition when I discovered the road I was going was not so agreeable as I could have wished; indeed, the worst I ever travelled before or since. About dusk, I began to descend into Borrowdale, (as I afterwards found,) and soon reached some cottages under the Wad mine; at one of these, I got my tea and a bed,

which my fatigue made me rather commend than find fault with.

The following morning, after I had made a memorandum of Borrowdale from *Stye Head*, (the mountain I came over the evening before,) instead of going on towards Keswick, (my business lying at Cockermouth,) I turned off, taking the road to Buttermere; I now found the mountains were composed chiefly of slate. At Buttermere, I slept that night. The next day being a rainy one, I could not observe much till towards noon, when I had an hour or two of fair weather. I had by that time passed on to the end of Crummock water: having now seen three of the Lakes, and still had they fallen short of my expectation. I recollected, with more pleasure, my walk from Cartmel to Broughton. I am not certain to what I should attribute these disappointments, but from all I have since seen, I think it probable, that the absence of trees or objects to give a scale as well as richness is the cause. With rain, I got to Cockermouth late at night: at that place I stayed near a week. There is nothing, I believe, to recommend it without it be a distant view of the mountains Skiddaw, Saddleback, &c. &c. On the Sunday, I strolled along the banks of the Derwent, situated in a rich valley, to Workington, a sea-port; not that such a place held out inducements, but I wished to

see the appearance of the coast which I found low and flat, without any appearance of cliff: on this account, I could see Maryport. As I returned home, I observed what was to me new, a part of the bank of the Derwent which presented a variety of strata, and amongst the rest coal, but not more than a foot thick.

Having completed at Cockermouth, I left it on an afternoon, the morning of which had been very wet, taking the road to Keswick. The clouds were broken in to all the colours of the prism, and these were imparted to the mountains. Delighted with every thing I saw, which derived consequence under such magic, I on the sudden turn of the road was struck with the richness of the scene beneath me. The sun was setting, the tops of the mountains glittering, but Keswick, the lake and valley, were of the most beautiful ultra-marine, being all in shadow. I slept at Keswick: the next day it rained hard, and I could neither see nor do any thing out of doors: the following day it rained, and we had but short intervals of sunshine; of these I took advantage. The next day more rain; I now thought it useless to wait for fine weather. I left Keswick, very much altered in my opinion of Cumberland, and as I proceeded down the vale of St. John, was not less delighted, though there was no lake. Fortunately for me, I had

an interval of two hours' fine weather; towards evening the rain again came on, but not heavily till after I had found quarters at the foot of Hevelin.

The next morning, rain again. As it increased rather than decreased, I thought it most prudent, after I had walked a few miles, to house, which I did at Grasmere, and shortly had no reason to repent having done so, for the rain fell in character for the lakes. In spite of this, I took possession of a bed-room, the window of which commanded a fine view, and there worked away till dinner, and after it again. The following day to me seemed to promise fair, but as I was now rather distrustful, I thought I might but lose time in an attempt to get to Ambleside.

With the direction of a shepherd, I now began to ascend a mountain, to get over to Patterdale. When on the highest point of my road, a fine view presented itself. I saw Windermere, the sea, Lancaster sands, and many mountains, of the names of which I was ignorant. To follow my own inclination, I would now willingly have sat down to draw, but remembered a caution given me by the shepherd, to hasten over the mountains, *and on no account to stop.* I was right in attending to this, for I had not got down into the valley, when, on looking back, I saw the track I must have come over enveloped in clouds.

The day shortly was overcast, and when amongst the trees of Cowbarrow Park, by the side of the water, I heard the drops of rain rattling briskly among the leaves: with these as my shelter, I walked nine miles, and then found myself at the foot of the lake. The sun now broke out, and set gloriously. I had here an opportunity of making a memorandum from Pooley Bridge of Ulleswater.

You will say, no end to rain, for the whole of Monday morning it poured. I had now taken my farewell of the Lakes. Three days I passed in and near Penrith: three more at Kirk Oswald. At Carlisle I stayed one day; and then on to Brampton. At Naworth Castle, I was not only extremely well received by the steward, a Mr. Ramshay, but much amused with the building itself. This was the seat of Belt (Bald) Willy, celebrated by his severity to the moss-troopers.

Having slept at Naworth Castle, I went the next morning to Gilsland; at that place I found a sure-footed shooting galloway, well used to the mosses: this was lent me by a Major Mounsey, whom I met at dinner at Naworth. I set off from Gilsland for Bewcastle, situated in the midst of the mosses, a most wild and dismal country; it appeared the more so, as it rained the greater part of the way there. I was obliged to find my road to Bewcastle, by riding from

point to point as directed, for there was no track: at times my horse, knowing his business, would not proceed without I allowed him to pick his own way, keeping him as much as I could in the direction I wished to go. All this was necessary; for should you force a horse in these situations, he becomes frightened, breaks ground, and down he goes with his rider, up to his chin or perhaps over his head. I saw Bewcastle, and returned home by Askerton Castle. Last Sunday, I left Gilsland for this place.

Brancepeth, Durham, Wednesday, Sept. 27.—All my accidents and adventures are now, I believe, pretty well over; I seem once more to have come into the world again. Instead of meeting but one man in two miles, I now meet fifty; and, indeed, feel it a luxury to have dry feet for three days together. I have little paper left to add much more. I have often wished, I had contrived better in my last letter, that I might hear how you all were. As I shall remain here and in the neighbourhood about three weeks, a letter will find me with more certainty.

On Monday 27th, or Tuesday 3d Oct., I shall be at Staindrop, near the banks of the Tees. If you put the letter in the post, on the Monday 8th following, I shall get it on Thursday. I am thus particular to bar accident, or readily detect failure. Having given a week, I shall expect a

long letter, although I know you cannot so easily find matter as I can. I shall expect to hear you are all well (hope, I should say). Amongst other things, tell me whether Mr. Lysons has made any enquiries after me; whether Henry has seen or heard any thing of the Kempes. I shall soon be at York, leaving Staindrop for that place; whence I expect cold weather to drive me home, as the mornings and evenings are already frosty. With remembrance to all at home, believe me, my dear father,

Your affectionate Son,

C. A. STOTHARD.

Extract from another Letter.

To Miss A. E. K.

The banks of the Tees (the scene of Walter Scott's Rokeby), near Staindrop, are really very delightful. You have a rapid river roaring and foaming over rocks, and trees in all the beauty of autumnal tints, crowding steeply down to the water's edge. A very singular circumstance took place whilst I was at Staindrop, and odd chance brought Lord A—— into the church where I was drawing — that church of all others in England. After we had laughed at the singularity of the rencounter, we went off together, to Raby Castle, in the neighbourhood. Lord A. left me for Durham, in his way to Ireland: his manner

was extremely friendly; and previous to parting, he said he had a taste for similar pursuits with myself, on subjects of antiquity; that his visit to Ireland was to settle his affairs, in such a manner, that he might reside for the future in England; he should not return till February; he would then esteem himself happy in the cultivation of my friendship. I think the few hours passed at Staindrop with Lord A. shewed me more of his real character than I had seen before: his manners remind me of our friend Brooke; he means well, but has a little volatility of character. What I thought the most favourable trait was his visiting and passing two days by the river Tees, without any companion, merely for the purpose of admiring the scenery: this certainly evinced *mind;* and having him from his fashionable friends, I found him by no means deficient in many other points.

I left Staindrop on Thursday evening, and have been on foot against my inclination ever since; I have walked sixty miles to get here: as I am now in the main road for London, I shall ride the rest of the way, and gain time, as well as spare myself many a weary mile. I have to-day seen something of York: with the exterior of the cathedral I am rather disappointed, after all I have heard of it; the interior possesses an endless variety of interesting objects. My time

will be so fully employed on one monument, during my stay here, that I shall not have leisure to examine much. The effigy which engages my attention is full of the most elaborate workmanship, but it is much defaced.*

To day I have scarcely been able to see to do any thing, the place where I stood was so completely darkened by the painted glass, in consequence of very wet and gloomy weather; yet I shall not be detained here, I reckon, more than a day and a half longer than I expected. * * * * * * * * * * You have asked me, Eliza, about my work; I have well considered the advice you gave me, and would immediately adopt it, but for circumstances I will explain when we meet. When I reflect upon the motive that exists for my exertions, I feel a cheerfulness of mind, which enables me to attempt conquering all difficulties that oppose my success in the world, and I have little doubt I shall finally succeed equal to my wishes. Without independence, even happiness itself would wear but a sickly hue. An honourable independence fences your pride, blunts every idle shaft, and renders you invulnerable. I am certain of success; but it may perhaps be the result of long application. If it is to be so, I shall soon know it.

* William of Hatfield. Vide No. 8. of the Monumental Effigies.

The public mind is like a stringed instrument, which every indifferent performer can play upon, if he knows but the means of putting it in tune: I hope after various trials I may be able to find them. A proper confidence is as praiseworthy as a proper modesty. Men of ability, and perfectly uninterested, have told me, that the pains I have bestowed on the subject which engages me ought to give it a success, which, even without such, it would claim * * *

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CHARLES A. STOTHARD.

Extracts from a Letter written after Charles's return from Cumberland, in 1815.

To Miss A. E. K.

* * * * *

* * * I differ very much from most men, in regard to the acquirements of women — next to virtue, there is nothing, in my opinion, so estimable in woman, as intellectual endowments. To a husband they are a blessing; for a wife better informed than the generality of women, is a constant source of delight; nor with her does he feel the necessity of seeking the society of a male friend: yet, with such qualifications, I would not have her possess the least appearance of consciousness of superiority, or suffer them to give her singularity of opinions, or forcing such

opinions on her friends. She should also be able to demean herself with equality to the meanest capacities; for there are many good people whom it has not pleased God to gift to the same extent. * * * *

* * * * * *

I will now tell you what I would have you be to me; I would have you to be my companion, at all hours, and in all places, in all studies, pursuits, and amusements; in your bosom would I repose my most secret thoughts; you should be a partaker in all things, pleasing and displeasing. In short, I would have you as my *dearest friend*, with whom all the world else should be to me as nothing. This is not visionary: perfect affection and esteem will place us beyond the power of the world: God and our own hearts shall be our judges. * * In my opinion, entire and mutual confidence is the sure basis of domestic happiness. In all occurrences there would be a much greater likelihood of the evils that might be feared, arising from the want of confidence, than by its existence. Where we do not expect any, the privation does not affect us; but from those we expect it entire, how much do we feel, if we discover that any thing is kept from our knowledge! All is to be feared in this, that neither of the extremes are subject to. The only difficulty in my mind is, in spite of all appearances and misconstructions, to con-

tinue an entire confidence: whilst it exists, every evil must by these means cure itself; but one deviation from this, leaves an opening for a thousand others to creep in; and these lead us by degrees, till we are perhaps for ever lost to the path we might at first by good resolution have recovered.

Believe me, Eliza, I will never, from the fear of your thinking less of me, withhold a weakness of any kind from your knowledge; and thus all husbands who really value *happiness* should act. It is perhaps needless to remark, that such confidence should be mutual; for even when the man is deficient or the woman gifted by nature, he is still her lord and husband: the fault is the woman's, if she give her hand to one she thinks herself superior to; but him, by her own act and deed, she must obey; not that I think that a husband should ever *enforce* a right given to him by his Creator, or even *hint* to his wife that such a distinction exists. The wife, if she is a sensible woman, will know how to value a confidence too seldom reposed; nor will it make her forget to respect a power, which for her happiness is dormant. I may be singular in my opinion; but I would *never* marry the woman I could not entirely confide in, and equally divide my power with. In all things would I have her as myself, my dearer self; and reason

should govern both her conduct and mine, towards the world and towards each other. It is the exercise of reason that gives dignity to affection, and ennobles the object upon whom it is placed: without it, we should have just cause to fear love could not last, for reason and virtue are the supports of each other; and it is a firm opinion with me, that the first step of inconstancy in our sex, though reckoned by the *polite* world but a venial offence, is a death-blow to love. Love, the sweetest of all affections, a feeling given us by the bounty of our common Father, as the blessing, the solace of life, that should be honoured and revered; but is too often treated with ridicule, because, from its *abuse*, it has been used as the handmaid of folly; but such deserves not the name.

I am not fond of lecturing on paper, but you have asked my opinions, and I give them freely to you; although I cannot in writing place my ideas with the same force they occur to my mind—it is here that I feel my sad deficiency with the pen.

I must now answer other points that deserve my attention. In the first place, I am greatly pleased by your unreserved compliance with my request; I would have you, Eliza, my monitor for my own sake, but chiefly that I might endeavour to model myself to your wishes; and you at all times so kindly receive advice from me, that I should be sensibly pained if you

did not return it. I thank you for your hint; and as I find from the friendship of the being dearest to me in this world, that I am by some persons charged with a want of due regard to politeness, I will pay the subject the strictest attention; and endeavour, as much for your honour as my own character, to remove the unfavorable impression I may have made. I shall not lose any thing by the attempt, but rather be the gainer, as I am certain I am not remarkable any where for my *extreme* politeness. I shall feel the more happy in improving in this quality, as I shall better be able to shew the world the value I have for you, by exercising it principally to your advantage. At your return to town you shall give me hints for my improvement, and point out to me when I have been wanting in the above quality. I am at a loss to know whether my want of attention in company is my fault only where *you* are present. I am aware, how difficult it is to find a friend who will tell me of my faults, and for that reason think I should rather suspect myself than not do so; and it is far better to be humble, very humble in the opinion of ourselves, than otherwise: we are then less liable to meet with mortifications, and when we receive praise it will have double value. * * * *

CHARLES A. STOTHARD.

To Thomas Stothard, Esq.

Castleton, Derbyshire,
July 17th, 1816.

My dear Father,

A couple of weeks have slipped away unperceived by me, or I should have written a few days sooner. Without any thing very material, I have reached this place, the Peak. After visiting Cumberland, I cannot say I think much of what I have seen in Derbyshire. The most hilly parts are very barren; and when I meet with cultivation, it is in the manner of a draft-board, from the regular intersection of the divisions of the land, without any wood.

I visited Peak's Hole this morning; its novelty makes it very interesting. At its mouth, (I should say within,) are two or three wretched cottages, on which, they say here, the rain never fell and the sun never shone. The poor people who inhabit them are employed in the open part of the cavern in making twine; their lot is not at all enviable, for I understand it is a dreadful place in winter. The best part of this morning I have been there; as it has rained the whole of to-day, I found it exceedingly damp: the water drops in all directions from the rocks above; but had it not been for this cavern, I should have been to-day a closer prisoner.

I leave this place to-morrow for Egam and Scarcliff, still in the county, and hope by the next Sunday to be in the neighbourhood of Nottingham. I came last from Bakewell, and before that from Ashborn; with the scenery in the vicinity of the latter place I have been much pleased. The banks of the Dove are here delightful; the trees, from the excessive richness of the soil, grow in the greatest luxuriance. Till this day, I have been particularly fortunate in the weather, having had all the fine days when on the march, and the wet ones whilst engaged in the churches. We have found the weather cold; the evenings have been particularly so: I observe fires every where.

The night I left town I travelled outside; at half-past ten o'clock there was a fog, as dense and as piercing for cold as any in November, which continued full three hours after sun-rise. In this part of my journey, at eight in the morning, between Dunchurch and Coventry, we met a party of Staffordshire colliers, hauling along a waggon-load of coals; of these, you have no doubt heard before this. I arrived at Coventry soon after: having breakfasted, I sent my portmanteau with my linen forward to Tamworth; and then proceeded on foot, in a circuitous route, through Unneaton and Atherstone, to that place, threading the churches as they came within that

line, from Tamworth to Sudbury, and so on to Ashborn. I have made but few sketches of the country, and those flying ones; nor have I, as yet, made any drawings, but for Mr. Lysons, although I have picked up a good deal of information from what I have seen; this now becoming with me a great object. The churches about Nottingham I look forward to, as promising to be very productive in subjects. If I am disappointed in this, it is probable I may soon be in town again, to go into Essex, Suffolk, and Norfolk, having no idea how the antiquaries have settled about the Bayeux tapestry. With remembrance to all, believe me, dear father,

Your affectionate son,

C. A. STOTHARD.

After the return of Charles from Derbyshire, he was deputed by the Society of Antiquaries to commence his elaborate and faithful drawings from the celebrated tapestry preserved at Bayeux, in France. This represents, in regular succession, the principal events connected with the conquest of England, by William, Duke of Normandy; a work considered coeval with the times to which it refers, and by long tradition ascribed to Matilda, the wife of the Conqueror. In the beginning of September, 1816, Charles, for the first time, quitted England for France. After

visiting Paris, and executing a part of his commission at Bayeux, he proceeded upon a tour of investigation to Chinon, and discovered in the adjacent abbey of Fontevraud, those most interesting effigies of our early monarchs and their queens, of the race of the Plantagenets; the existence of which, in consequence of the destruction and universal havoc caused by the Revolution, had become matter of doubt. Charles found the abbey converted into a prison; and, in a cellar belonging to it, were then deposited the effigies of Henry II., his queen, Eleanor of Guienne, Richard I., and Isabella of Angoulesme, the queen of John. The chapel where these figures were placed before the Revolution had been destroyed; and, since their removal to the cellar, they were exposed to continual injury from the prisoners, who came twice in every day to draw water at the well. Charles made several beautiful and accurate drawings from these effigies, in both front and profile views; and, by a most careful and minute investigation, succeeded in discovering the painting upon their surface. Of this he made a separate drawing, depicting the figures with their dresses, ornaments, &c. in their original magnificence and gilded splendour.*

* A short time before his death, Mr. C. Stothard executed a most beautiful etching from this drawing, which has since been published by Mrs. Charles Stothard, *fully* coloured, in the same splendid style as the original drawing.

Shortly after the above-mentioned discoveries, my husband visited the abbey of L'Espan, near Mans, in search of the tomb and effigy of the famous Berengaria *, the beautiful and accomplished queen of Richard I. He found the abbey converted into a barn, and the effigy of the princess in a mutilated state, concealed under a quantity of wheat. In the following year, however, he succeeded in making drawings of this interesting remain; and likewise executed his curious *fac-simile* drawing from the enamelled tablet of Geoffrey Plantagenet, the father of our Henry II., which he discovered at Le Mans. † This tablet he considered the earliest specimen of what is termed a sepulchral brass, and of armorial bearings, depicted decidedly as such.

During his first continental journey, he made also above *one hundred* of the most beautiful and elaborately finished drawings, and sketches of the scenery, architecture, and costume, that arrested his attention in a foreign land. Nothing escaped his observation; and few things were

* The front view of Queen Berengaria's effigy was etched and published by Mr. C. Stothard, in the Ninth Number of his work on the Monumental Effigies of Great Britain, to which he has added the architectural elevation of the tomb, as the vignette to the account given by him of that princess and her monument.

† A fully coloured fac-simile print of this curious tablet, executed by Mr. C. Stothard, has been published since his death, by Mrs. C. Stothard.

deemed beneath his notice. The interior of a room, or even the arrangement of a *table d'hôte*, as novelties, he thought worthy of insertion in his sketch-book.

Upon his return to England, my husband, through the medium of Sir George Nayler, (to whose friendship and good offices he, at all times, expressed himself greatly indebted,) had the honour to submit to the inspection of his present Majesty *, the drawings he had made from the discoveries at Fontevraud. The king was graciously pleased to declare his high approval both of these drawings, and the work in general, expressed his desire for their publication, and granted his permission to allow Charles to dedicate his work, "The Monumental Effigies," to himself. After having submitted these drawings to the inspection of his Majesty, then Prince Regent, my husband suggested to our government the propriety of securing these interesting remains from farther destruction; and deemed it

* I cannot here mention the name of his Majesty, without pausing to express my own deep sense and gratitude for the individual kindness my sovereign has so graciously pleased to evince towards me. After the fatal calamity, I was favoured with the most handsome letter, written by the Rev. C. R. Sumner, and addressed to me by the desire of his Majesty, expressing in the highest terms a feeling of my husband's worth, and the kindest sympathy for the sad loss I had sustained by his death; at the same time desiring that the two separate plates of the Fontevraud effigies, and the Plantagenet tablet, should be dedicated to himself.

advisable, if such a plan could be accomplished, to gain possession of them, that they might be placed with the rest of our Royal Effigies in Westminster Abbey. The affair, however, did not succeed, in consequence of its having passed through too political a channel; but it answered the desirable end of securing these vestiges from destruction, as they were shortly after removed from the cellar to a place of security.

In the year 1817, Charles made a second journey into France, for the purpose of continuing his drawings from the tapestry at Bayeux. The following little journal, (which is here inserted,) was found amongst his papers, since his death, written in a small book that he carried about him. As this journal breaks off just before his arrival at Bayeux, it is probable he there found himself so much engaged that he had not leisure for its continuance.

Journal in France, 1817.

July 27. 1817.—Left Canterbury at five o'clock in the morning for Dover. In the coach which ran against us, found Carpue, the surgeon. Arrived first at Dover, before eight; went up to the castle; saw but little. The remains of a church, said to have been built by king Lucius: they might as well have said king Brute; but yet, from the little time I had to examine it, I could not say it was not very ancient. Queen

Elizabeth's pocket-pistol, I suspect, was more fit for shew than use, it being covered with the most elaborate arabesque work; the well known lines upon it in Dutch or German. Descended into the town, and found Carpue had been seeking me; set off in my turn to look for him, but without success. Breakfasted, and went to the quay, where I found a packet just about to sail; recognized C. amongst the passengers. My trunk, portmanteau, and letter-case, put on board, without being opened at the custom-house; indeed, there was hardly time, for the vessel sailed the moment I was on board. This was at ten o'clock. When we got out of Dover we found the sea very rough, with a great swell; this soon disordered all our fellow-passengers: upon myself, Carpue, and a third, it had no effect, otherwise than wetting us through. We afterwards learnt that a packet going from Calais for Dover, at the same time, was driven into the Downs. We saw but one vessel; and this a speck, as it appeared at first, enlarged presently, and came down upon us at a prodigious rate, every sail set, *sky-scraping*, and all. It passed behind us, and was as soon lost to the east as it had appeared. Got into Calais by a quarter past twelve, this being a passage of two hours and a quarter, which is reckoned very quick. Amidst the bustle of trunks, porters, passports, and

custom-house officers, lost Carpue, and saw no more of him. The strange sensations which I experienced the preceding year on landing on a foreign shore were wanting, as I recognized every thing but as old acquaintance. The necessity of being on the spot at the time appointed for passing the things at the custom-house, prevented me from attending to any thing else, or leaving the place, had any opportunity offered itself. When this business was finished, and I had dined, I walked up to the sand-hills to the west of the town; from which place, on my return, I made a slight memorandum of Calais.

Monday, 28.—Rose at six o'clock; a wet morning; but this did not hinder my making some attempts at drawing; but what with the wind, as well as the rain, I was obliged to leave off at eight o'clock. Breakfasted, and as the weather had cleared, walked round the ramparts; at eleven, I got into the diligence for St. Omer; but one passenger beside myself, who I soon discovered to be an Israelite, the name of Reuben, from Dover, who was going with smuggled goods to the English camp near St. Omer. When we had got about three leagues off the diligence stopped, to take up an Englishman, who proved to be something of the same feather, though not a Jew. As they had managed in some degree to apprize me of the nature of their expedition,

they used no ceremony in opening their boxes, to secure about their persons, in their neck-cloths, &c., their most valuable goods. This done, when we arrived within a mile of St. Omer, they both got out of the diligence, and, together, struck off across the country to the right of the town.

Entered St. Omer at four o'clock; set off to the abbey of St. Bertin, to re-commence my search after *Crito, Earl of Flanders;* looked over the ruins with the most scrupulous attention for a couple of hours, but without finding what I so ardently sought, though I discovered the fragments of a monumental figure, having on his shield the arms of Flanders. After this, I commenced my enquiries in every direction, giving way to every account I heard, and allowing myself to be led, often, I believe, by idle conjecture, Although I had already been shewn an old sign-board in a garret, with a head in a powdered wig, and epaulettes on each shoulder, with the *Earl of Flanders* in golden characters beneath, and was led to the municipality to see Justice with a sword in her hand; yet I met with a man at last, who remembered seeing this figure before the Revolution, and described it as represented in Uredius's print; and this was the fruit of my search, to learn that till that period it was in existence.

Tuesday, 29. — Got into the diligence at five o'clock in the morning for Arras, having, as fellow-travellers, a disagreeable French girl, who took snuff in a most disgusting manner; a great, fat, puffy, dirty Englishman, a dealer in spirits, as I soon found; an old Frenchwoman, who talked for all, and two young French men, one of them an officer: we afterwards had, in addition, a Frenchman in an English livery; but so gay in its arrangement, that it reminded me of Sterne's La Fleur. At Aire, where we breakfasted, we lost this passenger, his master taking his place; we also parted with the talkative old lady. The diligence stopped at Bethune for dinner; and here, I was presently recognized as the Englishman who had made such a disturbance in the town the year before. In this part of the country, which was flat and open, I observed, that there were as many fields growing poppies as corn; not conceiving so many could be for medicinal purposes, I was induced to enquire what they were for, and found that all the oil used in salads this side of Paris was made from the poppy; when applied to this purpose, it is called *œuillette*, and not *pavot*. They were at this time blowing. I found them invariably of one colour, which was a pale lilac inclining to purple; saw on the right, before entering Arras, the two towers of the abbey of St. Eloi. Arrived at Arras

by five o'clock; set off half-an-hour after for St. Eloi, but was deceived in the distance; and fearing the gates would be shut, returned without accomplishing what I intended.

Wednesday, 30. — The morning commenced with a disagreeable drizzling rain, so that it was impossible to draw; resumed my walk after breakfast for mount St. Eloi, distant two leagues from Arras, although it does not appear to be more than one; and this is owing to its situation, being elevated in the midst of an immense well-cultivated plain, with scarce a tree or other object to give a scale; found the abbey *not a Gothic* but a magnificent Grecian ruin. By the time I got back to Arras, which was about one o'clock, the day had become fine; began drawing the Baufroie and Maison Ville. Had not been so occupied more than a quarter of an hour, when I was surprised by a most ingenious *ruse de guerre*, and conducted by a *gens-d'-armes* into the Maison Ville, a thing I much wished, expecting to see something interesting. I was not disappointed; for in the room where I underwent examination appeared a very large picture, painted apparently towards the middle or latter end of the fifteenth century. It was a view of Arras, as it appeared at that time, and the town seemed to be in a state of siege. Resumed my occupation; but obliged to give it up, from the impertinent and

oppressive curiosity of the people. Afterwards, took my station in the window of a first-floor in the adjoining square; which might, with as much justice, receive the appellation of Grande Place as that I had just left. It is a regular square; the houses are said to have been built by the Spaniards when they possessed the place; they are magnificent, and nearly uniform: a colonnade runs round the whole, under which are the shops. Learnt in the evening, that there was no diligence for Peronne; but seeing the post, which was preparing to go out for that place, I was tempted, both by the opportunity and apparently very comfortable conveyance, to set off. I accordingly left Arras by it at ten o'clock; did not find it quite so pleasant as I had expected, being extremely cold, finding myself subject to draughts, for which I could not then account; nor did this machine ride over easy; the consequence was, I could not sleep. Rattled into the gates of Bapaume as the clock was striking two, the moon shining clear and bright on the tower of the church. I was agreeably surprised to hear that there was a bed ready for me, and that I might sleep till six o'clock; this reconciled me to the post, which I had began most heartily to curse. I was so fatigued with my jolting, that I scarcely remember when a bed was more acceptable; an old gentleman, who wore a red

waistcoat, lying in the same room with me. I fell asleep the moment I was in bed.

Thursday, 31. — Up at six; left my sleeping companion of the red-waistcoat, as I found him, perfectly unconscious of the honour I had done him in lying in the same room. When I had resumed my seat in the vehicle, I found out the cause of the cold in the night; the whole of the body of the carriage was of basket-work, so that the wind whistled through it as through a cullender. Took up two passengers, an old gentleman and a young girl. Arrived at Peronne by nine o'clock. The market-house ancient; the principal features of its architecture two round towers. In the church, the remains of painted glass in all the windows, of the fifteenth century. In this glass, there appeared to have been the figures of the *seigneurs* and benefactors of the place, but now all broken. Every place in the diligence for Roye taken; having breakfasted, took a cabriolet through Roye for Noyon. A visible improvement after leaving Peronne in the appearance of the country, or, I should say, about Peronne; dined at Roye; thought of the lord of Roye, and his hundred lances. In the church, as at the place I had left, a great deal of painted glass, and in the same style and state. Proceeding onwards towards Noyon, the country still improving. A thunder-storm, accompanied with

rain, which lasted about an hour; after which, the sky cleared, and we had a fine evening. On approaching Noyon, the general appearance reminded me very much of the scenery about Ashford in Kent; a similiar range of hills as there appearing beyond the town. Entered Noyon at dusk.

Friday, August 1. — From the little sleep I had had the night before, not up till eight o'clock. In this town a fine church, but plain; though its ornaments were rich, but few of them in the interior. A great number of engraved stones, with figures of priests; but all of them more or less worn. After breakfast, walked by the river to Orcamp Abbey; found it surrounded on all sides by high walls, excepting the front, where was a large iron-gate. In the pediment of the building a bear carved in stone, being some allusion to the name of the abbey; which I find in old maps, spelt *Ourscamp*. This part of the building, with its two wings, I found was occupied by a gentleman, who was at this time at Paris. Saw the abbey, now in ruins, which formed a sort of architectural garden at the back of the house; viewed the tombs of the abbots; no figures, but stones, on which were engraven pastoral staves. Could neither see or hear any thing of a single monumental figure, of the number which once adorned this abbey. Chew-

ing my disappointment, I retraced my steps to Noyon, making a sketch of that place as it appeared from this road; the remainder of the day passed in sketching. Observed, whilst so employed on the outskirts of the town, a boy, a French drummer, who was now appropriating his talents to a very different purpose, with a tin-kettle slung to his neck; he was planted in a cherry orchard, to frighten the birds.

Saturday, 2. — Left Noyon by the diligence at five in the morning. France improves, in my estimation, in point of scenery. The approach to Compiegne very beautiful; the principal object the hunting-seat of one of the French princes on the river Oise, surrounded with hanging woods, or I should say, perhaps, the skirts of the great forest of Compiegne. This palace is remarkable, as being the retreat of the late king of Spain in the time of Bonaparte. Breakfasted at Compiegne; proceeded onwards, with this immense forest to the left. All the way to Senlis, the country very delightful; and, for the first time, near Verberie, had what is called in England a fine prospect; the river Oise, and the forest we had passed, forming the principal objects in the fore-ground. At Senlis, where we stopped to dine, revolutionary Vandalism shewed itself in all quarters. Saw some very beautiful glass in the windows of

what once was a church, but now a receptacle for carts, carriages, and wood. The cathedral, apparently, near the time of the Conquest; elegant in its general form, and much ornamented. Made some enquiries for the church of St. Maurice, which contained the monument and effigy of the king's fool; as it was unfortunately amongst those which suffered destruction, I could not readily find it. Discovered a ruin which, I believe, was the remains of this church; but the time for the diligence starting being arrived, I was obliged to run back the road I came, at some hazard of losing my way, and of course my place.

Observed to the right, at some distance, between Paris and Senlis, a great château, which I judged from its situation to be Chantilly; but could gain no information from my fellow-passengers. The French can talk of *Semiramis* and *Jules Cæsar*, and things of which they are most likely to know the least; yet do not know any thing of their own country. The common people, I believe, have but their five senses; and these they do not often use. Arrived at the barrier of Paris, at five o'clock, and obliged to wait there a quarter of an hour, whilst the carts before us, loaded with hay, underwent an odd sort of examination; two or three persons were employed with instruments, like long rapiers,

which were thrust into the hay in various places; I believe other packages underwent the same ordeal. Got into my old quarters, the *Hôtel de Flandres, Rue Notre Dame des Victoires.*

Sunday, 3. — Commenced with an incessant rain; but notwithstanding, called on Mr. and Mrs. M'Creery, whom I easily found. About three in the afternoon the rain cleared off, and left me at liberty to begin my peregrinations. I found Paris to improve upon me, although filth and magnificence so nearly allied was not less evident; walked in the garden of the Tuileries, till after sunset.

Monday, 4. — Went to the Royal Library; much disappointed in *French liberality;* saw in the print-room, a student of our academy, also my friend Mr. Rogers, the poet; the library always closes at two o'clock.

Tuesday, 5. — Went with Mrs. M'Creery and her daughters, to Madame Servières, in the Institute; introduced to M. La Thière, the celebrated painter; from thence to the *Musée des Monumens,* but found it opened under fresh regulations. Being disappointed here, I walked to the Royal Library, to see the collection of antiquities, open to the public on this day; saw the fauteuil of Dagobert, the various articles found in the tomb of Childeric; have no faith in the bees, &c. &c.

Wednesday, 6.—Breakfasted with Mr. Rogers and Anacreon Moore; afterwards passed the whole of the day in traversing Paris, visiting various buildings, churches, &c. &c.

Thursday, 7. — Commenced the tiresome business of procuring my passport, that I might be at liberty to leave Paris as soon as I chose; made an application for permission to draw in the *Musée des Monumens.* At two o'clock left Paris for St. Germain; observed, in my way, the water-works of Marly. St. Germain is the Richmond of Paris. I found it about a two hours and a half's ride from the capital. All the houses are of stone; this gives the town a pleasing character, united with the scenery, which it would not have, if built in the English fashion, brick and tile. Walked to the Priory D'Ennemont, a quarter of a league from St. Germain; tried in vain to gain an entrance, but was told to knock at a gate, where lived a *Bourgeois Anglais;* curiosity tempted me to do so, as much as any other motive. A man about fifty years old opened it to me; I demanded the permission to enter, to see what I could of the Priory, from his grounds; with an ill grace he consented. I then asked him for an Englishman, a countryman of mine, living there; he instantly broke out in the Scottish dialect, shook me by the hand, and welcomed me. Finding I had come

from Paris, by the *voiture* that afternoon, he spread a table with such refreshment as he had; and whilst I partook of it, and enjoyed the delightful country before me, looking over his garden, he gave me something of his history.

He had been thirty years in France: first came over in the establishment of the Duke of Orleans; when the duke lost his head, he was thrown into prison, but afterwards released, being found of some service to the Revolutionists. He spoke with horror of the scenes he had witnessed; and mentioned, as specimens, that if two or three persons only were to be guillotined, the people who attended these sights did not think it worth while to go to see so small a number suffer; and added, that once he saw thirteen heads taken off in a minute. He continued, that he was afterwards in the establishment of Bonaparte, till his downfall; said that the emperor was extremely hasty in his manner, and made allowances at the time for no one. If he spoke to any body, and the person did not *instantly* comprehend him, he with heat would call him a numskull, and turn his back on him; but at the same time he was just, and would allow of no injustice to the lowest of his servants, if he knew of it. That he constantly appeared in fear of assassination, and even in the theatre (I think at Malmaison) sat alone, but with the

captain of the guard in the box. Of Josephine he spoke well, saying, she was a very amiable woman, and the only person who had any power over Bonaparte. This unfortunate Scotchman finished his account of himself, by telling me that the farm I found him in, was all he had left, after the reverses of fortune he had met with; and that it was his intention to sell it, as soon as he could find a purchaser, and once more to return to his native country, there to live and die. About dusk I left him, wishing him in Scotland, and with difficulty found a *voiture* returning to Paris; it was the last and only one. Arrived at the barrier between ten and eleven; had a *fracas* with the *voiturier*, in the open space beyond the garden of the Tuileries, which at the time I did not much like; it finished by the horse taking fright, and running away with the *voiture* over the Port Royal.

Friday, 8. — Drawing, for the first time, in the *Musée des Monumens;* as the year before, teazed by the insolence of the *Suisse.*

Saturday, 9. — Employed as the day before in the *Musée;* met there Mr. Hanson.

Sunday, 10. — Made an attempt at the Louvre, to see the pictures; viewed there the great picture of Girárdet, of this year's exhibition; the Entry of Henry IV. into Paris. This picture was the talk of the town, and had been purchased by go-

vernment. It struck me as very *black*, and that there was a want of keeping; the French idea of *finish* had made every thing principal. I saw, also, in the same room, the Marriage of Cana, by Paul Veronese, of which I have seen many small copies. Went in the evening to the *Champs Elysées*, to observe the amusements of the French people: the *montagnes Russes* and *promenades aëriennes*, foot-ball, billiards and dancing. Thought the French women danced very ill: no waltzing, but quadrilles.

Monday, 11. — Obtained permission to see the statues in the Louvre; a few fine things, but could not enjoy any of them, from the reflection that the pictures were so near me, which I could not see. After staying here an hour and a half, took my place for Chartres; found that the diligence left Paris at five in the afternoon. I therefore set about doing all that I intended, making purchases, &c. &c.; and found I had hardly time to get my dinner. Left Paris, the diligence going, by the banks of the Seine, through Sèvre to Versailles, arriving at the latter place about dusk. Saw no more after this till we came near Chartres, where we arrived on,

Tuesday, 12. At seven o'clock in the morning; at which time it set in wet, and so continued the greater part of the day: could do nothing till the evening. Without the church it rained

hard; and within, it was so dark with the gloomy atmosphere, and the painted glass, (with which the windows were filled,) that there was no possibility of seeing; and I had not yet the permission to go into the galleries, the only place where I could have done any thing. The figures on the doorways of this church were infinitely more numerous, and finer than any I had before seen; as was also the glass finer than in any other cathedral.

Wednesday, 13. — Commenced drawing with my telescope in the galleries, from the painted glass: whilst thus engaged, witnessed the marriage ceremony performed in the French manner, which was to me a novelty.

Thursday, 14. — Finished with the glass; but before I had so done, observed the bride and bridegroom of the day before, with the same party, enter the cathedral; but for what purpose I know not. Made a drawing from a figure outside the church: at sunset made a sketch of the cathedral, with the Abbey St. Pierres: went to my inn to sup, and found in the party two Englishmen; one I knew, and the other only from report. This I thought a very singular meeting; they were going on that night to La Ferté Bernard, the time and road for which I had taken my place; but found, that *taking* a place in France does not *secure* it; there was

no room for me: they went on, and I, with a double disappointment, to my bed.

Friday, 15.—Being obliged to stay at Chartres another day, and against my will; I found no difficulty, amongst so many subjects, of being soon employed. I planted myself, with a table, before the great *portail* of the cathedral.

I had not been there more than an hour, when I found crowds of people began to assemble; a boy in regimentals, with his bugle, scampering on horseback through all parts of the town, sounding the notes of war. Had I foreseen what was about to take place, I should have given up; but I continued till I could not think of desisting; for with what I had commenced, I had no time to lose; and so, esteeming an unfinished drawing good for nothing, I remained where I was. The table I had in use, was fortunately of some service as a barricade. The crowd increased; but I still continued drawing, perhaps in the worst place I could have chosen, though so well secured, that in the midst of all the town's-people, no one could get near me. The priests entered the church in procession, with a number of images on staves, banners, &c.; all the public functionaries in costume, and all the military in the place followed the last; marched into the cathedral, drums beating, and colours flying. The pioneers made me laugh; they had all immense

false beards, tied on with black ribbon. When this motley group were all assembled in the cathedral, I thought, with the noise that was made, they were all going mad; drums, trumpets, the organ, bassoons, and voices of men intermixed, and increasing in sound as well as confusion by the echoes of the building; nor was this odd sort of music entirely religious, for waltzes and marches formed a part of the medley.

I thought it a pity they did not take their horses into the church, to complete the farce. I found afterwards, that all this was in honour of the Virgin Mary, it being the *fête* of *Notre Dame*. Was more fortunate this evening than the last; a diligence, with a *voiture* for the additional passengers, departing from the *Trois Maures;* in the latter conveyance, at eleven o'clock at night, going one after the other, we left Chartres: starting so late we were not long in the dark.

Saturday, 16.—The sun rose, and presented a country in every respect like the fine parts of Kent; indeed, I should not have thought myself in France, but from the sight of the unwieldy diligence before us. A little after, I entered *Nogent le Retron*. None of the passengers seeming inclined for breakfast, I took my dish of coffee alone, not having brought my stomach to French

customs. Saw, in going out of Nogent, the *château* of Sully, and heard his monument was in the Chapel d'Hôpital there. Still a fine country, which we had all the way to Le Mans. At twelve o'clock entered La Ferté Bernard, but only stopped to change horses: heard of the Doctor and his friend, who had arrived the day before; and in leaving La Ferté, to let them know we had been there, ran over a cart, and broke it all to pieces, for which we were strong enough, having quitted the *voiture* at Nogent, and concentrated our remaining forces in the Diligence. One of our fellow-travellers, who sat next to me outside, nodded to sleep; the consequence was, he nodded his hat off, and the wheel of the Diligence going over it, made it into a *chapeau de bras*. At a little before five, recognized to the left the object of my journey, the Abbey De l'Espan. Entered Au Mans at five o'clock, and prepared for dinner, two only of our fellow-passengers dining with us; a young man remarkable for a very fine voice, of which he gave us a specimen after dinner; and a Frenchman much attached to English customs, having been some years in North America, consequently he spoke English: two other persons formed the *table d'hôte;* a tall handsome woman, with a complexion which was certainly not French, from its freshness, but with a forbidding

brow; many brilliant rings on her fingers; but from the manner in which she attached herself to the singer, during and after dinner, I imagine they came from the Philippine islands; this lady was a German. The person we found in company with her was a man about five-and-thirty, short, with black eyes and hair; professed great love for the English; and when he spoke, to give expression to what he said, distorted his face in the most horrible manner; and though he lost much time in this way, yet managed, I believe, to eat about twice as much as any other person at table. I found afterwards he had been in the Peninsula; had been made prisoner by the Duke of Wellington; but soon released to be more unfortunate, and to lose his toes by the frost, in the retreat from Moscow. The conversation at table was a strange mixture of French, Spanish, German, and English; the two persons last described speaking the three first languages, with a little smattering of English. After dinner, at which time it was nearly dusk, walked on the Boulevards by the Pont Royal, till after dark.

Sunday, 17. — After breakfast, set off to the Abbey De l'Espan: in my way there, on the outskirts of the town, by the cathedral of St. Julian, observed a curiosity, *a white monk:* although it was a hot day, he was so muffled up by his cowl, that I did not see his face. Found the queen,

Berengaria, as I left her the year before, with as much corn over her. Returned to Le Mans much mortified, but with a resolution not to leave the place without accomplishing the object of my visit. To fill up time till I could see M. Toret, the proprietor of De l'Espan, I went to the Abbey De la Couture in the town, to search for the tomb of *Helie Comte de Mans:* found the stone which contained the inscription, and thinking that the figure itself might not be far off, went to the sacristan; he told me he had only a faint recollection of it; pointed out the place where it had been, and said, he believed it was entirely destroyed during the Revolution; but added, that he thought there was a picture of this *Helie* in the Museum of the Prefecture. The conviction instantly flashed across my mind what this picture was, and on the strength of it, I gave the man a franc for his information: I went straight to the Museum, though it was Sunday; as a foreigner I got admitted, and there found what I expected, not Helie, but Geoffrey le Bel, (surnamed Plantagenet,) Comte de Mans, and father of Henry II. Went from thence to M. Daudin, to gain permission to make a drawing; this he granted, and at the same time took me into his study, and showed me an immense collection of Roman antiquities, all found on building the Pont Royal, some

years since. At one o'clock, went to M. Toret, who agreed to remove the wheat, which concealed Berengere, and made an engagement for that purpose at eight on Tuesday morning. At four o'clock, left Mans a second time, in an opposite direction, crossing the river by the Pont Royal, taking the road towards Sable, and sandy enough I found it; although I might have found it more so, had I been going farther than Estival, the abbey at that place being my object. Finding myself extremely thirsty, I entered an *auberge* on the road, and called for a glass of water, qualifying it with one of their thimbles of *eau de vie:* here sat the countrymen and the master of the house, drinking *eau de vie.* The latter I could not tell at first what to make of, for he had all the appearance of a madman; he was roaring, stamping, and bawling in a manner that quite alarmed me: he was drunk, and these were his expressions of loyalty, in shouting *Vive le roi!* but so inarticulately, that I should not have discovered it, had I not been informed: this was the first Frenchman I had seen in this state; and if they are all, when so, like this man, it is fortunate instances occur so seldom. Having arrived at Estival, and finding it, like many other expeditions of the same nature in France, fruitless, I retraced my steps back to Mans, distant two leagues and a half, and did not enter that

place till after dark; completely knocked up with this day's exertion, added to the remains of travelling fatigue the day and night before.

Monday, 18. — The Museum not being open till one, I went into the library adjoining, to hunt for seals; it is a very fine one, and contains, besides the printed books, many curious MSS. It belonged, before the Revolution, to the Abbey De la Couture, which it adjoins.

M. Raynouard, the librarian, I shall never forget, for the disinterested kindness he showed me during my stay at Mans: he assisted me in my search, but it was without success. M. R. is above eighty, but still very active.

During the short stay I made in the library, he introduced me to a Mr. Mair, a Scotch gentleman, who was afterwards of most essential service to me; also to Madame F——, who had lived many years in England; had not left it a twelvemonth, but already began to sigh to return. The remainder of the day was devoted to Geoffrey Plantagenet.

Tuesday, 19.—With M. Toret at eight o'clock, according to his appointment; but he pleaded press of business, and appointed the following morning at the same hour: it was fortunate I had something to fall back upon, or this would have made two lost days. This gave me an opportunity to go with Mr. Mair, to see Colonel

Clairmont, who, I understood, had a curious collection of antiquities; and, indeed, I found it so; but the seals, the object of my visit, he had not. I think I never viewed so many interesting things, in so small a compass, before. He had a very fine collection of pieces of money, struck in France; gold, silver, and copper; English as well as French. Amongst the former I remarked a gold piece, nearly as broad as a half-crown; having upon it, as sharp as if just from the mint, Edward the Black Prince, seated on a throne; on each side his badges, single plume.

In addition to this, he had Roman and Greek coins, which I had no time to see: a great collection of detached pieces of armour, spurs, &c. &c. Amongst the spurs, was a pair with rowels, in form and size the same as the Black Prince's: it appeared these belonged to one of the dukes of Bretagne; the arms of Bretagne being enamelled upon them. Observed also, in this collection, a George, found in pulling down a house at Mans, which the Regent Bedford occupied, and very likely belonged to him, it being the work of the fifteenth century. At one o'clock, continued with what I had commenced in the Museum.

Wednesday, 20. — Went to M. Toret at eight; he then told me, it was not convenient to move the wheat, and turned his back on me. Exasperated by such conduct, and extremely vexed

in the expectation of going away without completing my errand, I instantly went to Mr. Mair, and detailed the affair. We held a consultation, and resolved to attack this man through the channels of his interests. Mr. M. accounted in some degree for his behaviour, by telling me, he was a violent Bonapartist. We found one English gentleman of the name of Robinson, to whom this Toret was in some way obliged. Our antiquarian, Colonel Clairmont, was, perhaps, our best ally, for a son of Toret's was in his regiment, and looked to him for promotion. These, the chanoine Romon, and two others, in the course of three hours after my repulse, were ready to make the attack. Myself, Mr. Mair, (who also knew Toret,) and Mr. Robinson, went first. M. Toret seemed much vexed at seeing *me* again; and, perhaps, more so, in finding others engaged in the business. He made various excuses; complained of the loss it would be to him, &c. He had not proceeded far, before in marched Colonel Clairmont: this began to bring him to his senses. He then consented, to see what could be done; Colonel C. laughed at him. But the entry of another of our allies bringing the scene rather to a ridiculous pitch, he gave his consent, (I believe to get rid of us,) to go with me at four o'clock that afternoon and remove the wheat. The hour came, and he set

off with me, his great dog accompanying us. His constrained good nature would have amused any one; for he was all the time inwardly vexed, and could not help muttering, at times, "*Pas commode;*" but his old housekeeper at De l'Espan having brought out a bottle of Bordeaux, with some bread and butter, we sat down to it, and by the time we had finished the bottle he was an altered man, beginning to cry, "*Past ten o'clock!*" and "*No popery!*" He had been in London in the year eighty.

Thursday, 21.—Left Mans at eight o'clock for De l'Espan, in order to gain the first sight of Berengere. When I got there, I met the labourers coming out with their forks, having finished their work. I found the queen set upright in a niche; what was not broken of her appeared in fine preservation. Fearing some reverse of my good fortune, I set instantly to work, and did not quit till dark.

Friday, 22.—Employed as the day before; had a visit from Mr. Mair and his family; afterwards from a young Toret; completed my drawing.

Saturday, 23.—Went again to De l'Espan, to see whether I could restore the architecture of the tomb, which I succeeded in doing with some little difficulty. Returned to Le Mans by ten o'clock, to finish Geoffrey Plantagenet, at the Museum. Drank tea at Mr. Mair's, and

took my leave of him, with a proviso, that I should endeavour to see him the next evening.

Sunday, 24. — This being the last day of my stay at Le Mans, I had projected, the day before, a ramble, to have some acquaintance with the country. I had selected the Château de Montfort and Buzardiere for my objects. These places, and Le Mans, are situated nearly as the points of an equilateral triangle. Montfort is reckoned four good leagues from Le Mans. I set out at seven o'clock, taking the old road, through the mill, over the river, and under the wall of the Abbey De l'Espan; leaving the abbey, and skirting a wood, which in the days of its prosperity belonged to it. The morning fine, but showery; the appearance of the country beautiful, and characterised by a great deal of wood. At nine o'clock entered the little village of Changé, where I looked for breakfast. Entered a house which had nothing to characterise it as an *auberge*, but the withered bush hanging over the door; and, amidst soap, candles, cloth, and stone-blue, swallowed a wretched dish of coffee, which little refreshed me. After leaving Changé, the country became more woody: had a heavy shower a little after ten. When within a mile of Château Buzardiere, saw a round tower perched on an eminence amongst the trees, the remain of some strong-hold. At eleven o'clock I arrived

at Château Buzardiere, in the midst of a forest of chesnuts: though but a small place, it was walled and moated in character. After entering the court by the great gate, I found the place apparently deserted; but by the time I had satisfied my curiosity, with a survey on all sides of the *château* and its chapel, (which lies detached,) two lads made their appearance. On intimating my wish to see the interior of this building, one of them went off to seek his mother; and in about a quarter of an hour returned with her, an old woman. She said no one lived there, nor was it to be let; but I could not make out to whom it belonged, but understood the proprietor lived at Montfort. The chapel in the interior was in a state of ruins; a beautiful little altar, carved in wood in the filligree work of the fourteenth century, was falling all to pieces. There were two statues of saints, the size of small life; one, of a king of France, (by the *fleur-de-lis* on his blue robe,) probably St. Louis, had his head knocked off. I thought I distinguished in the collar the SS. and scallop-shell of St. Michael conjoined. Entered the *château;* many rooms, but awkwardly and inconveniently situated, and all very small. When the windows were opened, I found the furniture was all about the time of Henri Quatre. There were many portraits (almost falling from their frames) of.

warriors and beauties of former days; the name of *Murat* was attached to many, and they, without doubt, all belonged to the same family. The beds were four-post, and had plumes of feathers in tufts at each corner; and in one of the bedrooms covered with tapestry, I remarked a door concealed behind it, which led into a small closet. I thought at the time this was an excellent place for the imagination of Mrs. Radcliffe or Walter Scott to work upon. A hunting-scene in cloth-work reminded me very particularly of the latter. Having satisfied my curiosity at the expence of amusing the two lads, thirsting from my bad breakfast, I asked the old woman for a glass of water; but she brought me instead an excellent bottle of cyder, which refreshed me in a manner my breakfast had not done. I was now ready for Montfort, and on asking my way to it, found I was quite out of any road for it; but there was a track of half a league through the forest, but very difficult to find out. Engaging one of the boys to be my guide, we set off together, taking up a line amongst the trees, for there was nothing like a path. The chesnut-trees soon disappeared, and we had in their place nothing but pines. I observed at intervals the pine cones, which were remarkably large, gathered in hillocks the height of a man, but did not learn the intention. Having

gone a league, and got into a more open country, we struck into a path, and having now no more occasion for my guide, I dismissed him. I had not gone far before it began raining hard, and continued for about twenty minutes; this would have wetted me through, but fortunately there was on the spot a quantity of wood cut and bound in bundles, with a few of these, in two or three minutes, I built myself a hut which was impenetrable. When the rain ceased, I continued my walk; but the day was no more fine, but gloomy and cloudy. Saw at last, the Château de Montfort, but balked in my intention of going direct to it by a river, by the side of which the road I would have left ran. After what seemed to me a very circuitous route, I at length came to a bridge, which crossing, I entered Montfort, a poor village, that promised me a dinner not much superior to my breakfast, but I had an appetite as sauce to any thing, however bad. Entering the best *auberge* I could find, where sat two countrymen playing with farot cards, I asked an old woman if she had any thing eatable in the way of dinner. She began her operations with her charcoal-fire, and set before me very soon a mess of mutton with onions, &c., something like a hash, which was excessively salt. This, with some cyder, bread, and *eau de vie*, was all my dinner, my bill being fourteen

sous. When the edge of my appetite was gone, I thought of my dinner-service with not a little disgust. * * * * *

To T. Stothard, Esq.

Bayeux, Monday, Sept. 29. 1817.

My dear Father,

I have been so closely engaged with the tapestry since my arrival at this place, that a month has slipped away without my perceiving it: indeed I have found no time for any thing but this, as you may imagine, having in hand a drawing thirty feet in length, containing more than one hundred feet of the tapestry.

I have two reasons for close application; one because I must do as much as possible before I lose my heat, there being but little fuel in the above work, and the other because I do not intend to be surprised by the cold weather, which I dread here, having had quite enough of it the last year.

I wrote to you as I promised from Paris, but am no more certain that you received my letter than I am that you will receive this. You have, no doubt, however, seen Mr. Rogers, whom I met at Paris; perhaps Mr. Hanson, whom I also saw there; and there is a probability as well, that you may have a later account by way of

Alfred Kempe, as I met at Chartres with a Mr. Hosegood, the doctor who attends their family.

All particulars of my journeying I shall leave till we meet, as in the present uncertainty it may be but time lost; and I have a journal of almost every day's occurrence till my coming to Bayeux: it is too long to give in a letter, and I should only spoil it by skimming. I have found here all the English I knew the last year, but have not had time to visit any of them; they are principally persons with broken-down fortunes, and officers of the army and navy on half-pay. It appears to me that theirs is not a voluntary exile: one of them, for instance, was relating to me what a treat it was to him, after I left Bayeux last winter, to go over to Southampton, to spend three or four days. By this, and half sentences dropped from others, I judge of the whole.

I have strolled out but twice only since I have been here, and that solely for exercise. I know not whether I shall come home as thin as before, but I am inclined to think not, being in better spirits: so much for fine weather, which we have had, with the exception of the last three days, ever since I have been in Bayeux. I must add that France is not the country for me; I am not so well as in England; I am not equal to the same exertion: I attribute this to their manner of cooking; our habits of cannibalism are far preferable,

indeed I found a Frenchman at Le Mans who spoke with ecstacy of a sirloin of beef, and a leg of mutton half raw. I think such evidence is something in our favour.

I have had a visit or two since I have been at Bayeux, from a fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, who at present is at Caen, I believe, a brother of Sir Sidney Smyth. Unfortunately an opportunity escaped me of sending a letter by his son, who ten days since set off for London; I can give you no news out of my journal, and the *Bureau* of the Municipality, where I am at work, is very circumscribed. I am at present engaged in building the fleet for the invasion of England: when this is done, and I have embarked the troops, I shall follow myself with all speed. At a venture, I will calculate the time of my arrival in London from this date. I reckon I shall finish here in about ten days; if in less, I shall spend a day or two at Caen with Mr. S——, which he much wishes me to do.

There is a vessel sails from Havre de Grace on Friday, by which I shall cross over; and, if my usual fortune attends me at sea, I may be in town next Sunday or Monday week, the 12th or 13th of the next month.

I must add what I had forgotten, — that my visit to Le Mans, to draw the last of the English

monuments, had been *very nearly* a fool's errand; but by perseverance, and a little finesse, it turned out successful, doubly successful, for I have no reason to regret being obliged to return a second time to Le Mans, for chance threw in my way, in this visit, Geoffrey Plantagenet, the *father* of Henry II., executed in enamel in different colours, the date 1149, so that I am coming within fifty or sixty years of the Conquest. Searching for a tomb of which I saw an account in the Royal Library at Paris, I stumbled on this. I hope when I return I shall find you all well. With remembrance to all at home, and to Henry and Alfred. Believe me, dear Father,

Your affectionate Son,

C. A. STOTHARD.

In the year 1817, Charles visited the interesting Roman villa of Bignor, for the purpose, I believe, of making drawings of the groupe of gladiators, in the tesselated pavement of that remain, for the Magna Britannia of Mr. Lysons. During this period, he was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Hawkins, at their seat of Bignor Park; friends in whose society he found the union of literature, taste, and elegance. Delighted with their character and amiable manners, he always spoke of the time he passed at Bignor Park as

amongst the most agreeable social hours of his life. I feel a pleasure in naming those friends, who bestowed their kindness and attention upon my husband; nor would my *own* debt of gratitude for the feeling and generous sympathy evinced towards me by Mr. and Mrs. Hawkins, since my calamities, suffer me to remain silent, where I know so much is due to real worth.

In February, 1818, I became the wife of Charles, and shortly after this event, he removed to Rodney Buildings, where we resided in the house of my dear and venerable parents. In the latter part of the following April my husband visited Gloucestershire for a short period, in compliance with the wishes of Mr. S. Lysons, for whom he promised to make some drawings of a tesselated pavement, discovered on the site of a Roman villa, in the grounds of Sir William Hicks. During this occupation he was the guest of the worthy and hospitable baronet. The following letters were written in 1818.

To Mrs. Charles Stothard.

Witcomb Park, Friday, 1818.

My dearest Love,

Rain, nothing but rain have we had since I have been here, which has so shut us out of the world, that your kind letter amongst others, did

not arrive till this afternoon. If the weather does not mend, God knows when I am to see Rodney Buildings, but I look forward for a fine day to-morrow. As you seem to have foreseen, the opera is out of the question, for I do not think it possible, uuder the most favourable circumstances, that I can reach town before Wednesday or Thursday next. I have for the last three days encountered the wind and rain, in hopes of shortening my stay. To-day I have been confined in doors, and the labourers at work on the excavations, have been obliged to desist, in consequence of a heavy steady rain, which continues till this moment.

Mr. Lysons left on Tuesday for London, and with me so much responsibility, that I do not think any mad dispatch would now move me, till my hour comes. Your letter to me I feel kind, because you appear to delight in a plan calculated to cheer those hours which must be passed in sedentary employments. For the interest your mother takes in this, I feel grateful; and I trust, not only in this instance, but in the past, to your father as well as your mother, for their kindness to me and yourself. As for Alfred, he is welcome to have as much amusement as the affair will now afford him, being armed in proof for all his shafts. I have escaped the wedding-day, and consider myself as an old

married man: you seem to have the same sort of feeling, or you would not so pleasantly write on bell-ringing, wedding cheer, &c. &c. Since my return to this place, my mind has been in a most singular state; my flight to London, with all the events connected with it, seems to be but a dream; in short, I am not unlike the hero of some story in the Arabian Nights, who was imposed on by time and place.

Whilst I am not employed on the Roman villa, it is dreadfully dull here, in spite of the baronet's hospitality, wines, and good cheer. I shall be happy, very happy when the moment comes, I can again press you to my heart. Unseasonable as this parting is, yet the joy of again meeting will not be damped by the reflection, that I have neglected what I should not.

The Roman villa (parts of which have been every day uncovered) is likely to afford a great treat to the antiquary, provided it is possible to keep things in the state they are found; but what with the rain, and the wish of the visitors to take something away, I fear this cannot be. We want dame Tupper here. To-morrow is a day of interest, as we shall break into a fresh room. I hope your brother will be in town towards the end of the week, that I may have the opportunity of shewing him such drawings as may make but a short stay with me. Mr. Lysons, by

a dispatch just arrived from town, is impatient to get the drawings into the hands of the engraver. I think, you should rather expect me on the Thursday than the Wednesday, and if the coach is not heavily laden, I shall be at Charing Cross before ten in the evening; at any rate, if you do not see me before half-past eleven, I must beg and entreat, my dear love, you do not sit up for me; if I do not feel easy on this point, I shall make you no promises, but determine on going direct to Newman-street.

Saturday evening. — This is the second miserable day I have been obliged to pass within doors, in consequence of a determined heavy rain. They seem here to have very few resources against a wet day; however, good lady Hicks manages to entertain herself with tent and cross-stitch, and me with family anecdotes, from the time of king Charles to the present day. My only consolation at this moment, is, from seeing that the mercury in the barometer is rising; the change of weather this predicts, will set me free; but I fear, in consequence of this last day, you must not now look for my return till the end of the week.

I am glad to hear your father is so much better: your mother's health is wonderful, and if she does not feel so well at one time as another, it is alone owing to herself, from her

anxiety for others, and consequent fatigue: you say nothing, love, of yourself: I left you far from well, and I should have felt more indebted to you if you had not been so silent on this point. You wish me to do honour to the purposed fête in a new coat; make yourself easy, my love, for I already have one. In return, I suspect I shall have more occasion to drive you from *four score*, than you will have to make me a beau. When you see Alfred, remember me kindly to him, also give my kind regards to your father and mother, and believe me, dear Eliza,

Ever your most affectionate husband,

C. A. STOTHARD.

The servant's entrance for letters, for Cheltenham, obliges me to conclude in haste.

To the Reverend T. Kerrick.

March, 1818.

MY DEAR SIR,

It is so long since we have had any communication, and I have seen so much, that at setting off I prepare by writing very close for a long letter. I only hope I shall not tire you by my details.

You have heard, I believe, of my expedition to France, for the purpose of making drawings from that barbarous, but very interesting work,

the Bayeux tapestry. You have also heard, I believe, from Mr. Douce, that I have made this in some degree subservient to my purpose of procuring drawings for my own work, from the effigies of our kings and queens at Fontevraud. I do not know if you will allow it to be a fair mode of carrying my series up towards the conquest. However, king John does not now appear so formidable, provided you do not receive my two kings in No. 8. as Frenchmen.

I have seen so much, and consequently have so much to say, that I should not know where to begin and end, did I not wish to cut short a displeasing part of my subject, or leave it till I have the pleasure of seeing you. You may judge from the accounts you have heard, that I found but too much destruction and ruin. I believe, if on a second journey I should witness more of this havoc in France, I should become quite disgusted with the country. Froissart and Monstrillet have lost considerable interest, like the Roman historians, there is now so little left to connect you with their narratives. Churches, abbeys, and chateaux in ruins, or perverted from their original intention.

I viewed at Paris the collection of monuments of which I had heard so much, and confess I met with a terrible disappointment. I found Carloman, Pepin, Clovis, and a whole lot

of others, as like to each other as twins, all manufactured about the time of St. Louis. Besides these, I counted sixteen or eighteen substitutes for those figures, which had been mutilated or destroyed in the revolution, made of plaster of Paris, and to save trouble, all out of one mould; the variations being marked by divers ornaments scratched on the belts, and the *fleur-de-lis*, &c. stuck on the shields. Pierre de Bourbon was one of these, but so metamorphosed, that you would not have known him. I thought this unpardonable in such pretenders as the French, when I learnt that sufficient of the originals still existed entirely to contradict their representations. Your etching of figure has therefore become very valuable at a heavy price.

I saw Lenoir, the superintendent of the collection, who told me the legs of the figure were gone. Excepting one or two, I believe, the other figures you drew, still exist, and are the most interesting things in the collection. I drew Bertrand du Guesclin, and some prince of Navarre; they are both in armour, and interesting, but particularly the former from the character it possesses.

From Paris, with but a heavy heart, I took the road towards Fontevraud, going by Orleans, Blois, and Tours. The names of such places as these would lead you to expect something

curious, but I found little. However, the cathedral of Tours is exceedingly fine, yet in the interior of both cathedrals and churches, I found little more than the bare walls. Striking out of the main road at Tours, I went through immense forests to Chinon and Fontevraud. I had expected from its obscurity that the revolution had not extended its ravages to that quarter, but I was deceived; for not only was that abbey in ruins, but many others in the neighbourhood. However, I fortunately succeeded in discovering the effigies, (the objects of my journey,) in good preservation, but removed from the ruined abbey. I think them highly interesting, the painting and gilding of the time very splendid; and it is curious that the ornaments are more in the Greek than the gothic taste. I have made separate drawings of these interesting particulars.

Having been lucky enough to find only those things I sought had escaped destruction, I was induced to tempt my fortune still farther, and taking Le Mans in my way to Bayeux, to look for the effigy of Berengaria, queen of Richard I., buried in the abbey de L'Espan, within half a league of the former place. I found this abbey also in ruins; saw the sides of the tomb, and was told the effigy of the queen was still preserved; but the place having been converted

into a barn, two or three hundred shocks of wheat were placed over it, so that I could neither draw or see it. But the following summer, which was the last, 1817, I visited the place again and made the drawing. At the same time, I discovered a curious enamelled plate of copper, representing Geoffrey Plantagenet, the father of our Henry II., which before the revolution hung in the church of St. Julian, at Mans, where this Geoffrey was buried. At the above melancholy period it disappeared, till it was bought for the price of old copper by some antiquary of the place. I made also a drawing *fac-simile* of this. The date, I believe, is about 1150, as the style of the drawing and fashion of the ornaments also seem to testify. But what is most remarkable, the figure bears an immense shield azure, blazoned with six lionels, or: his helmet, which is in form like the Phrygian bonnet, is also azure, blazoned with a single lionel. Is not this a very early heraldic specimen? It is likewise the same bearing as Wm. Longespee, the base son of Henry II.

Excepting two bronze figures of bishops at Amiens, and an earl of Maine, in armour of the fifteenth century at Mans, I have seen *nothing* monumental out of Paris. I must add, that the day before I left Bayeux last year, I was told of three monuments within a league of that place,

a knight and two ladies. I would rather it had been two knights and one lady. In my finishing visit to Bayeux this summer, I shall give you a better account of them. Things of this kind are so rare in France, that I cannot help thinking more of them than I should perhaps do of the same things in England: but there is this to be said, that we find some information in French effigies which we have not in English.

Whilst on this subject, you recollect the armour on your Paris figures, formed of ribs, running longitudinally. I have not only discovered what it is intended to represent, but also lately found (in farther proof that my conjecture was right) a knight, whose long surcoat, with sleeves in separate pieces, is composed of it; but what puts the matter beyond a doubt, is the surcoat of the Black Prince hanging over his tomb. I have lately examined and drawn it; the whole is ribbed in a similar manner: but we soon account for that, having one specimen of the thing before us, when a hundred of the best representations on stone would not have done it. The surcoat of the Black Prince is stuffed with cotton to nearly three quarters of an inch in thickness, and in order to keep the cotton in its place, longitudinal and narrow divisions were made all over it, in short, it is quilted; the divisions being the

places where the cotton is sewed down; what I believe was called by the French, *gamboising*. Pray let me hear your opinion of my solution of this enigma. I have, since we met, discovered two knights, covered with this sort of mail, (of which I send you the sketch,) one at Tollard

Royal, Wilts, the other at Dodford, Northamptonshire; and, I understand, in the latter, the carving of the mails is extremely sharp. * * * * * * * *

Believe me, dear sir, yours very truly,

C. A. STOTHARD.

Letter upon the subject of Ancient Armour.

1818.

MY DEAR SIR,

I have before me the questions which you wish me to answer; I will not engage to do this, but merely give you my thoughts, such as they are. The points on which you desire information are not new to me; I have indeed frequently turned them over in my mind, and sought and compared such facts as might tend to make them clear. I am glad to find that

those difficulties which had arrested me, have also struck you.

It is, I believe, a most difficult thing to say *when* plate-armour was *first* introduced, because no representations, however well executed, can tell us of what was worn out of sight; and inventories of armour, as well as notices of writers, are not common; the only things by which we can gain information. Daniel, in his Military Discipline of France, cites a poet, who describes a combat between William de Barres and Richard Cœur de Lion, (then Earl of Poitou,) in which he says, that they met so fiercely that their lances pierced through each other's coat of mail and gambeson, but were resisted by a plate of wrought-iron worn *beneath*. This is a very solitary piece of information; and the poet cited, (whose name, I believe, is not mentioned,) might not have been *contemporary* with the event described, and of course gave the custom of his *own* time.

It, however, strikes me, that plate was at all times partially used. We find in the reign of Henry III. pieces of plate on the elbows and knees. I have a drawing from a figure about the time of Edward I., in mail with gauntlets of plate, and I strongly suspect, that a steel cap was worn under the mail oftener than we imagine: how can we otherwise account for

the form in the ventail (chaperon) of William Longespee; would not the top of the head be round instead of flat, if something were not interposed to give it this form? and how ill calculated to receive a blow, supposing nothing but the mail and linen coif interposed. See the effigy in No. 8. of my work, from Hitchendon church, where a piece of mail appears cut out: does it not seem that there is a cap beneath the mail? But not to dwell longer on this point, plate armour appears from our paintings in MSS. and monuments, not to have gained any ground till the fifth or sixth of Edward III.; John of Eltham, and the Knight at Ifield, with Sir John D'Aubernoun, are some of the first specimens. Yet, to shew how careful we should be on this point, we find in an account, taken 1313, the sixth of Edward II., of the armour which belonged to Piers Gaveston, the following items: A pair of plates, (these covered the body, and most probably were the back and breast plate,) riveted and garnished with silver, with four chains of silver; (see for the chains the effigy of the Blanchfront,) covered with red velvet, besanted with gold. Two pair of jambers (armour for the legs,) of iron, old and new; two coats of velvet to cover the plates.

All the monumental figures I ever saw of the time of Edward II. have been in mail, as far as

I could judge; so that here you see I am in some difficulty. I am not surprised that mail was not so much worn after the introduction of plate; considering how the body then became loaded, it was necessary to get rid of something. On the Knight at Ifield, and Sir John D'Aubernoun, we may see first the thick quilted gambeson, over which is the haubergeon of mail, having above that again what I take to be *aqueton*: if there was any plate on the body, it was hidden by the surcoat which went over all; but there is reason to suspect there was; for in the profile of the Ash church effigy, we see between the lacings of the surcoat, that the body is covered with narrow plates. After the introduction of plate armour, the gambeson first disappears, which was followed by the aqueton. The aqueton is seen without the gambeson, in Sir Oliver Ingham; it is blue, with gold studs or points.

Before the general introduction of plate armour, men seem to have been pretty well loaded; but as most excesses cure themselves, it became necessary to get rid of something. Nor can we feel surprised at the changes which began so soon to take place; the hauberk was superseded by the haubergeon, which was shorter: see the knight at Tewkesbury. Before the end of the fourteenth century, I believe, the mail chausses or stockings disappeared from our

own monuments; this is difficult to ascertain, because the joints (the only places where the chausses might be seen) were *always* defended by pieces of mail, called in some instances gaussets.

It does not seem as if the Black Prince had a steel *bark preu*, but I apprehend the lower division of his body is also in plate: perhaps he wears the piece of armour, called the *pance;* I am inclined to think so from John Lord Montacute's effigy, where there is a contrivance to give more action, and defend the joints of the body, which would be unnecessary if either the upper or lower portions were not of plate, or something similar. You, perhaps, know that there was a substitute for plate, much in fashion at this period, called *cuir bouilly*, or leather boiled and moulded into any form, hard enough when dry to resist a sword.

I know nothing more difficult than to distinguish the plates under the surcoat; we must seek information on this point from other sources. The singular appearance of the *earliest* sort of mail, I think, to be owing to its having been sewed on cloth in particular directions, or else a different mode of representing a complete body. If you take a steel purse, and pull it cross-ways, the rings will range in the same order, and have the same appearance;

there is little doubt of their being rings, and not circular pieces of plate, as you seem to imagine. On the subject of mail, there is a greater difficulty which you overlook in the gorget of the Knight at Tewkesbury: what is the meaning of the cord which was between every row of mails? This species of mail is very common in the drawings of the time, but very scarce in monumental figures. I have the honour of having first discovered it in that figure; and may add, that I have found out two other knights in mail of this kind. Do you know what is *jazerant?* a species of mail. On the brass of Sir Hugh Hastings, this mail is very odd; and whatever it may be, it is sewed on something * * * * * * * * * *

Believe me, dear sir, yours very truly,

C. A. STOTHARD.

To William Stevenson, Esq., Norwich.

Rodney Buildings, New Kent Road,
May, 1818.

DEAR SIR,

I send you No. 8. of my work, which I have but just published. You would have had your copies before, had I not been obliged to leave town on an occasion closely connected with my favorite pursuits, the preservation of an inte-

esting subject of Roman antiquity. Having returned, I found your letter, anticipating my intentions.

You inquire what I have been about in France. I had imagined you would have heard by my friend Mr. Turner, or I certainly should have given you a few lines before on the subject. You most likely know that the main object of my visit on the other side of the water was to copy the celebrated tapestry at Bayeux, for the Society of Antiquaries; but, not forgetting my own work, I resolved, notwithstanding all the accounts I had heard of monumental devastation in France, to ascertain, beyond a doubt, what had been the fate of those effigies which belonged to the English nation.

Contrary to my expectation, I succeeded, in the summer of 1816, in discovering two English kings, and the same number of queens; and the last year I was equally fortunate in finding another English queen, and a most curious memorial of Geoffrey Plantagenet, the father of our Henry II., and consequently a link in the series of characters belonging to our early English history. I have not entered into any particulars on these subjects, because I should only repeat what you will find in No. 8. * I have little doubt but you will think the above the greatest pos-

* See "Monumental Effigies."

sible acquisitions to my work. I, perhaps, set a higher value on them from the circumstance that, till I brought my drawings to England, the originals were supposed to have been entirely destroyed during the revolution.

Antiquity in France has received such a blow as it can never recover. The best idea I can give you is to say, that had I gone over the same space of ground in England as I have done in France, I might have filled a folio; whereas in the latter I have not found more than would furnish me with a dozen drawings; and my good fortune in discovering every thing I sought is therefore the more extraordinary.

I have promised almost year after year since I saw you, to pay Mr. Turner a visit at Yarmouth. If nothing comes either in his way or mine, I shall this year accomplish it, when of course I shall not see Norwich spire without coming to shew you I have not forgotten my friend, although circumstances have kept me so long silent. I have not yet etched the Ely bishop Norwold, but when I do you shall certainly be remembered.

In No. 8. you will perceive I have made my first step in authorship, and at the same time you will see the manner in which I have so long talked of arranging my letter-press with architectural and other subjects. If there is any thing which occurs to you in the way of im-

provement, I shall be thankful to you for pointing it out. With best respects to your family, believe me, dear sir,

Very truly yours,

C. A. STOTHARD.

In the month of July 1818, I accompanied my husband in his third expedition to France. This journey was undertaken both for business and pleasure. After visiting Eu, Rouen, Paris, and other interesting towns, we continued our journey to Bayeux, where Charles remained till he completed his series of drawings from the tapestry. This object accomplished, we bid farewell to Bayeux, a place I cannot now remember without feelings of melancholy regret, from the recollection of the happy hours I there passed in the society of my beloved and most affectionate husband, and from the kindness of friends, which, even as those hours, now rises up in memory like the illusions of a dream.

We passed through a considerable part of Normandy, but the principal object of our journey was that of exploring the hitherto neglected and almost unknown country of Bretagne; at least, I may say as much in reference to the English traveller.

Charles, with his accustomed spirit of investigation, had long indulged an ardent desire of

gratifying his curiosity, by making researches in this unbeaten track. He spoke of it continually; but, with his usual amiable feeling, he would not suffer his own desires to be the means of giving pain or uneasiness to others. Hence was it, that he deferred leaving Bayeux, till he received a letter from my parents, giving their consent to our projected excursion, which, had it excited fears on my account, he would certainly have declined.

During this journey, I found him not only a most attentive, kind, and delightful companion, but one who continually instructed and surprised me, by the very accurate knowledge he had previously gained, both of the history of the country, and the most likely points to afford us interesting matter for the objects of our research. He usually guided the route by a large map we had constantly with us. In journeying along, Charles would frequently point out to me the road we were taking; and, guided by the map, "we are "now," would he say, "in such a place, where "such a battle was fought; in this town you "will see such a monastery or building," erected by some celebrated character, whom he named. "There," would he add, "we ought to find the "effigy of such an earl or prince, if it still "exists. This village was formerly a great city, "originally Roman, and there the dukes of "Britanny formerly held their courts."

I mention these little circumstances, merely to shew, how well my husband had prepared his mind, by reading and study, to enter upon a journey of this description. And I remember, one morning shortly after our arrival at Bayeux, he brought me a large folio volume, which he had borrowed from an abbé in the place, on purpose, as he said, that we might study the history of Normandy together, and with an additional interest, whilst residing in the country.

The investigating spirit of Charles, his enthusiasm in the objects of his pursuit, united to his knowledge and judgment upon subjects of history, art, and antiquity, rendered him a most agreeable guide in such a journey, and the companion from whom amusement, information, and improvement, must equally be derived; nothing escaped his observation.

The most trivial circumstances, peculiarity of manners, customs, places, and things, he deemed in a foreign country fully worthy of his notice; and he constantly averred, that he travelled as much to observe mankind, as he did to investigate antiquity. Being recommended to an inn, because several of his *countrymen* were there, "that," he replied, "is the very reason I shall "not go to it. I can remark English character "at home, but here I want to know the people." Modest and unassuming in his own manners, he

never indulged in an impertinent or offensive curiosity towards others; and often would he say, that he felt more scrupulous in observing the exact laws of politeness and good breeding in France than in England, as he thought every Englishman should consider, that whilst in a foreign country, he was responsible in some measure for the honour of his own; as persons too frequently judge, although erroneously, of a whole people by the conduct of individuals. This was a remark I heard him express the very day we landed in France, and I never forgot the lesson. He strongly reprobated the habit too common with some of our countrymen, of complaining of their taxes and their government when abroad. "These matters," would he say, "like family quarrels, should never be talked of "amongst our neighbours."

Charles was by no means a general admirer of the French. He detested the instances that he so often met with, of their egotism and impertinence; nor did he ever suffer the latter to pass without a check.

He was the last person to introduce a political debate. But if it so chanced, that a Frenchman in his presence either abused his government or misrepresented his country, he was always warm in vindicating her cause. One of these insulting politicians once remarked to him, that the Eng-

lish were slaves, that they merely thought themselves free, whilst in reality their only distinction was, that of having gilded their chains. "No, "sir," said Charles, "you are mistaken, we "have only gilt the chain we placed on France."

Although, both in his character and manners, my husband was the very opposite of all that is *French*, I remarked, that whilst among them, he was generally the favourite foreigner in the party. They paid a considerable respect and attention to his remarks; and when a question was started relative to England, he was most frequently the gentleman looked to for the explanation. It seemed to me, that all persons were struck with the plain sincerity and perfect veracity of his character, — qualities that were both valued and esteemed, even by the French, who have little pretension to such virtues.

During our continental journey, wherever we were, or whenever my husband was spoken of, one remark seemed common with all; and I often heard it repeated, "Madame, Monsieur "votre mari est si modeste." Whilst residing in Paris, we once chanced to spend the day with a public librarian of that city, a man of great learning and talent. Towards the evening, he said to Charles, "You are a Stothard. Are you any "relation to a great antiquary of that name, who "has executed a most beautiful work on the

"monuments of his own country?" This question, made in such terms, sadly hurt the modesty of poor Charles. He looked embarrassed, and not immediately replying, "Sir," said I, "you "should have asked *me* that question, for I am "his wife." Upon hearing this, the librarian seized Charles by the hand, and appeared so delighted, that I thought he would have given him the French hug of salutation. "Is it "possible," cried he, "that I have spent the "day with you and never heard this? Had you "been a Frenchman, it is the first thing you "would have told me."

I trust, I may here be allowed to insert another striking instance of the respect with which my husband was treated by foreigners. During our last journey, in 1820, a violent rain obliged us to pass the whole of the morning in the library at St. Omer. Charles, desirous of referring to a book that gave some account of the effigy of Crito, Earl of Flanders, requested the librarian to indulge him with a sight of it. This aged gentleman had formerly been a monk, I believe, in the Abbey of St. Bertin. He was that morning in no very good humour, having been troubled by the idle curiosity of some silly travellers. He evaded, and almost refused shewing the book. Charles's importunity at length prevailed. The volume was produced, but did

not afford the desired information. Upon some remarks that casually dropped from my husband about a MS., the heart of the librarian softened, and he condescended to enter into conversation with him. After a while his manner entirely changed; instead of the stern and morose stranger, he grew affable, polite, and anxious to lay before him every thing that he deemed worthy his attention. A MS. was produced, which, if I *remember correctly*, (but I will not vouch for it,) was stated to be of the time of Charlemagne. Charles contradicted the assertion, and argued the point, in order to prove that it was of a later period. This produced a discussion, that soon brought about them other persons in the room. Amongst these was a young officer of the army, who we afterwards heard was distinguished for his learning and talents, and an old good-humoured gentleman, a professed antiquary, who spoke English with great fluency. I stood near the party, listening to their conversation with considerable pleasure, not unmixed, perhaps, with a little share of pride, when I found my husband had not only completely refuted their assertions, but that they asked him many questions, with that air of inquisitive respect observed by those who seek information from a superior. These subjects led to a general discussion on matters of antiquity. Here poor Charles was completely

at home. At length, the old gentleman, (who, I know not for what reason, had concluded that we were brother and sister,) turned to me, and exclaimed, "Je ne sais pas, mademoiselle, qui est "Monsieur votre frere, mais il faut qu'il soit "Monsieur Stothard, ou l'ange des antiquaires."

But to leave these digressions and return to our journey. One of the principal objects my husband wished to accomplish, was that of ascertaining if the effigies of the Dukes of Britanny yet existed at Ploermel. We accordingly visited that town, on purpose to decide the question. We there learnt, that the effigies were removed from their original station to the convent of the Ursuline nuns. The Abbess granting permission, Charles made drawings of these most interesting figures, which he found in a state of good preservation.

He was equally successful in discovering at Josselin the mutilated and scattered remains of Sir Oliver de Clisson and his lady. The trunks of the figures were in the church; the legs of the knight amidst a pile of broken stones, pillars, and stained glass, vestiges of revolutionary destruction; and the head of Sir Oliver stationed in the garden of a tobacconist, for the double purpose of ornamental sculpture, and as a scarecrow to frighten away the birds. The former parts were in such a state of dust and dirt that no one but Charles would have gone through the

task of clearing them. This he accomplished: and having gained the good will of the tobacconist and his wife, we carried off the head of Sir Oliver to the church, to the exceeding amusement of the Bretons, who could not possibly comprehend the motive that excited such absurdity. Charles made the most beautiful and highly-finished drawings from these effigies, which he considered valuable additions to his French series of monumental characters. *

At Vannes he discovered more subjects of this kind, but in a very mutilated state: these, however, he drew. At Nantes he was highly delighted with the tomb of Francis II., the last Duke of Brittany, the father of the celebrated Duchess Ann, which he told me he considered the finest monument he had ever seen of the middle ages.

I pass in silence the particular details of our tour in France in 1818, deeming it alone necessary to give such little anecdotes as are more immediately connected with my husband; especially as I have already ventured to publish some account of that journey. The repetition, therefore, here, would be as a tale twice told.

It so chanced that during our excursion in Britanny, we met with a gentleman who professed

* These are in my possession; and I *hope*, some time or other, to publish so valuable and posthumous a work, agreeably to the intention of its author.

some knowledge of monumental antiquities. He unluckily told Charles where he might find one (which he described as curious,) in an obscure and ruined chapel somewhere near Carnac. The way to this spot lay through a wild and desert waste of rock and sand. Charles determined to find it out alone and on foot. Whilst we were at Auray, I heard, from the females at the inn, a frightful story of the dangers of this distant track, and that, near the chapel, a person had recently been found dead, under very suspicious circumstances. My fears were seriously excited, but Charles laughed at them, and treated the story I had heard as an idle tale. I found him so bent upon the adventure, that I resolved to frustrate it by stratagem. Accordingly, upon his return from sketching, when he asked me if I had heard any thing more about the chapel, or the effigy; "Oh, yes," said I; "from the accounts I have received, I can make out it is a figure with a large *ruff*." This was quite enough. Charles had no curiosity to walk many miles through such a track only to look at a figure of the time of Elizabeth. When we were far removed from a spot so tempting to an antiquary, I told him my stratagem, which afforded him much amusement.

The following fragment of a letter, written by Charles during this excursion, I doubt not will prove interesting to the reader.

Addressed to Alfred J. Kempe, Esq. Bromley, Kent.

Nantes.

My dear Alfred,

When we parted, I believe I made a promise to write to you; but whether I did, or did not, with all the inclination I have never been able to find an opportunity till now.

Your sister has, however, amply, I think, filled the blank which my silence would have occasioned, and I trust I shall now make up for all, in announcing our speedy return to England; indeed to be with you almost upon the heels of this. We are at present making our retreat from Britanny, with as much order, and in the best manner our almost exhausted finances will admit. Should remains of antiquity induce our longer stay, I much fear we should be reduced to the common fare of the country, chesnuts and milk.

Our campaign in Britanny commenced under the unfavourable circumstances which generally accompany the fall of the leaf, cold and wet together; but, fortunately for us, we have had more of the latter than the former, since we left Bayeux. With the dearth of information so common in France, an expedition into Armorica seemed to furnish much for the curiosity of an

Englishman, without saying any thing of the interest, in addition, which an acquaintance with Froissart would give to Britanny. You know well the analogy there exists between the Welch and Breton tongues; but I must confess, as the two languages are spoken, the resemblance of the one to the other did not appear so great. The Bretons are without doubt more corrupted than the Welch, as I found it not at all an uncommon thing for the people of Britanny to speak the French as well as their own tongue. This, I imagine, has corrupted their pronunciation; otherwise, as the two languages, Welch and Breton, are written, there exists a wonderful affinity. The Bretons have not the mountains of Wales to shut out the French.

We left Bayeux, taking the road by Coutances and St. Malo, for Rennes, the capital of Upper Bretagne; and it was not till we left that place and entered Lower, or Bas Bretagne, by the road to Vannes, that we saw any thing which reminded us of the Welch; we then observed the houses built with mud walls; pigs, men, women, and children, slept in the same apartment. The women and children were without shoes or stockings. Goats browsing by the sides of the road were common objects.

But you will say this is not the order in which I should commence a letter, that you expect is

to convey to you some information relative to the whole of our journey. We landed then at Dieppe, and thence went to Eu, where, having passed a few days, we returned back through Dieppe to Rouen, a place which I had not before seen. With Rollo, Duke of Normandy, I was disappointed; but I had been prepared for this. I cannot tell you all I thought of the richly frosted cathedral: it is, indeed, an edifice of magnificent beauty. From Rouen we passed on to Paris. I was fortunate this trip in seeing the Louvre, and although there are still many very beautiful and interesting things, I can yet imagine what it once was, by the quantity of trumpery of the French school, which has been introduced to fill up. The Luxembourg pictures now form the centre of attraction. We have seen Versailles and St. Cloud, but give the palm to the latter.

In Paris we remained three weeks, and on leaving it for Bayeux, took the road through Louviers and Evreux, staying at the latter place a day. By Lisieux I arrived at Caen, in order to procure an impression from the coffin-lid of Queen Matilda, wife of the Conqueror, which I understood to have been a recent discovery. In this I succeeded, and think it a valuable addition to my work, as it brings me up to the time proposed

for the commencement of my series, that of the Norman conquest.

I had for some time past entertained the idea of going into Brittany; and, as my work on the tapestry had drawn to a close, I thought that if I could prosecute it, I could not have a better opportunity. We accordingly went from Bayeux through St. Lo, Coutances, Granville, Avranches, Dol, and St. Malo, to Rennes. I was vexed and disappointed in finding that the cathedral of Rennes was a Grecian and not a Gothic building; but if it had been the latter, I should probably have had more to regret, as the revolutionists had left but a heap of ruins. At Ploermel, an ancient town, the seat of the Dukes of Britanny, I found the effigies of two of them were preserved within the walls of a convent, which no man is permitted to pass except he be a priest. Had I been *alone*, I should not have accomplished the object I had in view, to see and draw these interesting effigies. I found them in fine preservation. One, besides the title of Duke of Britanny, bore that of Earl of Richmond. Between Ploermel and Josselin, on a barren heath, I saw the place where was fought the celebrated battle of Trente, gained by thirty Bretons against thirty English. A stone cross, thrown down by the revolutionists, marked the spot. At Josselin,

distant seven or eight miles from Ploermel, I viewed a most beautiful specimen of castle architecture, in the Chateau of De Clisson. I found but the trunk of the effigy of the celebrated Oliver de Clisson in the church; his head I discovered in a tobacconist's garden, and his legs in a third place.———From Josselin I went to Hennebon, celebrated for the long siege it held out against, under the command of the Countess of Montfort. Auray was the next place we visited, where De Montfort gained a great battle. Carnac; in the neighbourhood, you have doubtless heard of, as the most remarkable remain, after Stonehenge, perhaps in Europe. At Vannes, the capital of Lower Bretagne, I discovered more remains of the Dukes of Britanny. This success confirmed me in my opinion, that many interesting subjects yet existed in the ruined abbeys† * * * * * * *

C. A. STOTHARD.

In the beginning of the year 1819, Charles laid before the Society of Antiquaries, the complete series of drawings he had made from the Bayeux tapestry, accompanied with a paper on the subject of its antiquity, in which he proved from internal evidence that the tapestry was

† The rest of this letter is unfortunately lost.

really a work coeval with the time of the conquest, to which it had been assigned by tradition. This essay was printed in the nineteenth volume of the Archæologia, and considered a satisfactory refutation of the opinion of the Abbé de la Rue, who had attempted to prove the tapestry to be a work of the time of Henry I.

On the second of the following July, my husband was elected a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, without a single dissentient voice; his name being proposed by Mr. S. Lysons. This was the last act of friendship Charles received from that gentleman. A few weeks after he quitted town on some business relating to the Magna Britannia, never to return. Mr. Lysons was seized with his mortal illness so suddenly, that he expired at an inn in the country, I believe but a few hours after the arrival of his brother and a friend. It is remarkable that Mr. Richard Smirke had also died suddenly at an inn in Cumberland whilst engaged on making drawings for the same work. Charles received the painful news of Mr. Lysons's death with the sincerest regret, and always felt that veneration for his memory he so truly deserved. I shall here insert the paper on the Bayeux tapestry, written by my husband.

Some Observations on the Bayeux Tapestry. Communicated to the Society of Antiquaries by Mr. CHARLES STOTHARD, F.S.A. *in a letter addressed to* SAMUEL LYSONS, Esq. V.P. F.R.S. [From the Archæologia, vol. xix.]

DEAR SIR,

On finishing and delivering to the Society of Antiquaries the drawings which complete the series from the Bayeux Tapestry, I think it necessary to address you on the subject, for the purpose of stating what licences I may have thought proper to take in the discharge of my commission, and at the same time to point out such circumstances as have presented themselves to my notice, during the minute investigation in which I have been necessarily engaged. I shall beg leave to offer with the latter, such comments as I have made, hoping if I have produced nothing that will lead to just conclusions on the age of the tapestry, I shall at least have furnished some useful materials for others. I believe in a former paper I observed that the work in some parts of the tapestry was destroyed, but more particularly where the subject draws towards a conclusion. The traces of the design only existing by means of the holes where the needle had passed. On attentively examining the traces thus left, I found that in many places, minute particles of the different coloured threads were

still retained; a circumstance which suggested to me the possibility of making extensive restorations. I accordingly commenced on a small portion, and found it attended with so much practicability as well as *certainty*, that I believed I should be fully justified in attempting to restore the whole; more especially when I reflected that in the course of a few years, the means of accomplishing it would no longer exist. I have succeeded in restoring nearly all of what was defaced. Such parts as I have left as traced by the needle, either afforded no vestiges of what the colours were, or such as were too vague in their situation to be depended on. On a comparison with the print in Montfaucon's work, (if that be correct) it appears that this part of the tapestry has suffered much injury even since his time. The restorations that I have made, commence on the lower border with the first of the archers. Of these figures I found scarcely one whose colours of any kind remained perfect. In the upper border and historical part, the restorations begin a little after, with the Saxons, under the word, "*ceciderunt.*" From the circumstance of the border being worked down the side, at the commencement of the tapestry, it is evident that no part of the subject is wanting; but the work in many places is defaced, and these parts have been restored in the same manner as at the

end; but the last horsemen attendant on Harold in his route to Bosham, have been partly torn away so as to divide them. The two fragments were ignorantly sewed together. This in the drawing has been rectified, and shews the portion wanting. In that part of the battle between William and Harold, where the former is pulling off his helmet, to shew himself to his soldiers, under the words "*Hic est Dux Wilelm,*" there is on his left hand a figure with outstretched arms, bearing a standard; above which, a part of the tapestry has been torn away, and only the two last letters VS of an inscription apparently remaining. On carefully examining the torn and ragged edges, which had been doubled under and sewed down, I discovered three other letters, the first of the inscription an E, and T I, preceding V S, a space remaining in the middle but for *four* letters, the number being confirmed by the alternations of green and buff, in the colours of the letters remaining. I therefore conjecture that the letters as they now stand may be read *Eustatius*, and that the person bearing the standard beneath is intended for Eustace Earl of Boulogne, who I believe was a principal commander in the army of William. By a similar examination of the end of the tapestry, which was a mass of rags, I was fortunate in discovering a figure on horseback, with some objects in

the lower border. These are additional discoveries not to be found in Montfaucon's print. The figure of the horseman certainly decides the question, that the pursuit of the flying Saxons is not ended where the tapestry so unfortunately breaks off.

Before I proceed to state my remarks, I must urge a point, which cannot sufficiently be insisted upon, that it was the invariable practice, with artists in every country, excepting Italy, during the middle ages, whatever subject they took in hand, to represent it according to the manners and customs of their own time. Thus we may see Alexander the Great, like a good Catholic, interred with all the rites and ceremonies of the Romish Church. All the illuminated transcripts of Froissart, although executed not more than fifty years after the original work was finished, are less valuable on account of the illuminations they contain not being accordant with the text, but representing the customs of the fifteenth century instead of the fourteenth. It is not likely that, in an age far less refined, this practice should be departed from. The tapestry, therefore, must be regarded as a true picture of the time when it was executed.

In the commencement of the tapestry, it is necessary to observe, that the Saxons appear with long mustachios extending on each side

the upper lip, which continues with some exceptions (the result perhaps rather of neglect than intention) throughout the whole work. But in no instance but one, I believe, is this distinction to be found on the side of the Normans. This exception occurs in the face of one of the cooks, preparing the dinner for the Norman army after their landing in England. It may be also remarked in various places, that the beard is another peculiarity common to the Saxons; it may be seen in the person of Edward the Confessor, and, several times represented amongst the Saxon warriors. It is rarely to be observed among the Normans, and is then chiefly confined to the lower orders. It does not appear probable that the above noticed distinctions existed after the Conquest among the Saxons.

On coming to that part of the tapestry where Harold is prisoner in the hands of Guy Earl of Ponthieu, a most singular custom first presents itself in the persons of Duke William, Guy, and their people: not only are their upper lips shaven, but nearly the whole of their heads, excepting a portion of hair left in front. It is from the striking contrast which these figures form with the messenger who is crouching before William, that it is evident he is a Saxon, and probably dispatched from Harold.

It is a curious circumstance in favour of the great antiquity of the tapestry, that time has I believe handed down to us, no other representation of this most singular fashion, and it appears to throw a new light on a fact, which has perhaps been misunderstood: the report made by Harold's spies, that the Normans were an army of priests, is well known. I should conjecture, from what appears in the tapestry, that their resemblance to priests did not so much arise from the upper lip being shaven, as from the circumstance of the complete tonsure of the back part of the head.

The following passage seems to confirm this conjecture, and at the same time to prove the truth of the tapestry.

> " Un des Engles qui ot veus,
> Tos les Normans res et tondus
> Cuida que tot provoire feussent
> Et que messes canter puessent."
> *Le Roman du Rou*, fol. 232.

How are we to reconcile these facts with a conjecture that the tapestry might have been executed in the time of Henry the First, when we are well assured that during the reign of that king the hair was worn so long, that it excited the anethemas of the church? There are many examples of sculpture on the conti-

nent, which exhibit the extravagant fashions of that time. The men are represented with long hair, falling below their shoulders; the women with two locks, plaited or bound with ribbands, and falling over each shoulder in front, frequently reaching below their knees. The only examples I believe of this kind, that can be cited in England, are the figures of Henry the First and his queen on a portal of Rochester cathedral. It may be asked at what period these fashions arose. From the violent censures which teemed throughout England and France in reprobation of them at the beginning of the twelfth century, it is not probable they had been then long established with the people. — A passage in William of Malmesbury, indicates that these fashions sprung up with some others during the reign of William Rufus. "Tunc fluxus crinium, tunc luxus vestium, tunc usus calceorum cum Arcuatis aculeis inventus. Mollitie corporis, certare cum fœminis, gressum frangere gestu soluto, et latere nudo incedere, Adolescentium specimen erat."*

The figures on horseback where Harold is seized on his landing in the territory of Wido, bear on their shields various devices, but none which may properly be termed heraldic.

* Edit. 1596. fol. 69, b.

Neither here nor in any other part of the Tapestry is a lion, fess, chevron, or other heraldic figure to be found; they are almost entirely confined to dragons, crosses, and spots. Nor do we find any particular or distinguished person twice bearing the same device. The pennons attached to the lances of the Normans are similarly ornamented, with this exception, that they bear no animals.

It is not easy to fix the time when heraldic bearings assumed a more decided character than in the Tapestry; but there appears to exist some proof that heraldic bearings were used in the time of Henry the First. John, a monk of Marmoustier in Touraine, who was living in the time of Geoffrey Plantagenet, on that prince's marriage with Matilda, the daughter of Henry the First, at Mans, describes him previous to his being knighted as having put on him a hauberk and stockings wrought with double mailles, golden spurs fastened to his feet, *a shield emblazoned with little golden lions* hung about his neck, and a helmet glittering with precious stones on his head. The only representation of Geoffrey Plantagenet, I believe, known to exist, is upon a beautifully enamelled tablet of copper, which depicts him bearing an immense shield emblazoned with *golden lions* on a field azure. The number of the lions is not certain, as but one half

the shield is seen, yet it seems probable there were six, 3, 2, and 1, as we find his bastard grandson, William Longespee, on his tomb in Salisbury cathedral, bearing on his shield in a field azure six lions Or, or 3, 2, and 1.

The beautiful memorial of Geoffrey Plantagenet here alluded to, (a drawing of which is now exhibited) formerly hung in the church of St. Julien at Mans, but disappeared during the revolution. It has, however, been lately saved from the melting pot, to which the unsparing hands of the revolutionists had consigned it, and is now preserved in the public Museum of that town. Geoffrey Plantagenet died in 1150, and there can be little doubt from the style in which it is executed, that this memorial is of that date. A similar enamelled tablet, representing Ulger Bishop of Angers, who died in 1149, formerly hung over his tomb in the church of St. Maurice at Angers, but was destroyed during the revolution.

Under the words *Ubi Harold et Wido parabolant*, the figure holding by the column on the left of Wido, from his antic action, and the singularity of his costume, I imagine is intended to represent a fool or jester, attendant on Guy Earl of Ponthieu.

There are only three female figures repre-sented in the whole of the Tapestry, Ælfgyva,

Editha the queen of Edward the Confessor, who is weeping by the death-bed of the king, and a female flying from a house which is on fire. These females, by the manner in which their hair is invariably concealed, bear a strong resemblance to the delineations of women to be found in our Saxon MSS.

The armour represented is entirely different in its form from all other examples: instead of the hauberk being like a shirt, open at the bottom, it is continued as breeches, reaching to the knees; the sleeves are short. Formed thus, it does not appear how it is to be put on, but it seems probable from some contrivance of rings and straps, which are represented on the breast, in many instances, that there was an opening at the collar sufficiently large for the legs to enter previously to the arms being put into the sleeves. There is an apparent confirmation of this conjecture in that part where William is giving armour to Harold: the former is represented with his left hand putting the helmet on the head of the latter, and with his right hand apparently fastening a strap, which is drawn through the rings on the breast of Harold. The armour of William is fastened in the same manner. In general the legs are bound with bands of different colours, but in some instances they appear covered with mail, and when this is the case it

is only found to be so on the legs of the most distinguished characters, as William, Odo, Eustatius, &c.

It is remarkable, that a principal weapon used in the Norman as well as the Saxon army, resembles a lance in its length, but is thrown as a javelin or dart. This is the only manner in which it is used by the Saxon soldiers, and there are two instances of Saxons being armed with three or four of these weapons. The Normans not only appear to use them in this manner, but also as lances, and always so when the pennon or small flag is attached. I believe examples of this sort of weapon are very rarely if at all to be seen long after the Conquest.

The Saxons are invariably represented as fighting on foot, and when not using missiles are generally armed with axes; their shields are many of them round, with a boss in the centre, as in the Saxon MSS., and in no instance do we find a Norman bearing a shield of this form. These three last mentioned circumstances are, I think, strong arguments in favour of the opinion that the Tapestry is of the time of the Conquest.

A single character in some parts of the Tapestry is so often repeated, almost in the same place, and within so small a space, that the subject becomes confused; there is an example

of this in the deaths of Lewine and Gyrth, the brothers of Harold; and another instance, better defined, in the death of Harold, who appears first fighting by his standard-bearer, afterwards where he is struck by the arrow in his eye, and lastly where he has fallen, and the soldier is represented wounding him in the thigh.

The supposition that Taillefer is depicted throwing up his sword is a mistake so evident, that the slightest observation of the Tapestry must correct. The weapon in the air is clearly a mace: this may be proved by comparing it with the weapons in the hands of the three last figures at the end of the Tapestry.

In the Tapestry there is no attempt at light and shade, or perspective, the want of which is substituted by the use of different coloured worsteds. We observe this in the off legs of the horses, which are distinguished alone from the near legs by being of different colours. The horses, the hair, and mustachios, as well as the eyes and features of the characters, are depicted with all the various colours of green, blue, red, &c. according to the taste or caprice of the artist. This may be easily accounted for, when we consider how few colours composed their materials.

That whoever designed this historical record

was intimately acquainted with what was passing on the Norman side, is evidently proved by that minute attention to familiar and local circumstances evinced in introducing, solely in the Norman party, characters certainly not essential to the great events connected with the story of the work; a circumstance we do not find on the Saxon side. But with the Normans we are informed that Turold, an individual of no historical note, held the horses of William's messengers, by the bare mention of his name. And again, the words, "*Here is Wadard*," are simply written, without more explanation. Who Wadard might have been, history does not record; we must therefore conclude he was a character too well known to those persons acquainted with what was passing in the army of William to need any amplification to point out his rank, but not of sufficient importance to be recorded in history. The same application may be made in regard to Vital, whom William interrogates concerning the army of Harold.

The interesting subject of these remarks has induced me to extend them beyond my first intention. I trust this will plead my excuse for having so long trespassed upon your time. I have the honour to be,

Dear Sir, very respectfully yours,

C. A. STOTHARD.

To SAMUEL LYSONS, Esq. F. R. S. &c.

In the summer of 1819, I accompanied my husband into Norfolk, where he visited for some time Mr. Dawson Turner, of Yarmouth, a gentleman well known for his literary works, and whose lady, a woman of the most superior acquirements, has executed many valuable etchings with masterly taste and ability, a talent rarely found united with female accomplishments and elegance.

During this journey, Charles visited many towns in Norfolk and Suffolk, for the purpose of adding some drawings to his collection of monumental subjects. Whilst he was thus engaged, the accidental sight of a newspaper brought him acquainted with the circumstance of the discoveries recently made at the House of Lords, on the walls of the painted-chamber, then undergoing repair. He hastened immediately his return to London, anxious by his pencil to rescue from oblivion these very early and interesting vestiges of art. From the paintings on the walls of the chamber, he executed a complete series of the most beautiful and highly finished drawings. In these, he displayed "his ingenious "recovery of the long lost art of raising gold, as "embossed on the surface of the material; a "mode which contributes so much to the rich "splendour of the old illuminated MSS." This discovery he communicated to me, and instructed

me in the method of using it; a secret which, but for this circumstance, would again have died with himself. Enthusiastic and fearless in his pursuit, Charles took his stand upon the highest and most dangerous parts of the scaffold erected in the Painted Chamber for the repairs; and there, almost stunned by the incessant noise of the workmen, amidst dust and every possible annoyance, he actually commenced and finished these beautiful productions of his pencil. On one occasion, his life was so imminently in danger whilst standing upon the scaffolding, that he narrowly escaped the terrible fate which afterwards befell him.

Not long before his death, he was occupied in preparing the materials for an essay concerning the age of these curious paintings, which he purposed laying before the Society of Antiquaries, who possessed his original drawings. Of these papers (*which were never finished,*) only the following fragments have been found. They commence with a letter addressed

To Henry Ellis, Esq., Secretary to the Society of Antiquaries, Librarian of the British Museum, &c.

My DEAR SIR,

On exhibiting before the Society of Antiquaries the series of drawings that I have made

from the walls of the Painted Chamber, I feel it necessary to say something respecting them; though it is not my design, at the present period, to enter upon that examination which the interest of the subject demands.

Considering how rare are the remains that we possess, capable of affording us any knowledge of the early state of painting in England, these (which are the *earliest* series now existing) become the more valuable on that account. It is my intention, previous to the ensuing winter, to collect and bring together such materials as may prove illustrative of these ancient paintings, and that may throw a light upon a period which embraces a most important æra in the early history of art in this country, a time very barren of intelligence on the subject. The result of my researches I shall have the honour of laying before the society at a future meeting.

Although these paintings are not by any means so beautifully finished, or so well preserved as those discovered some years since in St. Stephen's chapel; yet are they infinitely more interesting, from their age, and the wide field they open to us for tracing the history of the art in this country. It was known as early as 1800, that such paintings existed, at the time St. Stephen's chapel underwent extensive alterations; but it was not till the month of August, 1819, that they

were uncovered, in consequence of the repairs to be made in the apartment.

The Painted Chamber, previous to that period, presented nothing in its appearance that could justify the appellation it had so long received. The walls, to a certain height, were covered with blue paper; and above that, to the cornice, with a thick coating of white-wash. The ceiling was also white-washed in the same manner. It appeared upon the removal of the paper, &c., that the subjects delineated upon the walls had suffered considerably from the materials with which they had been covered, and the recent damages made by the Vandals of 1800.

I was absent from town at the time of these discoveries; and in consequence of not hearing of them so early as I could have wished, I did not reach the spot till the beginning of September. I then found considerable changes had taken place by the admission of air and light upon the surface of paintings which had been so long shut up. In consequence of the interest you, my dear sir, expressed on the subject, I obtained an introduction to Col. Stephenson, surveyor-general, who warmly seconded my views, and afforded me every facility in the execution of my purpose; and, I must remark, that the care and attention that gentleman paid to the

preservation of these curious remains, forms a striking contrast with the former heedless devastation, both in this apartment, and in St. Stephen's chapel in 1800.

The Painted Chamber is eighty feet in length, twenty in breadth, and fifty in height. It receives its principal light from four windows, two at the east end, and two on the north side of the room; the heads of three of these are pointed, but that towards the south on the north side is round. It was discovered that five windows had been filled up, two of them before the paintings in question were executed; and the heads of these, it is to be remarked, were circular. It is probable, from this and other circumstances, that the original form of all the windows was the same. The other three had been filled up at a later period; and amongst the rubbish used for this purpose was a quantity of stones, on the surface of which appeared a variety of paintings; from these, I selected a complete series of subjects, representing the employments of the twelve months of the year. It had been imagined, that these painted stones belonged to the walls of some other room which was destroyed; but as the present chimney-piece in the Painted Chamber, from its architecture, is about the time of Henry VII., I am inclined to believe that the

twelve months appropriately ornamented the frize of the original chimney-piece. The whole of these subjects might have been put together, and perfectly restored; but as detached fragments, when first thrown out, they were not attended to; and the indiscreet folly of possessing pieces of no value *individually*, induced persons who visited the chamber to take away several of the heads of these figures. The windows were also found to be painted, the colours extremely fresh and perfect, where the rubbish had not detached the stucco from the walls.

The paintings on the walls of this chamber are arranged around the interior in a succession of subjects on six bands, that extend on all sides the room, something similar to the Bayeux tapestry, and were probably put up in the manner, and as it was the custom to place an ornament of that kind. Each band or range of subjects increases in breadth the farther it is removed from the eye; so that the upper band near the ceiling is thrice the breadth of the lower, which is on a line with the sight. This was probably done, in order that the subjects at the top might be as perceptible as those beneath, and to counteract the reducing effect of distance.

It has been supposed, that this apartment was destroyed by fire as early as 1263, when a con-

siderable part of the palace of Westminster suffered; but I think it will be seen, that this was not the case, when I shall at a future time enter more deeply into the examination of these antiquities. It is remarkable, that the subjects on the walls have been re-painted at least three times; and I have reason to believe, that the last time the subjects were so renewed, the gilder was more employed in exerting his skill than the painter. The additions were partial.

The ceiling, which is of wood, had been painted as well as the walls, and had been ornamented with a number of large and small *quatre foil pateræ* attached to the ceiling. On removing the large *pateræ*, beneath each was discovered the painting of the head of a saint. For some reason, these did not extend more than half the length of the chamber, the *pateræ* concealing what appeared to be an unfinished work. The paintings of the heads upon the ceiling are evidently not by the same hand that executed those on the walls; the drawing is mean, and the pencilling extremely loose and free.

Although some anomalies are created in these subjects upon the walls, by parts of former designs being retained, yet a tolerably correct idea may be formed about what period the *last* painting was executed; and I should state it to be in

the reign of Edward I., without at present descending to a number of little particulars observable in the paintings themselves, which I shall hereafter adduce, with other evidence, in proof of this assertion.

I shall now proceed to describe the subjects. Those on the upper band are apparently drawn from the Maccabees, or rather treat of the war between Judas Maccabeus and Antiochus. The subjects are chiefly from the Bible, and the stories remarkably well told. Beneath each, in a fair black-letter character, appear the descriptive texts. These are in French; and they seem to be translations from the Old Testament. I shall commence my account by describing those on the south side of the room, where I have selected the greater number of my drawings, as the originals were there the most perfect; and I am sorry to say that the present collection of subjects is not even a twentieth part of the original number that had once decorated the chamber before their destruction.

No. 1. The only painting on the *lowest* band of which there are any remains.—From the fragment left of this subject, I have not yet been able to make out to what precise historical fact it refers. It seems to represent the meeting of two kings: one, attired in armour, attended by his knights, is seen standing at the gate of a

castle; the other prince appears within the entry. The tracings of two figures are discernible, who are meeting without the building; one appears to be thrusting a sword into the other.

No. 2. The Coronation of Edward the Confessor.—This painting seems to have been more exposed to injury at some period, than any of the others; and this is the only one that appears to have suffered from time and exposure. The figures on the right hand of the king are unfortunately nearly effaced; but the archbishop, and some other prelates who surround him, remain in tolerable preservation. The execution of this subject possesses considerable merit. Above Edward, is the inscription, "*C'est le Couronne-*" "*mente de St. Edward.*"

No. 3. From the Maccabees.—The principal part of this is occupied by the story of the mother and her seven sons. Antiochus appears seated upon his throne. The mother on his left hand, encouraging the last of her children to prepare for death. On the right of the king is seen a figure cutting out the tongue of one of her sons. In that part where the painting is defaced, several cauldrons are represented, the means of death and torture for the mother's remaining children. At one end of this part, Antiochus again appears worshipping a golden image, who bears a circular shield and a spear.

No. 4. On the same line, is pourtrayed a

subject I have not yet been able to make out. It commences with knights in armour, and on horseback, (bearing banners and pennons,) issuing from the gates of a building. One of these figures wears a green surcoat, *semée* with *fleurs-de-lis*. The field of his shield is also green, and has but three *fleurs-de-lis* upon it. In the centre, within a building, appears a king seated upon his throne, attended by two figures. The next compartment of this picture represents a king in armour, falling from his chariot in the midst of his knights. The charioteer is in the act of tearing his hair.

No. 5. Commences with Abimelech destroying his brothers.—Jotham, relating the parable of the trees, choosing a king, is evidently the next subject, but imperfect; as is also the burning of Shechem. Abimelech is again seen, with the mill-stone falling upon his head, thrown by a woman from the tower of Thebes. Lastly, he is represented falling by the sword of his armour-bearer, or, as the inscription expresses it, his *squire*.

No. 6. Begins with Hezekiah breaking the images.—The Assyrians, under the appellation of Arabians, are seen demanding the tribute of the Israelites. Hezekiah appears tearing his garments: he sends to entreat Isaiah to pray for the Israelites.

No. 7. Is a continuation of the same subject.—The Almighty appears to Isaiah. The Angel of the Lord is then employed in destroying the Assyrians in their camp. This painting finishes with the death of Sennacherib by his two sons.

No. 8. Apparently treats of the captivity of the Jews. Figures are seen bearing away vessels of gold. King Jehoiachim and his Queen are depicted as suppliants before the King of Babylon, who afterwards appears forcing them away.

No. 9. Is in some degree a repetition of the former subject.—Persons leave the Temple of Jerusalem bearing the golden candlesticks, bags of money, and a chest of treasure. A man attired in red is employed in driving the people of Jerusalem before him with a whip.—This last subject fell from off the walls before the copy of it could be finished.

The four bands, almost the entire length of the chamber, represent the acts of Elijah and Elisha; but of these I have been able to select but two subjects in continuation.

No. 9. Begins with the destruction of Ahaziah's messengers by fire. The second messengers are next seen soliciting Elijah to spare them. Then appears the angel to Elijah, directing him to return with Ahaziah. The prophet is afterwards seen smiting the waters of the river Jor-

dan with his mantle: he next appears proclaiming to Ahaziah the death he is to suffer for his blasphemy.

No. 10. Relates to the fourth chapter of the second book of Kings, where Elijah sets twenty loaves, &c. before the hundred men.—Naaman brings a letter from his master to the King of Syria. Beneath Naaman is suffering from the leprosy. He then appears above soliciting Elijah to cure his disease.—This subject concludes with the treachery and punishment of Gehazi, the servant of Elisha, who demands, at the chariot of Naaman, the talent of silver and the changes of garments.

No. 11. Depicts figures on horseback fighting.—This painting is very imperfect; but it is evidently from the Maccabees, like most of the subjects on the upper part of the chamber.

No. 12. The last drawing on this side the room. It is probably from the same history.

No. 13. North side.—This drawing is copied from the fifth band, near the ceiling. The subject, I believe, is from the seventh chapter of the second book of Maccabees; and represents the battle between Judas and Timotheus, ending with the taking of Gazara.

No. 14.—Fourth band, between the windows at the east end.—This painting is so much defaced, that I cannot make out the story. The

five following subjects are painted in the windows, which had been filled up.—Nos. 15. and 16. are in the same place. They represent the favourite subject of the time, Edward the Confessor, giving the ring to St. John, who wears the appearance of a pilgrim.—It is much to be regretted, that so little is left of these *very beautiful* specimens of the art of painting at the æra of their execution. A door made beneath, in place of the window, has been their destruction.

No. 17. Represents, allegorically, *Largesse*, or Liberality, trampling under her feet, and piercing with her spear, *Covoitise*, or Avarice. She holds in one hand a long purse, which she is emptying into the mouth of Avarice, who appears laden with purses. The border of this subject is ornamented with the arms of the Kings of England, and Frederick Emperor of Germany.

No. 18. Is also an allegorical figure of *Debonereté*, or Gentleness, trampling on Anger, and holding in one hand a rod; her other arm rests upon the straps of her shield, emblazoned with the lions of England. The arms of the border similarly introduced are those of England, Edward the Confessor, and St. Edmund, king of the East Angles. The triumph of the virtues over the opposite vices, appears to have been a very favourite subject both with painters and

sculptors for two or three centuries; and there are many existing instances: amongst them I shall name the sculptures on the door-way entering from the cloisters into Salisbury cathedral; the great portal of the church of Notre Dame, at Tournay; and the last, which approaches nearer to painting, is to be found on the beautifully enamelled head of the pastoral staff which is said to have belonged to —— bishop of Chartres.

No. 19. — This subject is in another window that was filled up, on the north side of the Painted Chamber; the upper part of the figure alone appeared sufficiently perfect to be copied: it represents a female, armed like the others, in a shirt of mail, bearing a circular shield. It is remarkable, that the arrangement of the lion, the cross, and the *fleur-de-lis*, are the same as we find them on some of the coins of Edward III.

The remainder of this letter could no where be found amongst Mr. C. Stothard's papers.

Fragments of an Essay on the Painted Chamber, written by C. A. Stothard.

The ancient palace of Westminster appears to have been an irregular cluster of buildings;

which, commencing with Westminster-hall, and extending south six or seven hundred feet, was connected at its western extremity with the jewel-house, now the parliament-office. Of this range of buildings, there is every reason to believe that those appointed for state purposes were to the north; and we are able to identify most of them with their old names. Of these, Westminster-hall was the largest, called the greater hall: the present house of lords was known by the names of the lesser hall, the white hall, and the great white chamber*; the house of commons†, St. Stephen's chapel; and the painted chamber, (which has retained one of its ancient names,) was called St. Edward's‡, and the parliament chamber.‖ The old house of

* Query — Was the *old* house of lords the queen's chamber, the painted chamber, the king's, and the *house of lords* the lesser hall? It is natural to suppose, from the proximity of St. Stephen's chapel, and such magnificent apartments, that the king and queen lodged in this part of the palace.

Henry III. in the twentieth of his reign, orders that the great chamber should be painted of a good green colour, like a curtain; and Edward the Black Prince, who died 1376, a little while before his death, made his will in the king's great chamber.

† The church of St. Stephen's chapel was towards the garden.

‡ St. Edward's chamber, so called in 1477.

‖ A parliament, in 1364, was held in the painted chamber.

lords is the only apartment to which its ancient name has not been with any certainty assigned; but the probability is, that this was either the king or queen's chamber, both of these apartments being described as contiguous. The king's great chamber and the queen's chamber were both painted; and it appears probable that the king's great chamber was the court of requests, as we find afterwards that when this court was burnt, the queen's chamber was consumed with it.

The king's chamber was not a sleeping-room, as he delivered in that apartment the great seal to Michalar de Ely, in the forty-fourth of his reign.

One of the most important questions to which these paintings lead, is, who were the artists capable of producing so magnificent a work at so early a period? My opinion on this subject, with the reasons which have contributed to its adoption, I shall state as briefly as possible for the present purpose.

On carefully examining and comparing the different paintings, as well those which have been copied as those which have not, I am induced to think, that the artists who executed the principal part of these paintings were Italians. I was at first led to adopt this opinion, by the

forms and proportions of the architecture introduced in various parts of the work, but more particularly so by the pedimental form above most of the arches, and the shape of the crockets; for instead of the sweeping arch, adorned with crockets and finials, the latter always appear on pedimental and angular forms. From the researches that I have made at various times for other purposes, I am perfectly familiar with this characteristic; and I find it in all Italian works, when not affecting the Roman style.

It may be justly said, that these forms are to be found in many of our cathedrals and churches in this country, but I feel convinced that they may all be traced to the Italians; and that it is to them we owe this feature, which was afterwards ingrafted into our own architecture. The purest examples of this particular style in England are to be found on the tombs of Edmund Crouchback, and his countess, Aveline, and on that of Aymer de Valence. I have purposely selected these, because it will presently appear that they are still more closely connected with the Painted Chamber.

And to show how similar are the works in England, in this angular style, with those of Italy, I have placed the tomb of Edmund Crouchback, and a building from the Painted

Chamber, in the same sheet with Italian examples from Orviretto. Nos. 1. and 2. are alike, in having brackets springing out on each side the canopy. Although this feature is common in the northern parts of Italy, I know but of three instances of it in this country, besides that which pervades the architecture in the drawings before the Society. I also observe, that the crockets are all of a remarkable form, which is common in Italian works. In No. of the drawings, appears a building in the distance, which closely resembles the Campanili, or bell-towers of the Italian cities; but which bears no similitude to any thing known in our architecture.

In the only two instances where the human figure appears divested of clothing, there is a knowledge of the form displayed, which would have shamed subjects executed in this country two hundred years after. If it were possible to prove these to be English works, the Italians of the same period could not boast of being our superiors in art.

I have also to state, in addition to the above remarks, that the raised composition with which these works are adorned, is undoubtedly of Italian origin. Of this, Margeritori of Arezzo is said to have been the inventor, and to have rendered his works superior to those of all his

contemporaries, by the use of this discovery. Margeritori flourished towards the latter end of the thirteenth century, and died 1281. When these paintings before us were first executed, it does not appear that this composition was at all used, a circumstance easily accounted for, when we consider that if this mode of composition was ever discovered, so early as the period at which the paintings were commenced, it was not probably in general use throughout Italy; we could not, therefore, expect to find it in England, and I think, from this invention having so recently excited the attention of Italian artists, that it must be almost conclusive, so new a discovery could alone have been introduced into this country by Italians themselves. It is not improbable that the tin-foil found beneath the composition laid upon it, was used for the purpose of protecting it from damp, which might cause its falling off; this seems the more likely, as although this composition is frequently laid on wood, yet we find there the tin-foil not used, as not necessary upon a drier material.

That Italians were the authors of this work, seems to be proved from the few evidences which have come forth from their obscurity. I shall endeavour to show, who were the artists employed about the period these paintings were executed. That Italians were engaged on

works of this kind in England, at the time under consideration, admits of little doubt; and the evidence I am now about to adduce, will at least, I think, show they were amongst the superintending or chief artists.

By mandates of the 44th, 51st, and 52d of the reign of Henry III. (given by Lord Orford,) we find the names of William of Florence, and Walter, both spoken of as being the king's painters. The first from his name was undoubtedly an Italian; of the second we cannot speak with certainty. On looking over some interesting rolls of the 20th of Edward I., given in John Thomas Smith's Antiquities of Westminster, we find amongst the names of the painters there enumerated, that the principal or master painter was *Walter*, who, I have little doubt, is the same person above mentioned. In this last it is remarkable, that the master painter, his son, and the two painters immediately under him, are without the *additions* to the name, which mark all the others as Englishmen; and of these, *Giletto* is evidently an Italian, and from the manner that *Andrew* is always placed in conjunction with him, and as receiving the same wages, I should conclude he was his countryman. That *Walter*, *Andrew*, and *Giletto* were superior artists is evident from the payment they received for their works. The first was en-

gaged at seven shillings per week, and the two latter at the rate of four shillings per week; whilst John of *Carlisle*, Thomas of *Worcester*, and Roger *de Beauchamp*, and others whose names were decidedly *English*, received but two shillings and sixpence each per week. As a very considerable revolution both in the arts of painting and sculpture took its rise about this period, I have reason to believe, from various facts and comparisons, that we are to attribute these changes to the introduction of Italian artists.

The earliest account of the Painted Chamber that can be identified with any certainty, is that given in the Itinerary of Simon Simeon and Hugo the illuminator in 1322. Beyond these; I apprehend every other account must be more or less conjecture; the fire of 1263 rendering any conclusions which we might be induced to adopt from *records previous* to that period, vague and uncertain. The palace of Westminster, before the reign of Edward the third, had been twice damaged by fire; the first time in 1263, and again in 1299, in the twenty-seventh of Edward I.; when Stow says, that the fire began in the lesser hall of the king's house, and that the same, with many other houses adjoining, and, with the queen's chamber, were consumed, but afterwards repaired. But whatever injury

the palace might have sustained, there is every reason to believe, from existing evidence in the Painted Chamber itself, that it did not suffer on either of these occasions. These evidences I shall presently state at large. For the knowledge of the MS. above mentioned we are indebted to Mr. Gray, in a letter addressed to Lord Orford. I shall here transcribe the passage.

"I had been told of a MS. in Bennet Li-
"brary: the inscription of it is, 'Itinerarium Fra-
"tris, Simonis Simeonis et Hugonis Illumina-
"toris, 1322.' Would not one think this should
"promise something? They were two Franciscan
"friars that came from Ireland, and passed
"through Wales to London, to Canterbury, to
"Dover, and so to France in their way to
"Jerusalem. All that relates to our own country
"has been transcribed for me, and sorry am I
"to say, signifies not a half-penny; only this
"little bit might be inserted in your next edition
"of the Painter's Itinerarium Fratris, Simonis
"Simeonis et Hugonis Illuminatoris, 1322."

"Ad aliud caput civitatis (Londoniæ) est
"monasterium nigrorum monachorum, nomine
"Westmonasterium, in quo constanter et com-
"muniter omnes reges Angliæ sepeliunter, et
"eidem monasterio, quasi immediate conjugitur
"illud famosissimum palatium regis, in quo est
"illa vulgata camera in cujus parietibus sunt

"omnes historiæ bellicæ totius Bibliæ meffabi-
"liter depictæ atque in Gallico completissime
"et perfectissime conscriptæ in non modica in-
"tuentium admiratione, et maxima regali mag-
"nificentiâ."

From the evidence on the face of the paintings themselves, it is not probable that they had been long repainted, and under such circumstances, the friars might well admire the magnificence of the work, and the clearness and beauty of the French inscriptions.

Although it is a remarkable character in this work, that notwithstanding its having been twice repainted, it still retains in most places the original compositions, as well as some of the minuter forms; yet there is not sufficient existing of these to form any idea of the period at which the work was commenced.

On turning over the collections for the History of Painting, published by Lord Orford, to assist me on this point, I find the well known extracts from the close rolls of the 34th and 35th of Henry III.; there are only two of these appear to have any reference to the Painted Chamber; the first occurs 34th of Henry III., commanding that a book written in French, containing the acts of Antiochus, should be delivered for the queen's use.

"Claus. 35. Hen. III. M. 10. Mandatum est

"Edwardo de Westm. quod Judaismum Regis
"apud Westm. et magnum cellarium venorum,
" Regis lambruscari et bassam cameram in gar-
" dino regis et parvam turellam ultra capellam
" ibidem depingi et in eadem camera unum
" camerum fieri faciat quam quidem cameram
" Antioch volumus appellari.

" Claus. 34. Hen. III. M. 12. Mandatum est
" R. de Sandeford magistro militiæ templi in
" Angliâ, quod faciat habere Henrico de warde-
" roba latori presentium, ad opus reginæ quen-
" dam librum magnum qui est in domo sua
" London Gallico idiomaté scriptum, in quo
" continentur gesta Antiochæ et regum aliorum.
" Leste rege apud Westmon. XVII. die Mari."

In the first of these orders, however obscure the Latin may be, it appears evident, (as the sense must be governed by the construction,) that the book spoken of contained the acts of Antiochus and other kings, and could not, as Lord Orford imagined, have related to the crusades. With such an error before us, arising from the false termination in the word *Antiochiæ*, we should, I think, be careful that we are not again misled by the same word, though differently terminated; and as the book alluded to certainly was intended to be applied to some work of art, I do not think we should be at all justified in translating the words in the *second*

precept, *Cameram Antioch*, Antioch Chamber; as the word stands, we have as much cause to translate the passage, the Chamber of Antiochus. There can exist no doubt as to the subject of the book ordered for delivery, when it appears so evident, that it contained *the acts of Antiochus and other kings;* thus translated, it may be fairly inferred from an attentive examination of the subjects depicted on the walls of the Painted Chamber, and the French texts beneath, that there is a close connexion between these paintings and the book in question. In the following year after this book had been procured *ad opus Reginæ*, we find by the second roll, that a low chamber which had been painted was ordered to be called ANTIOCH. * * *

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The following letters were written by my husband in 1819.

LETTER ON ANCIENT CUSTOMS, &c.

To Mrs. C. Stothard, Bromley, Kent.

Rodney Buildings.

MY DEAREST LOVE,

I have before me your written paper, containing both the plan of your purposed work, and the points on which you wish me to give you some information. Of the former, I believe you already know my opinion, that I exceedingly

approve it. You say that you have already written the book in *your head;* to which I answer, I would rather it were so done on paper, before the spirit of the plan evaporates; as I know *somebody*, a little friend of mine, who is very apt to feel warm in a new pursuit, eagerly follow it, and after a time give it up for something else that comes in the shape of *novelty*. I say no more; but the dusty Latin books, the unfinished Apollo, the broken-stringed harp, with certain other poor neglected friends, tell a tale of inconstancy. I am quite as enthusiastic about Froissart as yourself, and think as you do of the story that seems so much to strike your fancy. We do, indeed, enter with him into those times whose manners and customs he records with so much fidelity and spirit. I am unfortunately at the present moment too busy to answer your questions, as I could wish to give you all the information you desire; when I have more leisure, however, you will not find I forget it. For the present, I can only give you the following, which I hope will satisfy you till a more convenient opportunity.

First then—*The coronet* does not appear to have been used under its present form (excepting it is discovered on the heads of females,) by princes, dukes, earls, or knights, till the reign of Edward III.; and it is then to be found indiscriminately on the heads of all these.

We may, therefore, infer, that it was used rather as an ornament than as a particular mark of distinction, as it is to be seen in the monuments on the helmets of simple knights as well as earls; but it perhaps became so, when we find it disappeared on the helmets of the former, and was retained on those of the latter. And it yet remains to discover the earliest examples of the coronet, so indiscriminately borne, and also those examples where it was an honorable assumption. The coronet, under its present form, before the introduction of the leaves, was simply a *fillet*, more or less ornamented, to confine the hair, and was worn alike by all classes above a certain rank. A coronet, commonly called a garland, is spoken of by Matthew Paris. In its nearer approach to the coronet, it became adorned with precious stones. We have good evidence that in this state it was called a *circle*. As an ornamented fillet, it was probably regarded in the reign of Edward III., and was thence called a circle; for Lionel, Duke of Clarence, in his will, leaves two golden *circles*; with one of which he says he was created a duke, and with the other his brother Edward was created a prince. Edmund, Earl of March, leaves to his daughter Philippa, a coronet of gold, with stones, and two hundred great pearls; also, a circle with roses, emeralds, and rubies of Alexandria in the roses.

The chaplet, in the time of Henry IV., appears to have been worn round the helmet as a defence; being composed of twisted linen, or a fillet of cloth, stuffed with somewhat most capable of resisting the blow of a sword: for a specimen of the latter we must look to Bohun, in Gloucester Cathedral.

The *coat hardie* sat close to the body, and covered principally the lower part; it was a summer dress with the ladies, towards the end of the fourteenth century. The following story of the *coat hardie* will afford you some amusement. A certain nobleman had two daughters, but one was fairer than the other. A gallant knight who had heard the fame of her beauty, asked and obtained her father's leave to woo her. The day was fixed, and the knight arrived. When the damsels appeared, the plain sister came dressed in the order of the season; but the fair one, wishing to outvie her, and to shew her charms to the best advantage, wore the *coat hardie*, which made her so cold, and *her nose looked so red and blue*, that the knight could not fancy her beauty, so he wooed and wedded the other maid.

In the thirty-seventh year of Edward III., the wives and daughters of esquires, not possessing the yearly amount of two hundred pounds, are forbidden to wear any purfilling or facings on

their garments, or to use *esclaires crinales*, or *treofles*.

The wives and daughters of knights, not possessing property to the value of two hundred marks a-year, were restricted from using linings of *ermine*, or *letice esclaires*, or any kind of precious stones, unless it be upon their heads. Knights and ladies possessing the value of four hundred marks yearly, extending to one thousand pounds, are not permitted to wear the furs of ermine or letice, nor any embellishments of pearls, but on their heads.

The *mantle* appears to have been given only to married women, in the monuments of the time of Henry IV. Mantles were sometimes hooded. An instance is given of this in an anecdote related by Fitz Stephen of Henry II. and his Chancellor Becket. The king forcibly took one from him, and gave it to a poor man.

Of the *surcoat*, John is the first we observe on the seals to wear the surcoat over the hauberk. An old French writer tells us, that Charlemagne had always in winter a new surcoat, with sleeves, lined with fur, to guard his body and his breast from cold.

The *crest, cap of estate.* In the seals of Edward III., made after he had assumed the lilies of France, by quartering them with the leopards,

we observe, for the first time, the cap of estate, surmounted with the lion, A. D. 1338.

We do not find by our monuments or other memorials, that *crests* were borne in such variety as at present. With but few exceptions, they were generally the heads of beasts, birds, or branches of feathers. The reared arm, bearing the cross, the demi-lion, and many others of the same character, which now abound, are most probably the conceits of the age of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, when quaint fancies were sought after.

From the tomb of Richard II., and other evidences, it appears he not only impaled *the arms of England* with those of *Edward the Confessor*, but also used them on an escutcheon alone; Edward the Confessor having been adopted by Richard as his patron saint. An example of this, and perhaps the best, is to be found on the entrance of Westminster Hall.

Edward III. adopted St. George as his patron saint; and we find on the tomb of that king, the *arms of England*, and the *cross of St. George*, alternately enamelled on escutcheons; and it is not improbable that the cross of St. George has been the English badge ever since Edward's time. This appears still more likely, when it is considered that Edward III. founded the order of the Garter.

Knights being represented *cross-legged*, was certainly allusive to Templars, or Knights of the Holy Voyage; as after Edward III.'s reign, (in which the order was dissolved,) we find no monuments in that fashion.

At the earliest periods, when *the mail covered the head*, it appears not to have been detached from, but to have been one piece with that which covered the body; but in the early part of the reign of Henry III. (to which period our earliest *effigies* belong) we see the mail flat on the top of the head, and laced or tied above the left ear. Of this description are the effigies of many of the knights in the Temple Church, William Longespee, Earl of Salisbury, the knight in Malvern Abbey Church, Robert Courthose, &c. An early specimen differs considerably from these, as the mail appears to go over the surcoat, not to have any kind of lacing or fastening much above the ears, nor at all to be attached to the shirt of mail, as in the former, only, like them, characterized by this flatness.

The last alteration we find, is the mail as before, but of one entire piece, sometimes with, and sometimes without a fillet; but resembling the hood, a part of the civil dress, to be drawn over the head, and thrown back upon the shoulders at pleasure.

The *bacinet* was worn in the fourteenth cen-

tury, and part of the thirteenth, sometimes with or without a vizor, but always finished with other appendages, as *vervilles*. The *camail*, and what was called by the French a *hourson*, to which may be added a *strap*, was to attach the whole by means of a buckle to the *haubergeon*, or *plates*. The camail was originally a covering of mail for the head, and was called the *cap-mail*, the bacinet being worn over it; but, about 1330, its form was materially altered; it no longer extended as a covering for the head; vervilles, or staples, were introduced on the bacinet, and the camail fastened outside by means of these and a lace. We have some few instances, about the period that this change took place, where the ends of the mail, at its junction with the bacinet, are left folding over the lacing, and depending on each side in an ornamental form. The camail was often called the barbiere, or the gorgerette, after the changes took place; but as there is more consistency in Froissart, in his descriptions of armour, I have preferred that name by which he invariably distinguishes this appendage to the bacinet. The lacing of the helmet to the cervelliere, appears to have been first disused in all those monuments of the time of Henry IV., and was never afterwards resumed.

CHARLES A. STOTHARD.

To Mrs. Charles Stothard.

1819.

My dearest Love,

Anxiety is indeed the test of affection; I think you are never so dear to me as in those moments, when I am uneasy about you. If you were well, Eliza, I believe I could find it in my heart to reproach you for an unkind act; when I begged you to arrange some of my papers, and burn the *waste*, did I desire you to destroy any of the letters *you* had written to me? Could it be possible you should for a moment imagine I could include a line, a single line written by my Eliza, under such a name? I hope you will never again destroy any of your letters to me. Now that you are near me, they have no particular value, they are not objects of attention. In keeping your letters, they would only become valuable in case any accident should part us. Would you then put me in such a situation, that, should the Almighty choose me to be alone in the world, I must in vain look for characters of affection from a being who ceased to exist, and without which, memory would very inefficiently hold up traces time might render so faint, that the lapse of years would leave as a dream, only melancholy recollections of a being dear to me as life.

It is on this account I am so anxious to possess your picture, but you always put me off with *delays*. You know how uneasy I am frequently about you; do not then deprive me of a consolation which nothing will purchase when it is most wanted. You may leave me, and I shall have nothing to remember you by, but your remaining letters; it is probably written by Providence that one day I shall be truly wretched; and bitter will be the thought, that Eliza *might have left me one comfort*. Do not then deprive me of the little happiness remaining, in case I should unfortunately lose you; for how uncertain is every thing here. Time may blunt the first overwhelming impulse of sorrow: it may do more; it may teach us the value of those blessings we still possess. New affections, new ties may spring up; but time can never, never erase the early, the deep-rooted impressions of a first affection. The hope, too, of having in my possession the resemblance of the dearest object of my love, gives me a pleasure I scarcely know how to describe to you. In this I secure a resource against the accidents of life, that which all the riches of the world could not procure me when I should most feel its value. It shall ever be my constant companion; no accident then can rob me of it; a thousand might otherwise deprive me of such a treasure.

* * * * *
* * * * *

I am so anxious, and uneasy about you, and love you so much, that now you are away from me, I cannot take pleasure in any thing, but you come between me and the object, like the blight which destroys every thing in its course. I cannot think, act, or even sleep, but your image haunts me. On Saturday I dreamt of you; the consequence of your letter I suppose. I will tell you my dream, because it is one of those which, by credulous believers, would be reckoned *ominous;* but I repeat it more because it will give you pleasure.

It seemed I was travelling by night on foot in a mountainous country; as the day broke, I became more and more astonished at the hazards to which I had subjected myself. If it is possible, you must endeavour to conceive the horrible sight that now presented itself. I thought I stood upon the summit of an immense mountain, whose steep side was smooth as a bowl, the foot of it seemed lost in fog; but conceive my sensations, when I observed a red orb emerge beneath me, which I knew to be the sun: terrified, my head whirled round, I lost my footing, and was sliding fast down the steep into infinite space, when, to my excessive joy, I

felt I was stayed by some kind hand; on turning round, I discovered that it was my dear Eliza, who had dragged me into a place of safety; a moment more, and she had folded her arms around my neck. On this I awoke, delighted the first part of my dream was not true, but vainly looking for my Eliza. Do you not think, love, this was very singular? How powerful must the imagination be in sleeping, that can paint scenes so far beyond our conceptions in our waking hours! * * * *

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Adieu, dearest Eliza, and believe me ever your affectionate husband,

C. A. STOTHARD.

To Mrs. C. Stothard, Dawson Turner's, Esq. Yarmouth.

Norwich, Wednesday night, August, 1819.

MY DEAREST LOVE,

Sending the impression taken from a brass to Yarmouth, gives me the opportunity of writing you a few lines, to tell you where I am, and how I get on. I conclude you have received, from my friend Mr. Turner, a full account of our journey in search of noseless knights and dames. I shall therefore only tell you, that I

arrived here last night at eight o'clock, and this morning walked to Hetherset to breakfast, distant five miles from Norwich. Being disappointed in the monuments I sought, I walked back to this town, and left it once more for Sprowston, whence, after dining, &c., I have just returned. To-morrow, by the seven o'clock coach, I take the road towards Dereham, where I hope to commence doing something.

I am much afraid the work cut out for me to-day will keep me out beyond the time proposed; but this must entirely depend upon the destinies, whether they have fixed the duration or destruction of my stony subjects, whom I seek. However, my dear girl, if I should happen to be detained, our meeting will but be so much the more joyful; for you know, too well, there is no happiness for me out of your society.

I find I have time to say a few words more; of course I shall not leave any blanks in my paper, when I write to *you*, as it was not my custom in former times. I dined, and spent this day with an antiquary and clergyman, a Mr. Talbot, who received me most hospitably. I shall amuse you, when I give you a specimen of our conversation. We have not had lions, chevrons, and quarterings to give spirit to it, but the blood of the Lancasters, and the ancestors

of the Talbots, to add fire to our discourse. Remember me very kindly to Mr. and Mrs. Turner, the young ladies, and Mr. Cotman.

Scole Inn,
August 17. 1819.

My dearest Eliza,

Circumstances, I will not now trouble you with explaining, have delayed my letter; and it is not an hour since I arrived at this town. I found yours, as you placed it in the portmanteau. When I came within two or three miles of this place, the circumstance of your concealed letter occurred to my mind, which I confess I had nearly forgotten; and I assure you, that I quickened my pace, and walked on with all the ardour of a lover, expecting to find a letter from his mistress. And are you not my mistress? yes; a thousand kind thoughts tell me so, for I have in my walk this evening, ran over every thing in my mind, which the surrounding country revived, concerning events, connected with yourself, at a period at least as far back as six years. Indeed, my love, I think of you quite as much as it is possible you can do of me. I could not help, a few days since, exultingly comparing in my own mind our happiness with the lives of others; and I am the more and more confirmed

in my opinion, that a perfect union of taste, feeling, and pursuits, with equality, and no attempts at ruling on either part, renders a married life such a state of felicity, that, could we shut out the calamities of this world, the age of our first parents, when they enjoyed the paradise of Eden, would be restored. I must now tell you the circumstance which led to these thoughts. I met with a young couple in my travels, genteel enough, and the lady very handsome; but I had scarcely been with them ten minutes, before the gentleman complained they were *very stupid*, and that he had had *no one* to speak to for the last week, having passed that time *alone with his wife*. "Sir," said I, "with such a companion you should never feel alone; a wife's society is beyond all other." The lady smiled, and looked pleased; but her husband muttered something about smoking, and hearing the news.

God ever bless you, my dearest love. Pray take care of your health, and on no account let any blue devil, of whatever description, intrude upon you; but consider, how miserable it would be to return to London without having laid in the stock of health which must cheer and animate our coming winter. Dear Eliza, ever your most affectionate husband,

C. A. STOTHARD.

Upon our return from Norfolk, Charles found Henry Oldner, (the young man whom he had employed as a colourist since the commencement of his work,) extremely ill, incapable of employment, with every symptom of a rapid decline. Henry Oldner was a youth of some talent, great industry, and fond of pursuits above his station in life; and, to the honour of his memory be it spoken, he supported his mother in her old age. Charles, upon hearing of his illness, immediately hastened to him; he found the mother and son in considerable distress, arising from the latter having been incapable of pursuing his occupations. From that time till the hour of poor Oldner's death, nothing could exceed the humane, the generous, and kind attention my husband evinced towards him. He supplied him with money, and any little comfort that could alleviate his sickness, and not a single day passed but he made it a rule to visit him; thinking, that to a feeling mind, in the hour of distress, *personal kindness* and *personal attentions* are quite as useful and as acceptable as money. I remember, that being invited to what he had every reason to expect would prove a most agreeable party, at the other end of the town, he found he could not visit Oldner if he accepted the invitation; he, therefore, hesitated not to decline it; and

gave his attendance at the house of mourning, with infinitely more satisfaction than he would have felt at visiting that of mirth. The last time he ever saw poor Henry alive, the latter thanked him for his goodness, declared his conviction that he should not long survive, and said there was but one thing preyed upon his mind, — he should leave his mother without a friend in her old age.

My husband, exceedingly affected by this discourse, gave him every kind assurance that could contribute to calm the last moments of his life: he promised to be a friend to his mother, and most sacredly did he fulfil that promise. The day following this conversation, whilst Charles was preparing to visit the unfortunate young man, his mother came to acquaint him with the death of her son. "Henry is dead, sir," said Mrs. Oldner; "he is dead; he went off like a candle "that's burnt out; just like the snuff. I "thought he was going in the night, he was "so restless; he could not be at ease on either "side; he looked up in my face, but could not "speak to me; he held out his hand, and it "was all cold; so I set too, and rubbed him, "but it was of no use, he grew colder and "colder; I heated a little broth, but he could "not swallow it, so I knew he would not hold "it long, and that his hour was coming; and

" it came so soon, for he passed away for all the
" world like a baby asleep; only now and then
" that he breathed heavy, and gave a sigh or two;
" but he knew me to the last, quite to the last; for
" he looked up as much as to say, 'that's mother,
" 'that poor old mother.' I have laid him out
" sir, so decent and so nice, and he's come to
" his looks again. Poor Henry, he was a good
" lad, but not too good for where he's gone.
" I would not put you to the expence of a
" coffin, so I went and begged it of the parish;
" but they won't give him a shroud, but I know
" you will, sir. You'll lay Henry, like a chris-
" tian, decent in the ground."

My husband was exceedingly affected by this simple, but pathetic account of poor Oldner's death. He afforded his mother every assistance she required, and paid her rent and little debts to save her goods for her, before she quitted the neighbourhood; and on all occasions proved himself her kindest friend.

In the year 1820, Charles was busily engaged in preparing for publication the ninth number of the Monumental Effigies. He visited Kent during the summer, and added several beautiful drawings to his collection. In the beginning of September, we quitted England for the purpose of travelling through a part of the Netherlands. And, as I doubt not some little account of our

journey will be deemed acceptable here, I judge it better to insert the following letters, (*which were written at the time,*) than to enter upon a detailed narrative, compiled from them. As this was also the *last journey I made in company with my beloved husband,* some account of *his pursuits* during *that* excursion cannot fail to interest the reader.

To Mrs. Kempe, Rodney Buildings, New Kent Road.

Hotel de Pays Bas, Bruges,
September, 20. 1820.

My dear Mother,

As I am certain you feel extremely anxious to hear some intelligence from us, I hasten to relieve all unnecessary fears on our account, by telling you, that both Charles and myself are well. My sight is considerably better; but whether I am to attribute this to the skill of Mr. Hosegood, or to the sea air, I cannot determine; although I rather incline to the latter, thinking, that when a doubt rests between Dame Nature and the doctor, it should always be settled in favour of the lady.

I must now proceed to give you, in the old way, some brief account of our journey, which, like most things in this world, has been chequered

with rough and smooth. You heard, of course, from Davies, that we set sail from the Tower Wharf at half past nine o'clock, having taken our passage in the fast sailing and *very commodious* packet the Waterloo.

We had on board the usual variety of characters generally found in such expeditions. Nor were the good things of this world forgotten; the hams, roast fowls, bottled porter, &c., abounding with a truly *civic* plenty. We were not without harmony also; for, although Sunday morning, (oh, shame to the day!) we had a band on board, and a good one too; composed of guitars, pan-pipes, and fiddles. These played up so merrily, that the nimble feet of some of our passengers, (many foreigners being of the party,) were on the itch to keep time with them in a dance; but the presence of a respectable clergyman, and a little old Methodist parson, who vowed such heathenish practices would sink us all to the bottom, awed these children of Satan into some degree of decent order. Our party, taken altogether, was not without amusement. Amongst other good folks, we had a London merchant, whose son was going, for the first time, to transact some business in Germany. His father accompanied him as far as Gravesend. The young gentleman, born in Cheapside, and educated near the Royal Exchange, had seen the

world as far as Highgate Hill, and knew how many goose quills make an hundred pens; the exact quantum of wafers necessary to fill a hogshead, and of what particular materials are composed those useful and extraordinary things white and brown paper. Astonished at the novelty of his situation, yet determined on having an air *de voyage*, he had all such equipments about him as he conceived necessary to complete the travelled gentleman. And not to be without literary consequence neither, besides the last new book of songs, and the table of foreign exchange, he carried in his pocket a French and German grammar, out of which he studied both at the same time. A fat lawyer, of Furnival's Inn, our clerical friend, two other gentlemen, and a little dirty German Jew, with Charles and your humble servant, formed the principal personages of the party. It is scarcely necessary to tell you, that at this period the queen was the subject of discourse. Opinions were pretty much divided; but, what is unusual in such debates, there was no squabbling, which I thought lucky, considering how easy it would have been for the advocates of her majesty to shew their zeal in her cause, by giving their opponents a taste of salt water. But to our progress. At one P. M. we cast anchor at Gravesend, for the purpose of procuring the vessel's clearance from

the Thames. This detained us two hours; and here we parted from our band, and some of the company, taking other persons on board. In consequence of this delay, we did not arrive at Margate till half-past eleven at night; and here we hoisted our signal, (a lantern on the top-mast,) and lay off shore another hour, in the expectation of more passengers. A breeze filling our sails, we took advantage of it, and soon after one A. M., the Goodwin and North Foreland Lights were seen at the distance of eight knots. The morning had been most delightful, and the evening closed in upon us with that beautiful and brilliant effect which makes her the rival of the day.

I remained on deck, according to custom, till the persuasions of Charles, (who feared for my eyes,) drove me down into a little close cabin, where, I must say, I passed a night of *real* temporary miseries; ten or twelve persons being actually crammed into a space scarcely wide enough for four. My birth swarmed with fleas. I was fairly driven out; and, with the assistance of the steward, made me up a bed of camp-stools. These the tossings of the vessel (for we had plenty of it) twice tumbled down during the night, to the no small annoyance of the slumbering passengers. In the midst of this confusion the light went out, and, at last, we

were obliged to have it placed in a lantern and strapped to the table. The steward got no rest, for what with my camp-stools, attending upon the sick, and nursing a young child, who bawled most lustily half the night, the poor fellow had a hard time of it.

A woman on board, who was sick to death, never having been before at sea, could not comprehend such tossing, and insisted we were all going down to the bottom. The good soul comforted herself with drinking brandy and water, and saying her prayers for deliverance the whole of the night. Altogether, we had a fine Hogarth scene; gentlemen crawling out of their births, some tying up their stockings, others settling their wigs; the lawyer melting in his own fat; the young cockney crying out for camomile tea; the great, the small, the high, and the low, the little German Jew, all huddling and tumbling together from one side to the other, with the rolling of the ship.

The cabin at length got so intolerable, that I could bear it no longer; and at five o'clock on the Monday morning we left it for the deck. We then found the Flemish coast in sight, and only sixteen or seventeen miles off. In the extreme distance to the right was seen Dunkirk, to the left Ostend, but scarcely visible; the intervening long line of coast appearing exceedingly

low, and characterised by an innumerable range of little sand hillocks; here and there the steeple of a church breaking the line. As we neared the coast, losing sight altogether of Dunkirk, we past the churches of Nieuport and Middlekirk. The signal-flag near the light-house at Ostend being up, we understood that the port could be entered. Soon after eight o'clock we got safely in, but did not leave the vessel till ten; when our welcome on Flemish ground was a wet day, which gave no very prepossessing appearance to any thing we looked on.

I shall take you quietly through Ostend, for as I observed nothing extraordinary, we will not stay to talk about it. Ostend appeared a dull poor town, the principal church built of brick, in a style of bastard gothic; but the rain prevented our seeing much. English, French, and Flemish, are equally spoken in this place.

How glad should I feel could I now give you my arm, and take a turn with you through the fine city of Bruges.* If all the towns in Flanders

* Bruges was originally fortified in 867, by Count Baldwin, surnamed *Bras de fer*, who built the burgum, or castle. The city was surrounded by walls, by the Count Baldwin, the third of that name in 960; and considerably increased in its buildings and population in 1270. The canal from Bruges to Gendt was completed in 1613. It was in this city that the order of the Golden Fleece was first instituted, by Philip the Good, in the year of our Lord 1430.

are like this, it must be really delightful to travel through them; for, surely, nothing can exceed the extreme neatness and excessive cleanliness of the people here. It is quite a pleasure to see it. From what I have heard of the Dutch, and have already observed of the Flemish, I imagine both are a remarkably clean people. You might walk through Bruges with a trained gown, and you would scarcely soil it.

Our inn here is, like most foreign hotels, extremely large, and so beautifully clean, that hardly a particle of dust is to be seen in it. But I must leave this digressing chit-chat, and go on regularly, or we shall never get through our journey.

On Monday afternoon, then, we left the dirty inn of Madame Flack, at Ostend, and set off in the barge, which carries you by canal to Bruges. The vessel was filled with all sorts of people, who afforded infinite amusement and variety to the observer of character. From the various languages which were spoken on board, the confusion might be compared to that of Babel. We passed down a very fine dyke or canal, cut through a most flat country; here and there a farm-house appearing, and a few scrubby pollards and trees, which bear leaves straggling from each other. Nothing could be farther from the picturesque than such scenery. Indeed, you

may form a very good idea of it, by the representations on the Dutch tiles, and from the backgrounds of many of the Flemish masters. I am told, that these few miles give a perfect specimen of what is called Dutch scenery and Holland dykes, although in Flanders.

As we drew nigh Bruges the country improved; and the moment we landed in the city, we were impressed with the excessive neatness of the people. Bruges was formerly one of the first commercial towns in Europe; but it is no longer such. The remains of the fortifications which surrounded the city may yet be traced. The gates close every night at half-past seven o'clock. After that hour, the streets are silent and deserted; and there are few public diversions here, excepting those to be found in the *estaminet*, a kind of coffee-house, where the men assemble to smoke and talk politics. This affords a striking instance of the difference existing between the French and Flemish character. In France, as night approaches, all alike seem busied in following one grand object, — varied pleasure. Here, not a sound is heard, and scarcely is a light to be seen towards the evening. You may judge how deserted a town is Bruges, and how its commerce is decayed, when I tell you, that in many parts the grass grows between the stones of the pavement in the streets,

and that you may frequently walk from place to place without meeting half a dozen people in your way. I was so struck with an instance of this, that I could almost have imagined myself transported into that city described in the Arabian Nights, where the people were said to be metamorphosed into stone. * * *

The public buildings in Bruges are principally constructed of small bricks, put together in the closest and most substantial manner, far unlike our own erections of that material. They are of Gothic architecture, with elegant ornaments and devices upon the surface of the superstructure. Time has given to these edifices a sober, venerable, and picturesque hue, their tint being of a greyish cast.

The churches, which invariably in Roman Catholic countries exhibit such a variety of paintings and rich devices, bestowed upon the decoration of altars, shrines, &c., here show a finer display than in France; the latter country having suffered more severely by plunder during the Revolution. In France, you never meet with *good* pictures in the churches. Here they abound; and the eye is continually arrested and amused by some magnificent device, the offering of superstition. Not only are waxen images devoted to the saints, by the invalid who solicits their protection, but also little ones composed of silver,

and now and then even of gold. The people, as in such countries is usual, enter the churches at any convenient hour, for the purpose of prayer; but have a practice I never before witnessed on the Continent, that of holding the body during devotion in the form of the cross. This is done by extending the arms at full length from either side. I have observed many thus kneeling, their eyes closed, and their whole soul apparently absorbed in prayer, till I have wondered how they could possibly support, during such a time, a position thus fatiguing and painful. In France, you seldom see the *soldiers* engaged in these private devotions. In Flanders, you observe them every day.

Several of our London party, who came with us to Bruges, are still here; and for good fellowship we all lodge together at the same hotel. Amongst these gentlemen is a Mr. Palsgrave, an intelligent traveller, who speaks both the French and Flemish languages with equal fluency. We find him an agreeable guide, as he is perfectly well known in this town, and every body is upon the alert to serve him. This morning we visited the convent of English nuns, situated in the Rue Dames Anglaises. I had some curiosity to visit these recluses of my own country; but I found them so strict, that although one of the sisterhood spoke to us with much good breeding,

through the grating at the entry, she would not admit us within the walls, nor even hold parley, excepting through iron bars. The nun was advanced in years, and appeared in the old-fashioned Dutch dress, black and white in colour, and finished with the veil. As a great favor, she gave us leave to view the chapel, which, after all, was not worth seeing.

After this visit to Les Dames Anglaises, we proceeded to the church of Notre Dame, in order to view the celebrated monument of Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, and his daughter. This consists of two brazen statues, resting upon the tomb, which is formed of the same material. The whole is extremely splendid from its gilding and enamelling, but otherwise exceedingly mean in its style. The enamelling is employed upon the escutcheons with which the ends and sides of the tomb are covered. Amongst these were the arms of Edward III. At the head of the tomb is this inscription: —

" Cy gist treshault, tres puissant, et magna-
" nime Prince Charles, Duc de Bourgne, de
" Lothorycke, de Luxembourg, et de Gueldres,
" Comte de Flandres, d'Arthois, de Bourgne,
" Palatin, et de Haynnau, de Hollande, de
" Zeelande, de Namur, et de Zutphen, Marquis
" du Saint Empire, Seigneur de Frize, de Salins,
" et de Malines, lequel estant grandement doué

" de force, constance, et de magnanimité, pros-
" pera long temps en haulte entreprises, batailles,
" et victoires, tant à Montlehai, en Normandie,
" en Arthois, en Liege, que aultre part, jusques
" au que fortune, luy tournant le doz, l'oppressa.
" La nuict de Rois, 1476, devant Nancy, le corps
" duquel deposité au dict Nancy, fut depuis,
" par le treshault, tres puissant, et tres victorieux
" Prince Charles, Empereur des Romains, Ve de
" ce nom, victoires et seignories transporté à
" Bruges, ou le Roi Philippe de Castille, Leon,
" Arragon, Navarre, et filz du dict Empereur
" Charles, le fait mettre en ce tombeau, du coté
" de sa fille et unicque heritière Marie, femme
" et espeuse de treshault et tres puissant Prince
" Maximilien, Archiduc d'Austrice, depuis Roy
" et Empereur des Romains. Prions Dieu pour
" son ame. Amen."

The church of St. Martin is of the Corinthian order, extremely handsome, with a beautifully carved marble railway before the altar. But we are too fond of the Gothic to admire any other style of architecture in religious edifices.

There is one peculiar feature in the Flemish churches, that of possessing a most highly finished and elaborately carved pulpit. These are generally in the style of ornament of the time of George I., devoid of taste or elegance. When viewing them, one cannot help thinking what a

vast sum of time, labour, and money has been expended to produce a clumsy thing. A little Gothic shrine is worth all of them put together.

The church of Jerusalem is remarkable for a vast deal of carving in this style, with a pulpit of the same fashion. Every pious Catholic visits this church, from the circumstance of its containing an exact *fac-simile* of the tomb of Christ. But there are many wonders of as good authenticity in Bruges. In a little and obscure chapel, near the outskirts of the town, thinking to see something curious, we crept along a hole into a lamp-lighted vault, to behold a wretched waxen figure laid out, and daubed with rose-pink, which is declared to be the very image of our Saviour after death. The whole of the place was stuck round with the spoils of a dentist's shop, and all sorts of rubbish, designated by the name of *relics*. For my own part, I never see such things without lamenting the miserable and benighted state in which priestcraft holds the human mind by such gross and barbarous superstitions.

We were highly delighted by our visit to the Hospital of St. John's. It is a Gothic edifice of ancient structure. The sick lie in a large apartment, which is supported by Norman arches and pillars. The Sisters of Charity attend upon the invalids; and every thing appears in that state of order and excessive neatness, so admirably con-

spicuous in this town. I had a long chat with some of these good-natured nuns, who were eager to show us every thing they deemed interesting; not forgetting the kitchen of the hospital, which exhibits brass pans that might rival a looking-glass, and tiles and dressers so clean that they appear as if never used for culinary purposes. The Flemish cooks and servants, with their frumpish huddled shapes and their plain dowdy caps, have nothing to recommend their appearance but perfect neatness of attire.

After visiting the kitchen, we were conducted to the great parlour of the hospital, where we beheld a most wonderful production from the pencil of John Hemling, an artist who flourished towards the latter end of the fourteenth century. I think I never saw Charles more delighted. This work consists of a folding altar-piece. On the outside of the doors, the superiors of the hospital are represented in a kneeling posture. Some ignorant hand has injured the draperies of these figures by retouching; but upon the doors being thrown back, the magnificent talent of the Flemish artist appears in all its original splendour and beauty. The centre subject depicts the marriage of St. Catharine. The decollation of St. John, and his vision from the Revelations, are seen on either side.—There is no describing pictures; the attempt is like lecturing to a blind

man upon the beauty of colour; a thing of which he can form no idea. I shall, therefore, only say, that it is evident all the figures were studies from nature, finely combined; and the *drawing* so strict a copy from the subject, that though some of the limbs are rather mean, this does not injure the merit of the picture. For composition, richness, harmony of colour, simplicity, and exquisite finish, nothing can surpass its beauty. Charles made a slight sketch of this altar-piece, and declares he never saw a finer picture in his life.

The furniture and ornaments of the chamber, in which this painting is placed, are of the time of Henry IV. of France. Besides the portrait of a female, and two smaller altar-pieces, the works of this great master, the chapel of the hospital contains a most inimitable shrine, decorated by his pencil. The form of this shrine is like that of a house, with a sloping roof. It contains, in ten or twelve separate compartments, the various acts of some saint, a lady of Cologne, who suffered martyrdom by being shot with arrows. The shrine is about three feet in length, gilt, and ornamented with rich Gothic work, in those parts where painting does not occur. It is concealed from view within a niche of the chapel, over which a curtain is drawn.

There is also another splendid shrine, where

they told me *le bon Dieu* was locked up; whose blood, as it fell from his side at the crucifixion, may be seen in the church of St. Salvador in this town. Before the shrine of St. Antony, we observed various waxen images of women, devils, pigs, horses, &c.; in short, all the emblems of the temptations offered by Satan, as the means of assault upon the virtues of that holy man. These are now used in waxen semblance to procure by intercession blessings for the good soul in heaven.

The value of John Hemling's works appears to be fully estimated by the people of the hospital, who justly deem them their greatest treasure. During the revolution, the large folding altar-piece was concealed behind a wall, built up on purpose to secure it from the spoiler. They say here that Hemling, after having been a soldier, and a very free liver in his youth, at length became a patient within the hospital for upwards of ten years; during which period, he executed the pictures that still belong to the house.

Although we have seen a good deal to-day, yet the weather has been so unfavourable, ever since we quitted England, that it has somewhat interfered with our excursions. —We yesterday visited the town-hall. It is a Gothic structure, and beautiful in the exterior. A few good pictures, and the library, form the attractions within.

Opposite to the hall stood formerly the cathedral, which was so completely destroyed during the revolution, that trees now grow upon its site. At the period the cathedral suffered, above forty Gothic figures were torn down from the elegantly carved niches which decorate the town-hall.

The market-house, built of brick, (*temp.* Edward III.) a Gothic structure, is perhaps the most remarkable building in Bruges; of its kind, the finest we ever beheld. It stands fronting a very spacious square, of well-built houses. From the centre arises a tower of an immense height. Indeed the height bears no proportion to the lower part of the building. The spire of this extraordinary erection, a few years since, was destroyed by lightning. The tower is elegantly ornamented with Gothic devices. It rises above every thing in Bruges; and go where you will, it is constantly seen, peering its lofty head, like a point of direction. The lower part of this structure is of Venetian character, a colonnade finished with arches running around it, like that of the doge's palace, in St. Mark's Place. There is here a set of chimes, said to be the finest in Europe. They are indeed delightful.

Near the town-hall, stands the ruins of an elegant little chapel, which formerly contained the holy blood. The church of St. Salvador exhi-

bits some curious and beautiful paintings. Of these Charles's pencil has been employed in sketching several. In this church there are two most interesting brasses. One of them, removed from its original station, is now affixed to the wall. This exhibits, around the borders, the sports and pastimes of the reign of Edward III. Charles procured a ladder, and made impressions of this most curious brass, and also of the other, which represents the figure of an angel. The draperies are designed and marked with that simplicity and beauty, so peculiar to the Gothic ages. The head and hands are of fine drawing.

The streets of Bruges are built in continuation, and the houses which compose them generally upon a large scale; the ordinary sitting-room of a respectable person's dwelling being equal in size to that of an English ball-room. Such apartments, I should think, must be very comfortless during the winter months.

They have a singular custom in Bruges of affixing, on the outside of the windows, a mirror, which shews to the persons within the room every one passing in the streets. The fronts of the houses ascend in a pyramidical form, with a sort of ornament like a flight of steps, which forms the coping towards the top, where it finishes with a single piece. The town looks well from the ramparts, and in many places

presents a scenic and picturesque appearance. The water running through in clear canals, adds greatly to its beauty. Here and there the Gothic structures, the ancient houses, the venerable towers, and the water, present the finest combinations that a painter could desire.

Friday morning.—I wrote the above portion of my letter yesterday evening, when I felt sadly tired; but I know you will not prove a severe critic. This day has been remarkably fine, and we have taken advantage of it. The more we see of Bruges, the more are we delighted with the town. — We this morning visited the Academy of Painting. There are a few clever pictures by John Hemling, Van Ecyk, and Probus.—Charles has also made a most beautiful drawing of one of those picturesque combinations I mentioned, which will convey to you a better idea of the city, than any feeble description I can attempt. When you see this, you will say a Gothic town is one of the noblest objects that can be conceived as the work of man.

Bruges is said to contain thirty thousand souls, but no one would suspect half the number. I conclude, therefore, that the good people of this city must be "home-keeping" gentry; for, during the time we have been here, we frequently have the whole of the street to ourselves. This surely evinces the decay of commerce, and

looks as if little other traffic could be carried on than that which the necessities of life demand.

I must not forget telling you, that the before-named gentleman, Mr. Palsgrave, has introduced us to the family of a Mr. Chantrell, an English merchant in Bruges. He received us with great politeness, and afforded us a high treat, in viewing his delightful collection of pictures. Besides these, he possesses forty-three original sketches in oil, by Rubens, being several of the studies from which that great artist painted many of his finest pictures. Charles considers these masterly sketches of inestimable value. Were I to indulge in talking about pictures, I should never conclude my letter, having already seen more that are worthy notice than I can well remember.

I must now say a word or two about the people. Though I can form but an imperfect judgment, from my slight acquaintance with them; yet I hold the opinion, that there is a certain degree of truth, in the estimation of character, resulting from first impressions. Be this as it may, I will tell you what such impressions are with us.

A Fleming seems a plain, straight-forward, industrious, heavy sort of animal. But his industry appears to be chiefly exerted in matters of a domestic nature, as the women ply the labouring oar, whilst mynheer sits smoking at

his leisure at home. The lower orders I take to be a rude, rough, selfish people, and that the general or middling class have neither the animation nor the polish of the French. The Flemish language sounds detestable in our ears, consisting all of *yaws* and *slaus*, and such like unmusical syllables. I can fancy even a pretty woman to be no longer such, when she says, "*yaw, mynheer*"—yes, sir. Their French, which is commonly spoken, is fluent, but certainly not pure; for they sometimes take me for a Frenchwoman, a thing which never could have happened whilst I was in France. Many words in Flemish are exceedingly like English; as *wader*, water; *Hailey Geest*, Holy Ghost; *tonk ye*, thank you; *vry huys*, free house; *markyt huys*, market house, &c. In Bruges it is very much the fashion, for the benefit of English travellers, to hang out a board at the shop-doors, explaining what is sold within; this they do agreebly to their notions of our tongue. The following is intended for a good advertisement in the English language—*Hare soulde besten Engeliche hoesters*, Here are sold best English oysters. Although the French tongue has become so universal in the Netherlands, the natives prefer their detestable Flemish, and always speak it amongst themselves: the young men are now beginning to write it in commercial transactions. But it is somewhat

singular, that many gentlemen, and almost all the ladies, although they *speak* their native tongue, can neither read nor write it, but have recourse to French authors for their study or amusement, and use that language in their correspondence. These people have certainly one virtue, that of excessive cleanliness. The women are generally sad huddled dowdies in their figures, with fat ugly faces, expressive of little else than stupidity; indeed, the people in general have few indications of natural genius or vivacity. They imitate the French; but their imitations of the gaiety of an animated people may be compared to the motions of a bear, when he tries to dance like a man, rugged and uncouth.

The lower order of females wear no hats, but a large black cloak and hood. You have but to look at some of the old prints, after Rembrant, and the Flemish masters, to see their dress as it is worn at this day; the children also wear the costume represented in such engravings. The black velvet cap and pudding on the head of an infant, is a common fashion: and they still retain the custom of using leading-strings, for the little creatures who are beginning to run alone.

We observe here an immense quantity of fine gold chains and ornaments, worn by the lower orders. Bruges was formerly so opulent a

town, that its female inhabitants appeared literally glittering with gold: many of the ornaments they now wear are really of great antiquity, having descended in families for many generations. And I hear this fashion of wearing a quantity of gold is even yet more common at Antwerp. The genteeler sort of women affect the French style of dress. But it suits as ill with their heavy carriage and manners, as would the frock of a boarding-school miss with the gravity of her grandmamma.

We are here lodged at an excellent inn, a very spacious building, entered by folding gates, that lead into a court-yard, the usual fashion of a foreign hotel. We have not found our landlord at all exorbitant in his charges. The highest article is that of wine, a heavy duty being paid for French wines in Flanders.

Our landlord and landlady form a very characteristic specimen of a Flemish couple. *Mynheer* smokes, and plays at cards half the day, and loiters away the remainder, dedicating an hour or two, to marketting for his wines, corn, or oats. His *frow** is the very picture of what we express in England, by saying *as neat as if just come out of a band-box.* She looks well to her household, which is kept in the

* Frow, the Flemish word for wife.

greatest possible order; and is so scrupulous, that she would not, upon any consideration, miss a *Pater-noster*, or benediction, for all the temptations that could be offered to assault her heart. Herself very civil; she has the art of softening the rough manners of her Flemish domestics. Her little daughter of ten years old, sings prettily, and plays upon the violin with a feeling touch; an instrument which I fancy to be held in higher estimation by the amateur ladies of this country than even the harp or piano. I must now bid you adieu. In a few days we leave Bruges for Gendt.* If all I hear prove true, we shall visit a fine town, which, like Venice, stands upon a number of islands, surrounded by water, running in clear canals through the different streets. They say Gendt possesses upwards of three hundred *swing bridges*, for the accommodation of vessels passing down the stream. However, when I see the place, I shall be able to tell you more about it. My expectations are highly raised, and I dare say they will not be disappointed.

Charles unites with me in kindest love to you all. He has made several beautiful drawings in

* Gand or Gendt, the capital of Flanders, is situated upon 26 small islands; it has above 300 bridges. About the year 1046, Gendt first became a city of any importance. The fortifications were constructed in 1119; *the Hotel de Ville* was built in 1481, and the church of St. Bavon originally erected and consecrated, A.D. 941.

Bruges, that will delight you. He desires to be kindly remembered to his friends in Newman-street. And pray say to his father, that, as he knew Mr. Stothard would hear of the progress of our journey from you, he deems it needless writing. Indeed, he has been so engaged with his pencil, since our arrival here, that he has not had leisure for any other occupation. To you he bids me say, do not neglect seeing the Panorama of Lausane. Pray take care of my dog: I would not lose so faithful a friend upon any account. I hope he will not forget the good education Charles and I have taken such pains to bestow upon him.

I shall write again from Gendt. Be not uneasy about us, for travelling in this country is as safe as from London to Bromley. God ever bless you, my beloved parents, and believe me,

Your most affectionate daughter,

A. E. S.

To Mrs. Kempe.

Public Library, Gendt,
Sept. 26. 1820.

MY DEAREST MOTHER,

I trust you have, ere this, received a letter which I sent from Bruges, and I doubt not, it will satisfy your anxiety upon our account.

I commence writing again from Gendt, or as it is called in French, *Gant*, being willing that you should bear us company in this little journey; and most sincerely do I wish, that instead of receiving a poor sorry relation, you could enjoy it in reality, for you would really find considerable amusement here. I am, at this moment, writing in the public library, which is a noble one, containing a valuable collection of books, and a few rare MSS. Amongst the latter is one, giving an account of the battle of Tewkesbury, with illuminated decorations. Seated by the side of Charles, (who is busily employed upon copying these curious subjects for the Antiquarian Society), I shall devote this morning to your service, in order to afford you what little information I have the power to communicate. You must not be a severe critic, nor find fault, as you sometimes do, about carelessness of style, bad writing, &c. My pen follows the train of my thoughts, without much order, and with less arrangement. Just as the recollection pops into my head, I send it off to you before it is forgotten; especially at this time, for having been occupied ever since I left home in one round of *seeing sights*, I have not found leisure to keep any sort of journal.

We left Bruges for Gendt in the famous barge,

which, however commodious, certainly presents nothing very remarkable in its appearance. After a day of drizzling rain, we arrived at five o'clock in the afternoon at Gendt, and took up our quarters at the *Hôtel de Vienne*, on account of the very picturesque view it commands of the ancient church of St. Nicholas, and a good specimen of Flemish street-scenery. — Of this subject I have already made a drawing, from the window of my chamber, whilst Charles was engaged upon the Town Hall.

Gendt is certainly a fine city, but we are rather disappointed in the remains of its antiquity. The churches are not to be compared in beauty with the Gothic edifices of France; and far the greater part are deformed by the introduction of altars and screens executed in a vile Flemish taste. The cathedral here, St. Bavon, is filled with the most costly materials, entirely thrown away from the bad taste exhibited in respect to the purposes for which they are used. The building is Gothic, but the lower part of the interior is entirely covered, to a considerable height, with white and various coloured marble columns, ornaments, &c. &c. of a most barbarous Corinthian order, altogether presenting a profusion of fine materials, employed to construct a mass of deformity. The pulpit is of carved wood, supported by a groupe of figures

in marble. The church of St. Bavon yet retains the brazen candlesticks, presented by Henry VII. of England. Here the record is preserved of the celebration of the festival of the Knights of the Golden Fleece, held in Gendt, whilst Philip II. of Spain visited the city. The arms of the different knights are placed up in the choir. This order was first instituted at Bruges.

The organ of St. Bavon is exceedingly delightful. We had yesterday a fine opportunity of hearing it to advantage, as we attended high-mass, and the service of the salutation, which was performed with the most imposing effect. Here likewise, a mass was said in the *Under Croft*, for the benefit of the poor souls in purgatory. Charles V. was baptised in St. Bavon: the font used upon that occasion is still preserved.

The public walks round Gendt are exceedingly agreeable; but this is not a picturesque country. The city is large, but not so clean as Bruges; and, to our taste, a far less interesting town.

However, there is one Gothic edifice extremely beautiful, that of the town-hall, which is composed of rich architecture of the fifteenth century. There are many ancient houses in Gendt, but they are principally of the time of our Charles I., and but few of an earlier date.

We this morning visited the remains of the palace, where Edward III. of England held his court, and where his son, John of Gaunt or Gendt, first drew breath. In the same palace Charles V. was also born. The ancient gateway yet remains. It is exceedingly perfect, and several strong towers belonging to the original building are now converted into private dwellings. Some few arches, still perfect, exist in an obscure part of the edifice, and shew its construction to have been of the thirteenth century. The view of Gendt, seen from the top of this gateway, is exceedingly beautiful. It commands all the principal streets, buildings, &c. Charles made a drawing of this fine subject, whilst I was employed in sketching the ancient gateway; upon the tower of which he stood perched.

This city was once strongly fortified; several fragments of the walls and towers yet remain. One gateway still presents an impregnable aspect. The canals run through almost every street in the town, and give a lively appearance to the surrounding objects.

Tell my brother that we have, for his satisfaction, made enquiries respecting the state of archery in this country: unluckily, we arrived at Gendt a little too late to witness the annual distribution of its prizes. Here are two bands of archers, called the knights of St. George and

of St. Sebastian; the former wear a scarlet, and the latter a green cloth dress. Besides frequent exercises in this their favourite sport, there is one day in the year appointed for the great assembly of all the archers of Gendt, Bruges, and the neighbouring towns; each band produces a bird carved in wood, and these generally amount to 100 in number; they are suspended upon long poles, and one bird, the chief prize, is by some contrivance elevated to a height equal to that of the steeple of the cathedral. To transfix this bird is the great object of emulation with the masters of the cross-bow, which is still in use in Flanders. The archer who strikes the top bird receives so many Napoleons, together with the golden cup or medal, if the latter be the head prize; and he returns triumphantly at the head of the procession into Gendt. It is afterwards placed in the hall of the town to which he belongs, in commemoration of the victory. Inferior prizes are given in succession to all who strike a bird. These diversions continue for several days, during which time the knights of St. George and St. Sebastian entertain the ladies with balls and festivals in a truly splendid manner. They also attend mass at the cathedral, attired in their costume. These exercises in honour of archery, which I have just described, they tell me, are exceedingly grand, and, like the

whole conduct of the sports, revive, in some degree, a faint image of the spirit of ancient chivalry. Having witnessed none of these amusements, the account I transmit to you is only derived from enquiry.

I have gained another piece of information since our being here, which confirms the old saying, that all things must not be literally accepted by their names. Thus all *Holland* sheeting is made in Flanders, and regularly 'sent into Holland every year by the Flemings. All *Dutch* toys come down the Rhine from Germany. The greater part of your *Cambridge* butter is transported to England from Amsterdam; and Mecklin lace, (although a vast quantity is made in that town), we find also manufactured in other parts of Flanders.

I must now tell you, that during our present excursion, we have had a great deal of society, both English and foreign; amongst the latter, an extremely amusing character, a gentleman, born in France, but educated at L—— in the Netherlands, of whose university he is now the Greek professor: we found him of exceedingly polite manners, intelligent, and communicative on subjects of ancient literature, but a vast pretender to others, of which he was totally ignorant. His favourite way of expressing his admiration of any object, is by declaring it to be

his *passion*. Books are his passion; Greek, omlets, Burgundy, and *les jolies dames*, are equally his passion. Our Greek professor very seriously averred, that he was now travelling through the chief towns of Flanders to indulge his *passion* for *antiquity*, and that of making observations upon the subject. For these purposes, he visited both Bruges and Gendt; and I'll tell you how he did it: he rattled into the fine town of Bruges the night before we quitted it; came to our hotel, and, in the course of half an hour, managed to form a familiar acquaintance with every traveller in the house; chatted with all the company; sat down to a supper sufficient for three people, which he swallowed down more like a pig than a human being; arose next morning, walked into the Great Place; and at nine o'clock embarked on board the barge with us for Gendt; dined there *encore* in pig fashion; walked us over the town in the dark; carried us into St. Bavon, where we could see nothing; talked about the two Plinys; sang a song, and jumpt off to the play like a boy turned out from school; and next morning left the town at five o'clock for Antwerp.

This is so perfect a specimen of many a Frenchman who professes travelling for observation, and the affectation of *research*, (an object for which he has little natural taste), that I could

not resist giving you a slight sketch of our Greek professor.

But there are English travellers just as wise, of which our friend ——— was a sample. During his stay at Bruges he took a young Fleming for a guide, spent his money and two whole days, and left the town without having seen any thing in it, excepting the large clock and the high tower, that stared him in the face wherever he went; and these are some of your gentry who carry reports of places to England. Our friend excused himself from playing a second game at chess with Charles in the evening, declaring, that he must enter minutes in the journal of his travels. A gaily bound book was produced, which, after a while, being offered to my inspection, I was wicked enough to copy from it two or three of his notes on Bruges. Take this extract:

"Better claret here than at Ostend, and well-cooked dinners — a high tower and a great clock — *café au lait* is a pleasant mixture of coffee and milk. Monsieur B —— thinks, from my account of a goose-pie, it must be one of our best English dishes."

We have another fellow-traveller too, of old times, from the wealthy city of London, Mr. T ——, who crosses the water regularly once a year, for the sole purpose of hearing himself

talk. He still sticks to us like a leech, for no other reason in the word, I believe, than that of the extraordinary satisfaction he feels in the society of two such excellent listeners. However, he is really a good-natured man; but if he once gets hold of you, it is the martyrdom of your ears, and the test of your patience, for he is the most everlasting chatterer about nothing, and the longest teller of long stories I ever met with in all my life.

You must not imagine that, in the midst of our drawing occupations, we have overlooked the amusements of the place. It is not so, I assure you. We have visited the theatre, at the performance of a French comedy and opera. The company, though provincial, played very well. The actresses appeared to me exceedingly ugly women; nor could I at first discover what gave them so much the appearance of furies, till Charles pointed it out to me. It arises from a custom that prevails amongst the Flemish performers of painting the red (which is violently laid on) quite close to the under eye-lash. You cannot think what a hideous effect this produces.

We visited the theatre with a party of Flemings. Indeed, the more I see of these people, the less am I inclined to like them; they are generally fat, apoplectic-looking creatures: the women, sad *frows*; but, to do them justice, they

seem a modest race. The naked elbows, and exposed beauties of our pit at the London opera, would not be endured by the decorous females of Gendt. They carry their notions of delicacy very far; amongst other things, it is deemed highly immodest even to put your head out of window; but as curiosity is too true a passion to be overcome by the sex, in whom it is said to be inherent, they have found out a way to save their blushes, and yet gratify their curiosity to their hearts' content. This is accomplished by affixing the mirror, I before mentioned, to the side of the window, &c. Watching the reflections in these glasses, I am told, is the frequent entertainment of the ladies, who have nothing else to do.

The lower orders in this country appear extremely superstitious. They think they may do any thing, if they afterwards confess and pray to the Virgin; and many of the mendicant class literally make a trade of frequenting the churches. It is really amazing to what an extent mendicity is carried in some continental towns. Here the beggars sit at the church doors, holding a brass box, in which they place their eleemosynary gain. This box they rattle and shake as you pass along, the signal of demand upon your contribution. And I cannot here avoid relating a circumstance which occurred but a few days since

at the celebration of the feast of some saint. All the town made merry, and paid honour to his memory by the exhibition of various idle sports, such as the boys of Gendt clambering up poles after dried fish and bread, playing at cards in the open streets, &c.; whilst a number of people, preceded by a fiddler, and a man and woman dancing, who each held a cake ornamented with flowers, paraded the town in procession. The churches and altars were crowded with people, especially the church of St. Bavon, in which is a curious waxen exhibition. This is so contrived, that it may be seen and worshipped from the streets. It is covered by glass, and lights are constantly kept burning around the figures of our Saviour and his disciples. The poor are always praying upon their knees before this groupe, with a fervency of devotion that might justly subject them to the suspicion of the most barbarous idolatry. I am convinced, indeed, that little effectual religion can be united with superstition.

Whilst we were observing these infatuated people, a girl of ten or eleven years old, ragged and impudent, knelt down before the saints, and fell to crossing herself with all her might. We left the spot to enter the church: high mass was performing. We soon observed the cunning little creature had fixed her eye upon us, in order

to get a *sous;* wherever we went she followed; contrived to kneel down, and fell to the old work of crossing. We had a mind to see how far she would carry her importunity, and wherever we stopt in the church we gave her a *sous.* The little hypocrite, highly delighted with her success, and thinking to please us as we were English, threw off the mask. Before every priest who passed down the aisle, she fell upon her knees, and made the sign of the cross; and immediately after turned round, and laughed at the part she was playing. At one moment, I thought her engaged in counting her beads, but she drew aside her cloak, to shew me it was only a pear that she was munching. When the farce was completed, we discovered she could speak French, and I could not help reproving her hypocrisy. The little creature held down her head, but in a moment found the way to wipe out her offence, by telling me, she would go and confess upon the morrow; "and then you know, madam," added she, "I shall be as clear as the priest himself."

After mass, we proceeded to view two most beautiful collections of paintings in this city, one belonging to M. Moyson, and the other to a Mr. Scamp. We were exceedingly delighted, especially with the latter. Such magnificent productions from the pencil of Vandyke, Rubens,

and Rembrant, are rarely seen. Flanders is, indeed, a rich mine of art. I attempt no description of these paintings, feeling how inadequate would be the effort; and, after all, what would such a description be to you, more than a catalogue of what you will never see?

I must now refer to a subject of considerable interest with my dear Charles. When we came here, he entertained the faint hope of discovering the monumental effigy of the celebrated *Jacob Von Arteveld;* but, to our extreme disappointment, we found it had been destroyed during the Revolution. A part of his dwelling, or what is called such, is still pointed out near the church of St. Bavon.

One cannot visit Gendt, without seeking some vestiges of its most famous citizen, a man whose extraordinary powers, from an obscure station, raised him to that of the greatest eminence. Much has been said by the writers of his own time, about the tyranny and usurpation of Von Artéveld. In some measure he deserved their censures; yet, whilst we condemn his vices, we should bear in mind those circumstances that materially influenced both his character and the reputation he bears with posterity. The age in which he lived, was not that of polished refinement. When a great end was to be achieved, we seldom find the heroes of his time very nice

in the choice of means; and as Von Arteveld frequently made free with the coffers of the abbots and the monks when he needed supplies, this circumstance was not likely to procure him a holy memory with the church.

At this distant period, when prejudice has long slumbered in oblivion, when each celebrated character is considered in relation to the manners of the age in which he lived, without expecting the refinement of the 18th in the 14th century, Jacob Von Arteveld appears certainly the tyrant of individuals, who stood in his way, but a friend to the people. It is true, like Cromwell, that whilst still bearing the name of citizen, he usurped the authority of a reigning prince, diminished the power of the nobles, nor spared the revenues of the rich; but his country flourished. His alliance, his promises, and the friendship he contracted with the third Edward, although not strictly legitimate, by securing for Flanders the goodwill and the alliance of the greatest prince of Europe, gave her a strength and a security that checked the growing influence of France, and rendered the people at once powerful and respected.

Many of the institutes of Jacob Von Arteveld evince a profound knowledge in the art of governing; that of balancing the liberties of the people against the authority of feudal dominion.

Arteveld was the son of a private citizen of Metheglin, and his original calling that of a brewer. He acquired an immense fortune, "and golden opinions from all sorts of people." His mind strenuous, bold, and adventurous, capable of vast projects; and neither looking upon the past with regret, or to the future with apprehension, rendered him as one of those who seem marked by nature to play no common part. Thus prepared to enter upon the theatre of public life, Von Arteveld seized the moment most favourable, that of public dissention, for the purpose of attempting to grasp at the power he resolved upon obtaining.

The Flemings and the Earl of Flanders were at variance. Von Arteveld espoused the cause of the former. Popular commotions are generally headstrong: let factions but once suppose their leader what the soul is to the human frame, its thinking and active part, but still forming the union of identity, and they become like the members of the body, ready to obey each movement of the mind.

Thus secure of public favour, Von Arteveld made a bolder stride at power; and resolved by the removal of all obnoxious persons, "to make secur'ty double sure." Froissart records of him, that he not only commanded in all Flanders, but went about Gendt attended by armed men,

who, on a signal given by their leader, killed such as he pointed out; and that his companions conducted him nightly to his hotel, where he lived in all the luxury and honours of a prince.

The politic ruler, well knowing that his own power and the prosperity of Flanders would be little aided by terms with the French king, (who was in league with the obnoxious earl,) encouraged the differences subsisting between these neighbouring states, and contracted an alliance with Edward the Third of England; when that monarch deigned to seek the amity of the brewer of Metheglin, who, in royal state, in politic craft, and in his country's prosperity, reigned as proudly as Edward himself.

During the ten years Flanders was governed by this extraordinary man, her power was confirmed, her commerce revived and extended, the industrious lived secure from oppression, and all ranks of people felt in some measure the happy effects of the wise laws and regulations instituted by their citizen and ruler. Yet so limited are the powers even of the greatest human sagacity, and so uncertain is the favour of the multitude, that the very people who with one voice had raised up Arteveld, and enjoyed the fruits of his wisdom, were afterwards the first to resent a presumptive error of his policy, and even to punish it with death.

Von Arteveld, trusting too much in the ascendency he had so long preserved, resisted the desire of the people, that the lawful heir, Earl Lewis of Flanders, should succeed to the inheritance of the government. With this he promised Edward the Third to invest his gallant son. The king, in order to obtain a confirmation of the title, passed the sea in his good ship Catherine, in company with the Prince of Wales, and lay off Sluys. There Von Arteveld joined his royal friends; but the Council of the States refused their consent to the purposed measure, until each city of the Netherlands should give their assent by deputation.

Jacob remained with the king on shipboard, enjoying the festivals he daily made in honour of his guest; and by his absence from Gendt, at such a juncture, afforded the opportunity for his secret enemies, and those who envied alike his talents, his power, and his success, to work upon the minds of the people, and turn them against him. These loudly harangued the citizens in the market-place, upon the injustice of Von Arteveld's procedure, and craftily circulated a report, that the revenues of Flanders had been rifled to purchase the friendship of England. When Jacob, at length, arrived at Gendt, the people no longer hailed him with their wonted

salutations; and his former friends joining in the popular cry, either from envy or from fear, slunk before his presence within their own doors.

Deserted by his friends, calumniated, and alone followed by a reviling mob from street to street, Von Arteveld sought the shelter of his own roof. The house was immediately surrounded. He addressed the people, in answer to their complaints, from a window above. The mob loudly called upon him to come down, and give an account of the sums he had rendered up to England. He wept at their ingratitude, and reminded them of the benefits they enjoyed under his administration; and that such as he was, they had themselves made him. The clamour increased. Von Arteveld endeavoured to escape from his own house, in order to take sanctuary in a neighbouring church; but the mob intercepted his passage, and he received the mortal blow from the hand of a low mechanic. A superb monument and effigy were afterwards erected to his memory in this city, which existed till the epoch of the French Revolution.

A. E. S.

To Mrs. Kempe.

Antwerp *, October, 1820.

MY DEAREST MOTHER,

I cannot let pass so favourable an opportunity, without sending you a few lines, to let you know we are well, and still upon our journey towards Brussels. We quitted Gendt, for Antwerp, on Friday last, at five o'clock in the morning; crossed the Scheldt, and arrived in the city by eleven.

You have heard so much of this place, that it seems needless to give you any account of it. All the world knows that the fine Gothic and richly fretted spire of Antwerp cathedral is about 451 feet in height. I feel, therefore, a greater inclination to tell you, what all the world does not know, viz. that the interior of this celebrated cathedral has been spoiled, from the circumstance of the revolutionists having destroyed nearly all the fine painted glass. One window, and a por-

* Anvers, or Antwerp, is situated upon the Scheldt, which here separates Flanders from the Brabantine territory. As early as the seventh century the town of Antwerp was in existence, but not till the year 1306 did it become a place of any importance. The city suffered at divers times from fire. The exchange was erected in 1584. The town-hall, as it at present appears, in 1581. The tower of the cathedral of Notre Dame was commenced building in 1422, but not finished till 1517.

tion of another, still exist. In the latter, appears Henry VII. of England and his queen, with the figure of St. George standing by the side of the king; and that of the Virgin, bearing in her hand two crowns, by the queen. These specimens convey a splendid idea of the original beauty of the glass that once decorated this church.

The Gothic work of the cathedral is exceedingly magnificent, and tastefully exhibited in the decorations of the interior of the dome. Here are two fine pictures by Rubens — the Assumption of the Virgin, and the Descent from the Cross.

The church of St. James (where Rubens and his family lie buried) is a Gothic structure. Half of the spire alone remains. The interior of this church has been deformed by the introduction of a vast quantity of marble in that Flemish taste so prevalent throughout the Netherlands. Nothing can be more offensive to a correct judgment than these decorations. They are of no positive architectural order, but a very study of frightful and clumsy forms. Not even the fine and splendid materials of which they are composed, can in any measure set off their deformity.

Rubens lies buried beneath an altar, inscribed to his memory by his last and beautiful wife He-

lena Froman. Above this altar is seen a picture, the work of Rubens, representing his wives, (for they are all introduced together,) and himself in the character of St. George.

But a much greater monument than this to the memory of so illustrious a man, may be seen in the splendid and incomparable productions of his pencil, preserved in the public academy of Antwerp, where we spent a day with more gratification than I can express. A Gothic church, which had been spoiled during the revolution, is now converted into the gallery of the academy of painting. The pictures are exceedingly well arranged; and although many are but indifferent performances, there are some that possess the greatest beauty and the highest value. The Adoration of the Magi, by Rubens, and our Saviour's Crucifixion, from the pencil of the same great master, cannot fail exciting an equal degree of astonishment and admiration. In the last-mentioned picture, Christ is seen suffering upon the cross, between the hardened and the penitent thief. The countenance of our Lord exhibits a mingled expression of meekness and resignation; whilst the hardened sinner, his limbs writhed by the tortures of the mortal agony and the ineffectual efforts of bodily strength to burst his bonds asunder, seems to render up his soul in fury and execration. The centurion on horse-

back looks upon our Lord with a countenance expressive of astonishment and awe, deeply impressed with that conviction, "Truly this man was the Son of God." At the foot of the cross stands Mary the mother of Jesus, Mary Magdalen, and St. John. The Holy Virgin clasping her hands, and fixing her streaming eyes upon her expiring son, appears, notwithstanding these expressions of sorrow, to contemplate his sufferings with faith and hope. Her whole figure is the perfect and speaking image of "Thy will be done." Nothing can exceed the colouring of this astonishing work. The light thrown upon the figures seems to be derived from a sudden gleam of fire, that breaks the deep and impenetrable cloud of darkness which wraps in obscurity the background of the painting; such a gleam as may be conceived rushed athwart the heavens, the lightnings of an all-just and offended Judge, when "the vail of the temple was rent in twain, "and the earth did shake, and the graves were "opened, and darkness was upon the face of "the earth."

Contrary to my usual practice, I have attempted giving you some faint idea of this extraordinary picture. I could not avoid doing so, for I never recollect having been so much impressed by a painting in all my life. I contemplated it, till the force of the subject

struck upon my mind like the sublimity of Milton, awaking the slumbering passions of the soul.

Whilst poetry, acting, and music, by the union of eloquence and pathos, gradually excite the feelings, till the heart becomes touched with their sublimity, or softened into tenderness and grief, painting is but little calculated to produce such effects upon the passions of the mind. The reason, I think, is obvious: its powers are alone confined to *action*, the *action of a moment;* nor can it depict sentiment. How great then must be the imagination of such a painter, who can thus triumph over, and pass beyond, the boundary of his art!

After admiring this picture, with the same feeling it impressed on me, my husband employed himself in making a small sketch, from a curious painting of the latter end of the 12th or the beginning of the 13th century; it is called here "*Fête du Serment de la jeune Arbalète.*" The interesting particulars of this subject are by far too numerous to detail in a letter: when closely examined, they afford quite a little history of the manners and the customs of the time. Charles has copied the two clowns, or fools of court, represented in the fore-ground, on account of their remarkable costume; they seem to be jesting with each other; one holds

a couple of hawks, and the other the bagpipes. Charles considers these figures extremely curious, and that his drawing will much interest his friend, Mr. Doucé, the antiquary. The chair in which Rubens used to sit whilst painting, is carefully preserved in this academy: his name still remains upon it, and it has the appearance of a true relic.

We have not failed obtaining permission from M. Vanavre, to see the famous picture he possesses by Rubens, called the "*Chapeau de Paille*," (which, by the bye, is the portrait of a beautiful young lady, dressed in a black hat and feathers). It is almost needless to remark, that this picture cannot be more celebrated than it deserves. It struck both Charles and myself, that the painting was so much like the works of his father, that had we seen it in England, we should have fancied it the production of Mr. Stothard's pencil.

From M. Vanavre's we bent our steps to the church of the Dominicans in Antwerp. There we beheld a capital picture by Rubens; the subject, Christ Scourged. The Dominicans' is by far the gayest religious house in this place, the interior being literally crammed with orange-trees, flowering-shrubs, paintings, marbles, and all sorts of finery; and amongst other things, the most ludicrous figures of the Virgin and

Child I ever beheld. The lady, who is made of wax, appears dressed in gold and silver brocade; and, in order to display it to the greatest advantage, her garments are extended to the width of a yard and a half, just above her feet. She wears an immense crown of gilt tinsel, in shape not very unlike a fool's-cap. Upon her left arm she carries a great doll, intended to represent the infant Saviour; whose gilt crown (like her own in form) is twice the size of the baby's head. In her left hand she holds an enormous nosegay, with the keys of heaven, and a rosary depending. But the best part of her dress actually consists of the most valuable and splendid diamond ornaments, hanging below her waist; the magnificent and recent offerings of some of the continental princes. Great waxen tapers are continually burning around this lady, which were kept, we observed, at a respectful distance, for fear they should set her melting; and a large dish immediately below her feet receives the donations offered, with the prayers of the devotees, at her shrine. — Charles, to please me, made a sketch of these figures; and whilst he was so employed, curiosity induced me to examine her pretty diamonds; and, without giving it a thought, I profaned her petticoats by my unhallowed touch. A priest espied the action, and with a thundering voice commanded me to

leave the church; but I softened his heart by assuring him, I had too great a respect for the Virgin of the Dominican brothers, to offer her the least intentional insult, and that I hoped she would condescend to accept the trifle I dropt in her dish. He said he did not doubt she would do so, and that perhaps it might work some spiritual light in favour of my poor erring heretical soul. Charles was so much amused with the grave settlement of this affair between myself and the Dominican, that I thought he would have spoilt all by the laugh he could scarcely repress.

Antwerp is a strongly fortified town. The houses of the gentry are large; but they have much the appearance of convents, from their windows being covered with iron gratings on the outside. They are so fond of the mirrors in this place, that it is common to observe two, three, or even four, on the outside the windows. The houses are so extremely large, that I could scarcely fancy them private dwellings. I think they have no word for *comfort* in a foreign dictionary; at least, I am sure they have no defined idea of what it really means.

We have not yet seen any town we admire so much as Bruges; and the churches, notwithstanding their paintings, do not possess the interest of the French Gothic buildings. An-

twerp is certainly a fine commercial town; and, though trade has much declined, here are still many wealthy merchants. During the Bonaparte dynasty, the Flemings were dissatified; but the decline of commerce which they have experienced since his downfall, make them heartily wish that the days of the emperor would return.

The women of Antwerp wear a large black scarf over their heads, which hangs down to their feet, and gives them the appearance of nuns; they have a vast quantity of gold about their persons, and long pendant ear-rings of the same metal. I would not, on any consideration, live in Flanders, for I cannot like the people. And as for scenery, the road from Ostend to this town presents not one picturesque object; no hills, but a perfectly flat country, with a general appearance of culture and good pasture land.

As I have at present nothing else to tell you that may prove interesting, suppose I conclude "this disjointed chat" by relating a little anecdote I have been told of Bonaparte.

Whilst the emperor was visiting some of the towns in Flanders, the mayor of one of them, anxious to pay the greatest respect to this illustrious monarch, turned the matter over in his head, and consulted with his friends upon the

most honourable method of receiving him. At last he determined to do it in *verse*, verse of his own composition, not doubting such an effort would be repaid by some rich present from Napoleon. Accordingly, when he appeared, out came mynheer, dressed in a full-bottomed wig, and the robes of office upon his back; bowing profoundly before his august visitor, like the prologue in Hamlet, he flourished his hand, and with unspeakable gravity uttered these lines;

" L'empereur n'a pas fait une meprise,
" Quand il a epousé Marie Louise."

Bonaparte heard them with a gravity equal to that of their speaker, and took from his pocket a brilliant snuff-box. Mynheer bowed again; this he thought would be the valuable meed of his Flemish genius. The emperor tapped the box upon the lid. Mynheer tried his best effort at a French grimace, and looked acceptance; when Napoleon extended the box towards him, with the following impromptu:

" He bien, monsieur, prenez donc une prise,
" Cela fera plaisir à Marie Louise."

To Mrs. Kempe.

Mechlin, or Malines *,
October, 1820.

MY DEAREST MOTHER,

We arrived here a few days since, after a two hours' ride from Antwerp. We are much pleased with Mechlin, which may be esteemed the finest town we have seen since quitting Bruges. The streets are exceedingly neat and clean, and several of the houses gaily decorated with painting and gilding on the outside of their walls. The walks above the deep fosse, which surrounds the town, are highly agreeable, being planted with lofty beech-trees. The view of the country from this situation is of a pleasing character, very English, and not unlike the gardeners' grounds about Battersea-fields.

The cathedral is beautiful; but it was never entirely finished, and suffered dreadfully during the revolution. Its architecture is Gothic, and certainly fine, but not pure; as it partakes, in a degree, of the style so prevalent in the fifteenth century. The whole of the painted glass having been destroyed, it is sadly wanting in that peculiar effect which gives such interest to religious build-

* Malines or Mechlin, upon the river Dyle, was in the ninth century but a town of small importance, burnt and destroyed by the Normans in 882, and rebuilt in 897. The lofty tower of St. Rumold was constructed in 1452. This city is the see of an Archbishop.

ings; and the interior is rendered somewhat incongruous by the introduction of a vast quantity of marble in the usual bad Flemish taste. The Gothic gallery surrounding the interior reminded us of that in the cathedral of Evreux, in France. The tracery of the windows is of exceedingly fine workmanship, and remarkable for the diversity of its ornaments; not two windows in the whole range being alike. The cathedral of Mechlin exhibits a most splendid high altar. Above, in a red velvet chest, ornamented with gold, hangs suspended the body of St. Rumold.

The organ here is so delightful, and was so sweetly touched, that nothing could be more charming than the anthem we yesterday heard performed. After service, one of the priests, a very gentlemanly man, indulged me with the permission to play upon it. As I could not recollect any anthem without book, I played the air of *Ah Perdona,* and a slow movement or two of Mozart, whilst Charles was sketching in the choir.

This little circumstance led to our acquaintance with Monsieur ———, who I found to be a passionate lover of music. We spent a very pleasant evening at his house, where we formed a little concert *en famille.* Charles took the violin, the priest the tenor, a young German lady the piano-forte, and your humble servant the

harp. The young lady sang several German and Italian airs, with so fine a voice, and so much feeling, that I never recollect hearing a sweeter private singer in my life. We had a very pressing invitation to repeat our visit, but this our time would not admit.

We devoted the next morning to seeing all that is most interesting in Mechlin. Here are seven churches. That of Notre Dame, which is a beautiful Gothic building, and much in the same style as the cathedral, contains an admirable picture by Reubens; the subject, the Miraculous Draught of Fishes. Of this painting Charles made a little sketch. The small church of St. Francis also possesses a magnificent picture; the Adoration of the Magi, by the same inimitable hand.

The archiepiscopal college is held here of the see. The college itself (by all accounts a remarkably fine building) was destroyed by the revolutionists, who burnt the books belonging to the public library. Mechlin suffered dreadfully during that frightful period of French rebellion. Far the greater part of the Maison de Ville was then destroyed. A portion of it is now converted into a prison; and a small remain of a richly ornamented Gothic front, of the 15th century, still exists, to indicate the former beauty of the building. The plainer front, with several

towers forming a part of the edifice, stands facing the cathedral in the Great Place. The combination of these objects presents a scene of peculiar interest. We command a fine view of it from the windows of our inn. Charles has drawn that portion which embraces the cathedral; and I have made an attempt at the other, which includes the Gothic prison.

Mechlin was once strongly defended. The moat of its ancient fortifications still remains, and four singular, and seemingly impregnable gateways, of the time of our Edward the Third. These are exceedingly picturesque, and of a very German character. This happens to be the time of the great annual fair at Mechlin. Amongst other things exposed for sale, we observe several winter sledges; these are gaily painted and gilt.

Louvain*, October 10th, 1820.

You will perceive by the date of this, that we have quitted Mechlin for Louvain. Although

* Louvain, upon the river Dyle, situated five leagues from Brussels, is first noticed in history about the year 885. The castle which bears the name of Cæsar as its founder, was probably built by the Emperor Arnold after he had defeated the Normans in 897. The beautiful church of St. Peter was erected by the Count Lambert Balderic, 1040. This edifice suffered several times from fire. The town-hall, which is justly considered one of the finest Gothic buildings in Europe, was finished about the year 1439.

the time so fast approaches for our return home, yet I feel assured you will be anxious to hear of us; I shall therefore continue writing, till the hour arrives that will again afford us the happiness of meeting you. We are delighted with our excursion; yet, like most human enjoyments, it is not unmixed with pain, arising from the absence of those we love, and whose presence would so essentially augment the pleasure we receive from surrounding objects.

'We arrived at Louvain, a town situated about twelve miles from Mechlin, and as many from Brussels, on the evening of the eighth instant. We were induced to make this deviation from the high road, in consequence of hearing that this place was so well worth seeing; and it has, indeed, far surpassed our expectations. The description I shall attempt, must fall short of conveying any adequate idea of its interest; but such a town cannot be passed in silence.

Louvain is agreeably situated, on rather an elevated site, in an open and pleasant country, surrounded by trees and little gardens. The ancient walls of the town, which are of a vast extent, present a stately mass of venerable hue. They are yet strong—in some places perfect; and when in their original state, must have afforded an impregnable defence to the inhabitants. The towers of these walls are numerous,

and, in their appearance, reminded us of those of Angers. A portion of the walls stands upon a stupendous bank of earth, which, taking an extensive circuit, in part surrounds the town, and conveys to the observer a vast idea of its former magnitude. Beneath these fortifications, immediately at their base, runs a broad fosse, above one hundred feet in depth. The town, and surrounding country, presents a beautiful appearance from this elevation, especially towards the Mechlin gate.

In former days, Louvain was one of the most princely and opulent of the Flemish cities; but it is no longer such. The current of time, which changes in its course all sublunary things, and levels alike the pride of empires and of cities, has laid its irresistible hand upon the stately grandeur of Louvain. Sunk into obscurity, it now presents but the costly indications of its former pomp. Gardens and fields occupy the site of palaces. Where once the crowded streets and magnificent halls arose in opulence and splendour, the humble mechanic, and the lonely peasant, now hold "the noiseless tenor of their way." The gardens occupy the space between the walls and the present town.

Around the latter, appears a second wall of a later construction than the first. In the castle of Louvain our warlike Edward and his gallant

son, after the martial toils of the field, frequently reposed and enjoyed the regal banquet. Here too, Philippa, surrounded by the damsels of her suite, held her court, and surpassed them alike in courtesy and loveliness: but now, silent is the voice of music which once spoke within its halls; and prostrate, like the prince who raised its stately pile, the castle lies, a lone and mouldering ruin, the shelter of the night-bird, and the bat! The mound, which formerly supported the keep, still exists. It was originally raised upon an immense acclivity that completely overlooks the town. Part of a tower, and a few dilapidated walls, are all that remain to indicate the site of the castle. The well of the keep is four hundred feet in depth: we threw down several stones, and actually counted twenty seconds before they dashed upon the water.

How shall I describe to you the object most worthy of notice within this city? I fear the attempt to give a correct idea of its magnificence will be vain; for the town-hall, alone, surpasses every thing of the kind we have yet seen. Imagine a Gothic building, not remarkably large, but of a style so rich and elaborate, and yet so light and elegant, that it seems like the frost-work of fairy hands. Nothing can surpass the beauty of its proportions and ornaments. We came into Louvain at midnight; and the next

morning, upon quitting our hotel, the town-hall was the first object that presented itself to our astonished sight. Charles tells me, this wonderful edifice is of the time of Henry VI. In beauty and magnificence, he considers it equal to the cathedral of Milan.

The architecture is so rich, that it literally consists of a mass of the finest carving. The roof is decorated with a quantity of little projecting windows. Upon the front and sides of the building are seen an endless variety of subjects, (each containing several figures,) representing the histories of the Bible. There are also ornamented niches for above two hundred and eighty statues. At each end of the building arise lofty, elegant, and frétted pinnacles of a peculiar and beautiful form. These are six in number. At a little distance they cluster with the finest effect. Charles, at this moment, is busily employed upon a drawing of this edifice, taken from the window of our inn.

Louvain could formerly boast of twenty-eight convents and twenty colleges, both richly endowed. One only of the latter order now exists. The public library, which we have visited, once possesed an exceedingly rare collection of MSS. These, for the greater part, were removed to Paris by the French. The librarian, a worthy and venerable man, shewed us what

ever he deemed the most interesting in the wreck, as he termed it, of the library. Amongst the collection, we saw some few copies upon vellum of the Latin orators and poets. The date of these MSS. was the 11th century. There was also a fine copy, printed on vellum, of Vesalius's anatomy, which was presented to the college by the Emperor Maximilian; but one other copy like this is in being, preserved in the university of Salamanca. The entrance into this library lies through a fine arched Gothic hall.

Opposite to the town-hall, is situated the church of St. Peter, a Gothic building of plain exterior, but exceedingly beautiful within, somewhat resembling the cathedral of Mechlin, with a Gothic gallery running around the second range of windows. The screen and rood-loft are of exquisite carving; and a splendid Gothic cross, of very ancient workmanship, with our Saviour crucified, the Virgin and St. John at his feet, appears above the rood-loft, forming a striking ornament to the church.

The red draperies that hang beneath the arches of the screen, the decorated altar, the clustering pillars, and the distant aisles, half obscured in shadow, — altogether form one of the most scenic combinations that can be imagined. Charles has completed a very elaborate drawing of this subject.

The altar I have just noticed is singularly gay and splendid in its decorations. It stands within a deep recess, that holds a Gothic figure of our Saviour, carved in wood, and black from age; he is dressed in red velvet, finely embroidered with gold, and covered with little silver hearts, a common offering in Flanders. This figure came from Holland, and is said to have performed many miracles. In the church of St. Peter's, there is also the most beautiful Gothic shrine, somewhat of a pyramidical form, carved in stone, and partially gilt.

The master-piece of Quintin Matseys, which was removed from this church to Paris by the order of Bonaparte, has been lately returned to its original station. Adieu! I must leave writing for dinner, where we shall not fail drinking your health in a glass of excellent Moselle. And believe me, yours, &c. &c.

A. E. S.

To Mrs. Kempe.

Brussels, October 18. 1820.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

Though we so soon shall return home, (as I informed you in my last letter,) yet I cannot help sitting down to make you in some degree a partaker, by the exercise of the pen, of the pleasure we received yesterday, from visiting the

plains of Waterloo, accompanied by De Coster, the man so celebrated from having been the guide of Napoleon Bonaparte during the battle, and after his retreat to Charleroi. You cannot conceive the interest it excited in me to pass over the ground with this intelligent man, who pointed out each remarkable spot, and, as he sometimes paused, to hear him exclaim, "Here "the emperor did thus, or said thus." But I must proceed regularly. To begin, then: we hired a barouche, and, in company with a gentleman, left Brussels yesterday morning at an early hour. The ride is exceedingly agreeable. After passing the forest of Soignies, we came to the village of Waterloo; when an elderly man, dressed in a blue frock, advanced towards the carriage. Our driver stopped, turned about, and told us, that was De Coster, the guide of Bonaparte. This was the very man we were most desirous to meet with; a man who has accompanied over the plains of Waterloo some of the most distinguished persons in Europe. Charles addressed him in French, and he proceeded with us to the ground. The morning proved somewhat unfavorable. The fog was so thick, that we were obliged to rest at a small inn, near the farm of Mount St. John, from half past nine o'clock till noon. During this interval, we had a long conversation with De Coster, the master of the

house, and several persons of the village, from whom we gained much interesting information. But in order to give a value to these details, I must notice the character of the chief person from whom they were derived.

De Coster has the appearance of a respectable farmer. He is at least sixty years of age; was born at Louvain; and, for the last thirty years, has resided in this neighbourhood. His countenance is mild and agreeable. His manner of answering questions, giving details, and adding his remarks, is distinguished by the most perfect simplicity, and evinces a considerable share of natural good sense, and a quickness of apprehension, without the least tincture of that parade of speech, or that self-importance, which generally accompanies falsehood. Such is De Coster — who gave us the information, the substance of which I shall now relate to you.

It was five o'clock, on the morning of the battle, when De Coster was going to *Planchenoit*. He was stopped in his way by three French generals, who demanded of him, where he lived, who he was, and how long he had been in that country. Upon answering that he had resided seven years at La Belle Alliance, they said he must go with them to the emperor. Some one was despatched before with the intelligence. De Coster accordingly appeared before Napoleon, at

the farm of Rosomme. "The emperor," continued De Coster, "was seated at a table, and, as "I came in, he looked up, and fixing his eye "upon me, said, 'I find you have lived seven "'years at La Belle Alliance. Do you know "'this country, and the ground about here "'well?' I told the emperor I did. He imme- "diately turned about, and called for the map. "This he placed before him upon the table. He "then asked me repeated questions respecting "the country, and kept looking over the map. "At last he exclaimed, 'Yes, it is true, you "'know the country. All you say agrees with "'the map. You must remain by me till the "'battle is over. If I gain it, I will reward you "'an hundred times more than you can think.' "He directly turned round to some one, and "said, 'Give him a horse.'" — The emperor then placed De Coster near him. He was surrounded with maps; and, during the space of the *five* hours which he remained at Rosomme, was planning in what manner he should conduct the battle, and still questioning De Coster, relative to the ground, and other objects of attention. De Coster says, that the emperor expressed himself as confident of success; and, to use his own words, "had a gay air the whole day, with a "smile upon his countenance." He then pro-

ceeded to La Belle Alliance, and remained there three hours more.

De Coster's particular narrative of the different attacks and positions of the battle, is too long for a letter; and, did I attempt to give it, from my total ignorance of military subjects, I should send you but a blundering account. The great points, however, and all the little interesting details, I cannot mistake in repeating; for, indeed, I noted down several in my pocket-book, as De Coster related them.

The emperor (for so his guide always termed him) was dressed in white pantaloons, with a plain grey coat, and a three-cornered hat. "He "had nothing to distinguish him," said De Coster, "but an air of authority, which marked him "as a king, the moment you beheld him." During one part of the action, for the space of half an hour, Bonaparte and the Duke of Wellington were not more than seven hundred paces from each other. The emperor took up his last position in the middle of a road, or, as it is called, a *ravine*, between two high banks of earth, but not higher, I should think, than twelve or sixteen feet. When Napoleon and his suite were stationed in this ravine, the fire of the English lines, from the right and left wing, crossed above their heads, as the balls flew over the two banks of earth.

De Coster described this last interesting position thus:—"The emperor was seated on his "horse; Bertrand was by his side; I was "sometimes on one side, sometimes in the rear "of him. Throughout the whole day he gave "every order to the *aids-des-camps* himself. He "gave them quick, and in few words. He spoke "little, but he looked smiling. Till within the "last ten minutes, he felt confident of success. "He would gain, he said, that battle by his own "views: he would consult no one—no advice. "He expressed no sign of pity, either by word or "look, for the dying or the dead. As the bul-"lets, whilst we were in the ravine, were flying "over our heads, he paid no attention to them. "He never changed countenance. It seemed "as if he scarcely would avoid a ball, even if it "were coming to him; so careless was he of "danger—so insensible to fear. When the "balls whistled over our heads, I kept bending "down mine upon the horse, expecting every "moment to be killed. The emperor, observing "it, turned to me with a smile, and said, 'Hold "'yourself up, De Coster. When you *hear* the "'cannon balls, they are far off from you: when "'a ball comes to kill you, you are dead before "'you *hear* it.' This, I suppose, he said to en-"courage me. He held a telescope in his hand, "through which he looked, as the smoke would

"permit, if it momentarily cleared; but it was "generally so thick that nothing could be seen. "When the Prussians came up, and not till then, "the Duke of Wellington ordered the charge. "The English rushed upon the French, who "made no resistance, but threw down their "arms. The whole was the work of ten mi- "nutes. *Then,* and *not till then,* for a *moment* "the emperor looked disconcerted. He said "but this—'*A present, tout est fini. Ils sont* "'*melés tout ensemble. Sauvons-nous.*' He look- "ed through his glass, to see if the French "were retreating; then turned his horse's head, "and rode on, as hard as he could possibly gal- "lop, for three leagues, without speaking one "word, or pausing one moment. No person "who was about the emperor, the whole day, "was either killed or wounded. His staff and "five hundred men on horseback followed his "flight." De Coster conducted the emperor's retreat, as his guide, as far as Charleroi, where they arrived at four o'clock in the morning. Napoleon then demanded of De Coster, if he knew the road to conduct him into France. "No," was the reply. "You may return then "to your home," was all the rejoinder of the emperor. He gave De Coster nothing; but Bertrand put his hand into his pocket, and taking out a gold Napoleon, presented it to the dismissed guide.

De Coster had then been nineteen hours with Bonaparte, who, when he left him at Charleroi, notwithstanding he had taken no rest, betrayed no signs either of fatigue or dejection.

The description given to us by those who saw the field, of the horrors of the battle, and the sufferings of the wounded, would, were it repeated, make you shudder. Five thousand men, wounded and dying, were lying in the most dreadful state, in the farm and orchard of Mount St. John. The Prussians, immediately after the battle, stripped not only the dead, but many of the dying. No quarter was given during the heat of the action: a whole regiment of German troops, who occupied a farm, (not marked in the map,) were surrounded and entirely murdered by the French.

The farm and chateau of Gourmond (improperly spelt Hougourmond) exhibits to this hour a scene of desolation and ruin, truly frightful. The trees about this spot are full of holes, perforated by the bullets, which strangers who visit the field have since cut out of them, as relics. One single tree contained upwards of one hundred bullets in its trunk. The strong walls of the garden of Gourmond are completely battered and shattered with cannon balls. The chateau itself is so ruined, that scarcely a vestige remains; for it was burnt, as well as bombarded.

The fire extended as far as the door of a little chapel, where it just burnt the feet of a wooden Christ above the entrance, and then stopt its destructive course. The barn belonging to the chateau, in which the wounded troops were placed, was also set on fire, and these helpless sufferers were literally burnt alive. The farm, joining the house, was in possession of the French three several times, and as many were they driven from it.

When the chateau was at length destroyed, the English took refuge in the garden; where, though so dense a multitude, the wall so well defended them, that only thirty-seven men were killed, together with Captains Blackman and Chapman. A stone is placed over the grave of the former, on the very spot where he fell; which is rendered more interesting, perhaps, by its being near some pleasant walks that are literally over-hung with trees. A monument is also erected where Colonel Gordon received his mortal wound; and nigh to this, on the opposite bank, is another, raised in memory of the German Legion.

After the battle, there was a want of medical assistance; the surgeons of the French army having accompanied its flight. The wounded of the allies were removed first, and afterwards the French, who were attended by the English, the

same as their own troops; but, from necessity, even days elapsed before all the wounded could be carried from the field and dressed.

During this unhappy interval, the greatest distress arose from want of water: Waterloo itself having none, but what it obtained by leaden pipes; and these had been cut by the allies. The country people, commiserating their sufferings, brought water from a distance even of two leagues, and carried it to the wounded that could not be removed; and, I have been assured, that some few unhappy beings amongst the French, lay five days upon the field before they were carried from the spot. But the greater part of those, thus left in so deplorable a state, were dead. Their cries for water and for help were dismal and heart-rending. The surgeons took possession of the inn (where I told you we rested three hours) to prepare their dressings, &c. These gentlemen never ceased a moment their laudable attentions; but their number was so few in comparison with the wounded, that it was impossible they could save all. Some of the wretched sufferers, when raised from the ground, cried out "Death, "death; give us death, we have suffered enough!" We conversed with two persons who assisted in digging the holes to bury the dead. They threw into one pit six thousand, besides horses.

The bodies of the dead were generally swoln to a most frightful size, and were frequently turned quite black from their wounds. The girl who attends at the little inn above mentioned, a simple country maiden, told me, that she had carried water, when it could be procured, to the wounded; but that the inhabitants of the little village were themselves as much distressed for water. She shewed us a cellar, where herself and the other trembling females sought shelter during the battle. The roar of cannon was deafening and incessant. At three hours after noon, candles were lighted in this house for the use of the surgeons; the air was dark as night, from the thick and dense volumes of smoke, that poured along like lowering thunder-clouds.

An English colonel, wounded and almost fainting, was brought into a little back room of the inn. The girl was then called out of the cellar, to procure a large table in order to lay him upon it; his leg was immediately amputated; during which he kept speaking of the action, and asking how it went on. And when the operation was over, he thanked the master of the house for his attention, and begged the surgeons to make quick dispatch with him, that they might attend upon the other wounded persons. I asked the girl if she knew this colonel's name. She said she did not, that it

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De Custer

Guide to Bonaparte at Waterloo

C. Stothard Junr. del.

had been written upon a door, but was now worn out.

The ground of Waterloo being gently undulated, is admirably calculated for surveying and comprehending the nature of the different stations of the respective armies. But I really must tell you no more about Waterloo; for Charles says I am so thick in it, that I shall never get clear of the battle. I must add, however, that whilst we were with De Coster, he gave me the hint to engage his attention. I did so, by asking him a multitude of questions. My husband took advantage of the time, and without De Coster's knowledge, made a most characteristic little sketch of him, whilst he was conversing with me. He has also made slight sketches of every interesting point, as we passed over the field. And he purposes, some time or other, please God to permit us another continental trip, to pass a few days at Waterloo, in order to illustrate with his pencil the battle of the 18th of June, a day so memorable to English glory, but, to my simple way of thinking, a day replete with horror, bloodshed, and misery, the glory of human carnage. And for what? By the destruction of one man, to free nations which, afterwards, the allies divided amongst themselves. You will laugh at me, perhaps, for such remarks; but I cannot help thinking that a simple peasant,

who cultivates his little garden, without fighting for the honour of things, is far wiser than these great ones of the earth. I know not if I ought to say, that our visit to Waterloo gave me pleasure. It certainly excited a feeling of uncommon *interest;* but can I with propriety call it *pleasure*, when I could not get to sleep, for thinking upon the horrors I had heard so well described, that my imagination did the rest, and conjured them up before my eyes?

I shall now conclude my letter, where, you will say, it should have been commenced, with a brief notice of Brussels. It is a large town, the capital of Flanders. The park, and the houses adjacent to it, are exceedingly fine and handsome. The shops in the city are good, with every appearance of affording both the elegances and the necessaries of life in great abundance. The church of St. Gudule is a large Gothic building, but of a bad style. And, by the bye, I ought to tell you, that travelling with Charles has made me quite *au fait* about dates, buildings, &c. You find I am unwilling you should overlook my improvements, for want of your memory being jogged, to remind you of them. But to return to the church. The painted glass is not older than the time of Maximilian. We saw nothing to admire in this edifice. The principal theatre at Brussels is a handsome stone

building, not unlike Covent Garden. And now, following the example of good catholics, I am going to confess a little transgression, that would shock you sober people on the other side the water. What will you say to me, when I tell you, that last Sunday evening we went to the opera? But hear my apology, and give me absolution. The royal family, who are *protestants*, were in Brussels. In the morning they went to church; and in the evening, the Princess of Orange, and all her court, were to be present at the opera; this was the temptation that induced us to transgress. The protestants of this country consider Sunday, and spend it, as the English protestants were used to do before the time of Cromwell; when, if I am correct in my remembrance, the puritan party first introduced the strict reformation of the sabbath. Here they say their prayers in the morning, and dance and sing in the afternoon. The house was crowded, the princess sat in the stage-box. I thought she looked very comfortless; for etiquette did not permit that any one should sit by her. She had the front row all to herself. In her person she reminded me of our poor Princess Charlotte: her features are of the same cast. We took our seats in the orchestra, which is the best place in the house, answering to the first rows of a London pit. Several of the court were stationed in

the orchestra. I had the honour (if you choose to call it such,) of sitting next to a prince, a German one, who spoke English fluently. Charles was talking to me about Waterloo, and he joined in the conversation. We found him polite and intelligent; but his monstrous mustachios having caught the snuff, which he managed to scatter around in all directions, and his having dined, as I conjectured, on garlic pudding, to which he had added the fumes of tobacco, rendered him, although a princely, certainly no very sweet neighbour, in the hydrogen air of a crowded theatre. The opera was La Bayadere, stupid enough; but Madame Lemesle, the Flemish Catalani, is a most charming singer: she so enraptured our German prince, that I thought he would have gone into a fit of ecstasy. And upon my dropping a word or two, in eulogium of the divine Mozart, he offered me an extra pinch of snuff, from his splendid box, with such an air of pleasure, that I could not resist the offer, nor the pretty compliment with which it was accompanied. "You English ladies are worthy of Mozart; you can feel his beauties, as we do your graces." I may venture to write so neat a compliment, made in favour of my own dear countrywomen, without blushing for a vanity which I hope is laudable.

I do not know that I have much more to tell

you about Brussels; I dare say we should have admired the town-hall here, which travellers so much celebrate, had we not just before seen that of Louvain. And a sight like this is enough to spoil one's admiration of inferior things.

I shall only add, that we have passed some days with a most extraordinary fellow-traveller; a gentleman ("who has the tongues,") lately returned from Italy. He is extremely intelligent, of elegant manners, and, by his conversation, seems familiarly acquainted with many of the most celebrated men in Europe. He has sought the society of Charles during our stay here, has accompanied us in all our excursions, and left Brussels this morning in an elegant equipage, desiring the landlord to present to us his respectful farewell; and yet we know not his name; so we call him the mysterious gentleman.

A. E. S.

To Mrs. Kempe.

Tournay, October, 1820.

My dearest Mother,

I commence writing this from Tournay, but it is probable I shall not conclude it till we arrive on English ground.

We are much pleased with this city; the approach to it is peculiarly striking from the Brussels road. The spires of the cathedral ap-

pear in the distance, arising above the city walls, which are extensive, and flanked with massive towers. One of these, vast and strong in its construction, resembles the castle of St. Angelo at Rome, although on a smaller scale.

The cathedral of Notre Dame, St. Eleutaire, is a very fine Gothic building, with four lofty spires, and a fifth in the centre of the structure. The whole is extensive, and noble in the proportions; the date of the architecture being the early Norman Gothic, with the round-headed arch, like the Abbaie aux Dames at Caen. The transepts of this cathedral are exceedingly fine; and the capitals of the columns present the most curious diversity of carving. A small portion of the ancient painted glass yet remains, and three entire illuminated windows towards the east. A gallery runs round the interior, supported by columns finished with the round-headed arch.

There are three several entrances to this church; and before the western door stands a magnificent screen, *temp.* Edward III. Upon the walls immediately behind it, are seen the most exquisitely carved groupes of figures, representing the solemn parading of the two celebrated shrines of St. Ursula and St. Eleutaire. In the centre above the door-way are the figures of the Virgin and Child. The compartment to the right of this screen has been filled with modern

carving; but nothing can exceed the beauty of the groupes in the ancient portion. The entrances both of the north and south transepts are exceedingly curious. They are constructed in the form of a trefoiled arch. To the left of the north door, a female figure allegorically represents Pride, overpowered by another female, Humility. Pride, attired in mail, holds a spear and pointed shield, the latter having a cross in the centre, and an ornamented band at the top and bottom crossing the shield, which in form resembles those represented in the Bayeux tapestry. Her head is bent back, into which Humility is striking her spear. Above this figure appears the word "Superbia," in the Roman letter. The head of Humility is covered with a bordered coif, and about her arms are large hanging sleeves; above, the word "Humilitas." Pride, it may be observed, is dressed in character, wearing the extravagantly pointed shoes, and those hanging sleeves, which from their length were obliged to be tied up; pieces of foppery so censured by the writers of that period. Above the door-way, carved in alto relievo, David appears as the conqueror of Goliah; the latter attired in armour of the same kind as that worn by the warriors in the Bayeux tapestry, the helmet pointed with the nose-piece of defence. On the south entrance, which is more defaced,

figures are seen rising from their coffins at the last day of retribution. To the right hand, attired in mail and bearing a pointed shield, is a figure with the arm raised above the head, in the act of striking another. A curious piece of carving, of the time of Edward the Third, is inserted within a hollow portion of the wall towards the north entry. This exhibits several knights praying to the Almighty, who is represented like an old man, with our Saviour sitting upon his knee. In this cathedral is still preserved the beautiful Gothic shrine of St. Eleutaire, which at the beginning of the Revolution was concealed, and did not make its appearance till eighteen years afterwards. The shrine (about four feet in length and three in height,) contains the bones of the saint. It is composed of silver gilt, splendidly enamelled and inlaid with precious stones. Nothing can exceed the magnificence of its workmanship and appearance; but from the circumstance of its being placed so far above the head and under a glass case, we could not clearly distinguish the minute parts of its execution or ornaments. The latter principally consist of three trefoiled arches on either side, with one at the head and another at the feet. The figure of a saint is seen sitting beneath each arch, which is also enamelled and inlaid with precious stones; another splendid

shrine of silver gilt contains the venerable bones of St. Ursula. These relics form the chief treasure of the cathedral.

Tournay presents a rich field, both for the artist and the antiquary. We felt an anxious desire to view the beautiful monastery of St. Martin, a building which, in the days of Froissart, was considered one of the finest in the country. Judge how much disappointed we were, upon hearing it had been entirely destroyed during the Revolution. Of this vast pile scarcely a vestige remains. A few springs of some arches, however, may yet be seen, with subjects from the Bible carved upon them: such as God making Eve out of Adam's ribs; the extirpation of our first parents from Paradise, &c. A beautiful Gothic chimney-piece, with elegant crockets, still exists; and above it, in the old character, and painted upon the walls, appears the word *Silentium*, the injunction laid upon the brother Carmelites, the original inhabitants of this house; a word that well expresses its present desolation.

The church of St. Brix is a very interesting and ancient Gothic building, having the pointed arch. The remains of the fine old castle of Tournay are now almost destroyed, to make way for the new park. A stupendous tower (an enormous mass of which had been just thrown down before we passed the spot,) will not be stand-

ing a month hence. The walls of this building are above fifteen feet in thickness. It is a grievous sight to the lover of antiquity, to witness the merciless destruction of such a venerable pile. In pulling down the tower above mentioned, and some other parts of the edifice, various interesting discoveries, I am informed, were made. Amongst these, the vaulted cells hollowed beneath the earth, where the barbarous Duke of Alva executed his tortures and cruelties in this city. Many chains and instruments employed upon these occasions are said to have been found. The name of the Duke d'Alva is to this day execrated at Tournay; for here many of his greatest cruelties were performed.

It will be remembered, that after the government of the Netherlands had been entrusted to the Princess of Parma, natural sister to Philip of Spain, the queen-mother of France suggested to Charles the Ninth the diabolical scheme of instigating Philip to attempt the utter destruction of all the Protestants in the Netherlands. Under pretext of friendly communication, Catherine accompanied Charles to Bayonne, and there held a conference with Isabella Queen of Spain, and the Duke of Alva. The duke, proud, morose, cruel, and ambitious, servile in seconding the views of Catherine, as the able assistant of his own intrigues, listened to her propositions with a

devoted zeal, and engaged to secure from Philip his own appointment as general of the expedition.

The annals of history contain no record of a revolution more honourable or more strenuously pursued than that of the Protestant Flemings, raised in opposition to this treacherous attempt; nor can they afford a more distressing example of the bad effects brought upon a people by the tyranny and despotism of a prince.

Under the happy government of Charles the Fifth, Flanders enjoyed the greatest prosperity. She could boast nearly four hundred great and wealthy cities, and above six thousand flourishing towns. Her artizans were superior to those of all other countries; and her merchants, skilled in traffic, and holding commerce with all parts of the world, brought stores of wealth that were distributed amongst the people, whose industry they exercised in various kinds of manufactories, in the erection of public buildings, and other acts of even princely munificence. So rich were the merchants of Bruges, that it was said, their wives and daughters frequently carried the value of a royal dower upon their backs in gold and precious stones. Such was the prosperity of the Netherlands, that poverty even in the lowest classes seemed unknown. Commerce, the culture of the soil, and the manufactories, fur-

nished the best and most happy resources for the people,—that of affording them the occupations of industry and its deserved reward.

But as in private, so in public bodies, an even course of prosperity is seldom seen to be the fortune of a family or of a people. This happy state was soon changed for one of poverty, misery, and all the horrors of cruelty and war. It is remarkable throughout history, that in the warfare of nations, men, when engaged upon religious feuds, generally exercise a spirit of ferocity and rancour towards each other, that no other quarrel can produce. Forgetful of the merciful precepts inculcated by the Master, whose cause they profess to espouse, they deal forth his mandates with fire and sword, and make his name the cloak of passion, prejudice, and blind opinion.

Pursuant to the plan arranged by Catherine, the Duke of Alva appeared in the Netherlands in 1567. The mask of hypocrisy was needless; the powerful army who followed him rendered it such. The Duke of Alva might rather be said to seize upon, than to undermine the liberties of Flanders. The authority of the Duchess of Parma became that of a cypher, placed as a mark wherever he chose to affix it. The civil and military functions were usurped, and the Knights of the Golden Fleece lost the privileges

of their order. The detestable council of twelve, of which Alva was the head, he immediately established at Brussels, in defiance of right, and even apology. The first act of their administration passed, whilst their troops protected the doors of the assembly, declaring a full confirmation of the unlimited powers of the Inquisition, and that all heresy should be judged and punished by that court.

Several minions of the Inquisition were appointed to profess Protestantism; and under the pretext of its charities, they insinuated themselves into the confidence of wretched families, for the purpose of betraying them. Other victims, after being seized and condemned, received a seeming pardon, and were suffered to return to their friends, in order that it might be ascertained who were such, and who would dare shelter the miserable outcasts of the Protestant church. These were afterwards put to death by the most terrible tortures that human invention could suggest. Frequently a prisoner was allowed to be confined with his wife and family, in order to discover (by means of listening to their discourse in the secret passages which surrounded their cells,) any thing that would convict the sufferers or their connections. Sometimes a child underwent torture in the face of his parent, to induce confession; but the expedients of

Alva's cruelty were endless. In examinations, convictions, and tortures, his ingenuity appears without a parallel.

If a heretic suffered only by hanging, it was deemed the *mercy of Alva.* In fine, every species of barbarity seems to have been the common mode by which the duke served Heaven, the pope, and the queen-mother. These cruelties, so far from subduing the spirit of Protestantism, rendered its fearless assertors more arduous in a just and holy cause; and with an intrepid courage, in spite of numbers and oppression, they persevered in it. The venerable Coligni, although not personally engaged, assisted with his councils the Prince of Orange, who so far at length succeeded, that in 1574, after being compelled to raise the siege of Alcmar, the duke quitted the Low Countries and returned to Spain.

After his retreat the statue was torn down at Antwerp, which he had there insultingly erected, representing himself as a victor, trampling under his feet two allegorical figures of the States of the Netherlands.

A. E. S.

To Mrs. Kempe.

Calais, October, 1820.

My dear Mother,

I now commence writing to you for the last time before we meet. But when the letter can

be conveyed, or ourselves with it (for we shall leave Calais with the mail), heaven alone knows. At present I see no prospect of getting free from this place. During the last four days, a hurricane, (such as for many years has not been felt on this coast,) has prevented any vessel leaving the harbour. Three mails are due. And I trust you may have learnt this circumstance, to account for my silence, and quiet your own fears; for when any vessel can live at sea, the mail is sure to go out.

But to our journey.—We quitted the fine town of Tournay, the morning after I wrote my last letter, and took the road to Lille. Of Lille I can tell you nothing worthy notice. It is a large, dirty town. The people were busily divided between the celebrations of grief and joy: the former expressed by hanging the church with black, and preparing a mass, which was to be said last Sunday, for the repose of the soul of the murdered Duke de Berri, whose heart and bowels are deposited in the great church of Lille under a vilely daubed altar, dedicated to his memory, and decorated with every kind of trumpery; the latter (their joy) was exhibited by vast preparations for the *fête* about to be given, in celebration of the birth of his posthumous son.

We quitted Lille in most tempestuous weather.

The wind was so high, that we could scarcely keep our feet, as we ascended Mount Cassel, which lies in the road to St. Omer. However, we managed it; and the glorious prospect that there presented itself of the surrounding country for a vast extent, with the sea and cliffs of Dover in the distance, well repaid the labour of clambering to the summit.

I can tell you but little of St. Omer; for though we passed two days in the town, the rain poured down in such incessant torrents, that we could scarcely stir out at all; yet we contrived to visit the Abbey of St. Bertin. It is an exceedingly beautiful Gothic building, falling fast into total ruin, from the unsparing havoc of the revolutionists; indeed it now presents but a magnificent vestige of its former splendour. In spite of the rain, Charles again commenced his search for Crito Earl of Flanders (which proved vain); and in doing so, managed to lose, not only a letter he had written to Alfred, giving his antiquarian remarks upon our journey, but also the note-book which he had filled with observations connected with his own pursuits. I was so vexed at this loss, that I could not rest without again setting off for the ruined abbey; and I heartily wished Crito Earl of Flanders pounded to atoms, before he had so absorbed Charles's attention. We hunted for the lost treasure, but in vain. How they slipt

out of his pocket, or into whose hands they could have fallen, is equally unaccountable to us. Charles took the loss very patiently; but I indulged myself in the privilege of a wife, by giving him a lecture upon the effects of carelessness; and by the time we got back to the inn, I found I too had managed to lose a little bag containing my pocket book, &c., which I had taken out in my hand. My husband laughed heartily, and returned me, first my lecture, and afterwards my bag, which he had slipped into his own pocket whilst we were engaged in the search. Whilst in the abbey, I observed a man with a pick-axe, knocking away several beautiful Gothic ornaments. Upon enquiry, we learned that a person who wanted them was to give 15 sous for a barrowfull. Whenever a house needs repairing, the Abbey of St. Bertin offers a convenient place to procure the necessary materials. This is a shameful and wanton destruction, disgracefully permitted by the French, who affect such a love of art and antiquity.

The church of St. Antoine also is a beautiful Gothic edifice. The painted glass, which yet partially remains in the windows, is exceedingly fine; and the pavement of the church both curious and ancient, presented by different lords in honour of St. Omer. Various portions of this pavement represented knights on horseback,

attired in armour. The drawing of the figures is formed by lines cut in the stone, which were originally filled up with a composition something like red wax. Charles made a few sketches from these subjects. The town-hall is a handsome building; but the weather really prevented our seeing much of any thing; so we passed the greater part of our time in the public library of St. Omer.

We lodged at the hotel called the *Cannon D'Ore*, where chance threw us into agreeable society; and although but a small party, it afforded a great variety of character. Having nothing else to tell you, I shall finish my letter with some account of our companions.—The chief was an old Italian gentleman, who had passed nearly thirty years in Ireland. He appeared sinking under the pressure of time, sickness, and calamity, having lived long enough in this world to lose all that rendered it valuable—his wife and children. His manners were so mild and amiable, that one could not but sympathise with his misfortunes. These appeared to be so deeply impressed upon his mind, that he rather seemed to suffer life than to live. His very efforts at gaiety (for he tried to be cheerful) spoke a language foreign to the heart. I was so struck with this, that I could not help thinking there is no feeling more sad, or that appeals more

directly to the heart, than (if you will allow me the phrase,) *the mirth of melancholy*. It speaks the efforts of a wounded mind, which bids be hushed the pang it cannot master — the resignation of the spirit in opposition to the will. It was quite impossible to be in the society of such a man, without endeavouring to show him attention. He repaid it with great kindness of manner, and pressed our longer stay at St. Omer. But when I told him I had a mother, who was anxiously awaiting our return to England, he ceased to urge his request. "I might ex- "pect," added he, "for ever; but no child of "mine would fill my arms. From the grave "there is no return."

Another gentleman of our party, opposite to this in character as in years, was an English naval officer, very simple, and one of those we term good-natured folks; who having no bad humours to contend with in the heart, and little wit to learn much evil, or to do much good, are content to glide down the current of life, without stopping to glean the flowers, or to feel the thorns, that grow thick upon its banks—pleased with themselves, and easy towards others. Such a one seemed this gentleman; who informed us, he was come over to France to live on his half-pay, and learn the language. Chambaud composed his studies, and dancing his amusements.

With a deep veneration for the mysteries of the former, he already despaired penetrating their fathomless depths.

We had two more officers, both in the French service. The younger born in America, of a very handsome person, a cultivated mind, and all the gaiety that is usually found on the fair side of nineteen, just launched upon the waters of life, and thinking they would sleep in bright and gilded calmness to their close. He knew nothing of battle but the sound of its drum. Delighted with a new jacket, his eye turned incessantly to the glittering epaulette that hung upon one of his shoulders; and he wished for war, that he might place a second upon the other. The elder officer knew something more of life than is gained on being first in city quarters. Possessed of academic learning, and a sedateness of mind rarely seen in a Frenchman, he had both the courage and the good sense to speak of the idolized Voltaire as drunk with the consciousness of his own powers, and who would admit nothing to be reasonable or great that went beyond their limits. Another person, who shrouded all he had, or all he had not, in the most profound silence, now and then just ventured a remark upon the high wind, to let us know, although nearly dumb, he was not deaf. The party finished with a weather-wise old gentleman

from the environs of Cheapside, who talked, moved, ate, and spoke, following the laws of an automaton, as if he could do nothing but when any body set him going by pulling the string.

We bade adieu to this little society, and left St. Omer for Calais yesterday morning, the storm gathering all the way, till we entered the gates; when there came on such a hurricane of hail, rain, thunder, and lightning, that the horses took fright; and, what with their fury and that of the elements, I never remember such a ride. The postillion could not stop the horses. At last, by mere chance, they turned up a street, and halted of themselves near the Hotel de Bourbon; where we were glad enough to get shelter.

Upon our arrival, the first news we heard was that of the wreck of a vessel, close into Calais harbour. In the afternoon, when the rain momentarily cleared, we ventured upon the pier to look at her shattered hulk. We found her to be a merchantman from Bourdeaux. Her rigging hung like broken threads, and her planks were floating in all directions. The waters seemed even then to buffet her like a ball, played upon by their force. The tempest again returned with increasing violence, and the wind was so high that we could scarcely keep our feet on returning from the pier. At length we left "the

good ship," straining her timbers, and riding above the waters, as if in angry contest with their fury.

The evening set in so dismally, the rain fell in torrents, and the wind howled and whistled with such a melancholy sound, that, by common consent, we all drew round the fire, and agreed to wear away the time in mutual converse. By the bye, I should have told you, that, in consequence of the hurricane, every hotel in Calais is crowded with people; several having been detained during the last four days, expecting a passage for England.

Amongst the travellers, we had two young, finished coquettes, both French girls, and not more than fourteen or fifteen years of age, with all the little arts and affectations from *la ville de Paris.* They sang, with languishing eyes, some pretty airs; and took their seats at a card-table with the ease and grimace of professed votaries, as they termed themselves, of the *king of hearts.* These urchins in the school of art commenced an attack on one formed in that of nature — a young gentleman, who, for the first time in his life, had ventured out of his own town, in the north of England, in order to see the world in London and Paris. Without knowing any language but his own, he had been three weeks at the Calais hotel, where they speak English, in

order to gain instructions; such as how to order a dinner, address a *conducteur*, &c. Nature had made this gentleman a simpleton, education a methodist, and the world a dupe. I heartily pitied the poor man. He seemed to be played upon by every cunning rogue who came near him. Anxious to get on to Paris, and yet, hearing of its vices and iniquities, afraid to venture forth, his curiosity and his conscience were at war with each other. Like the nice dilemma of Prince Prettyman, with one boot on and the other off, he knew not what to do between them; and we left him just now sucking sugar-cakes, and turning over the matter with the two little coquettes, a Norway timber-merchant, and the captain of a Dutch vessel. —— I must now bid you good night. Better may it be with you than it is with us. I shall dream to-night, if the wind lets me sleep, of nothing but the evils its contrariety forebodes. Our purse is so sunk by these unlooked-for delays, that if it keep us here much longer, we shall have nothing left to keep ourselves.

A. E. S.

It will be obvious to the reader, who has kindly gone with me through this little account of our journey, with how much pleasure, and with what cheerful spirits, I accompanied my

husband throughout the excursion. But the reader can never know with how deep, how bitter a feeling I have read over these letters, previous to their insertion here. Every little occurrence, each trifling detail, brings with it some recollection of past happiness, of past thoughts and feelings, at the time they were written. The contrast is too much. It tells me what I was then, and what I am now; and that no power on earth can recal but one, one of those cheerful hours, shared with Charles — the affectionate husband, the faithful friend.

Such is human life; and such is the nature of even our best affections, that, like the progress of time, they go away, and "no man telleth where." A moment, a single moment, places upon a level the hour that is just past with that of the earliest time. My former days, exhilarated by the buoyant spirits of my youth, my husband, my child — the once-dear objects of my life — now rise up in memory like the illusions of a fearful dream: and if I enquire of my own heart, *where are they?* — heavily as the bell that strikes upon the criminal's ear the death-note of his hour, Reason murmurs, "with the years beyond the "flood."

Shortly after our return from the Netherlands, Charles published the Ninth Number of the Monumental Effigies of Great Britain, with

splendid vignette illustrations, heraldic and architectural. In the beginning of 1821, he both wrote and printed the letter-press of the Tenth Number of the same work, having already completed the etching of ten of its plates. His last etching was that of the *separate* print of all the Royal Effigies discovered at Fontevraud.

Alike enthusiastic and indefatigable in his pursuits, he had commenced a work on seals; and of these he has left above thirty most beautiful, but unpublished drawings. Several of these are copied from the scarcest of our regal and baronial seals. Amongst the former may be noticed an impression of the Conqueror's, which he ingeniously restored, by uniting the broken fragments preserved, with the charter to the city of London, in the town-clerk's office, Guildhall.

During the winter previous to his death, my husband both planned and commenced the execution of a work, illustrative of the age of Elizabeth. His subjects were to have been chosen from the finest monumental remains of the most celebrated personages of that era. The letter-press he designed should contain some brief account of each character, illustrated with autographs and original matter, selected from the documents and records preserved in our public libraries. The drawing he made for this work,

from the effigy of Queen Elizabeth in Westminster Abbey, may be justly deemed one of the finest productions of his pencil. And I may here observe, that he considered the effigy of Elizabeth, placed upon her tomb, a most excellent and characteristic portrait of that illustrious princess.

Whilst engaged in these pursuits, Charles received the painful intelligence of the death of his kind and worthy aunt. He was exceedingly affected by this event; and although she died at a very advanced age, when her infirmities rendered life more a burthen than a pleasure, he could not but regret the loss of a relative and friend, from whom he had received so many proofs of kindness and affection. After his return from her funeral, my husband told me he had looked upon her remains for the last time with mingled feelings; grieved for her loss, but pleased to see how calm she seemed to sleep after a well-spent life. "I kissed her," said Charles, "as she lay in the coffin; and I thought "that as she had died, so should *I wish to die*, — "calm, composed, without fear; in the hope of "peace and happiness; esteemed and regretted "by those I had most loved in this world. Whilst "I was bidding a last farewell to her remains, a "woman, who had sat up with the body, came to "the side of the coffin, and taking hold of my

" poor aunt's hand, she fixed her eyes steadfastly " upon me, and held up her own, exclaiming, in a " manner, as if she thought her superstition " a prophecy, ' The joints are not stiff. There's " ' another of you will go, and that soon. It is the " ' sign that never fails.' Was not this woman," continued Charles, " like one of Walter Scott's sybils? " But I have no faith in such superstitions."

The whole of that evening his thoughts were more serious than usual. We had a long conversation upon the sure and awful visitation of death, and the hopes of futurity. He also related to me many little anecdotes of his aunt's kindness to him when a boy. The recollection of these extremely depressed his spirits. He shed many tears. At length, turning to me, he exclaimed, " Eliza, let us say our prayers; that " is the proper means to seek consolation for " the loss of friends."

In April, 1821, my husband received a communication from the Rev. Daniel Lysons, relative to the completion of the county of Devon, for the Magna Britannia, the work of his late brother. Charles gave his willing assent to execute the drawings proposed by Mr. Lysons, as he had promised to do so to his deceased friend, and busily employed himself in making every necessary arrangement for leaving town.

I know not if the soul, looking beyond these

material casements, is sometimes permitted to receive a glimmering of light, a presentiment of coming evil; or that a fortuitous train of events, lead imperceptibly to those most fatal chances in human life which our natural anxieties foretel: but I no sooner heard the proposed plan of my husband's journey, than I felt sensibly pained by it. He assured me, there existed no cause for apprehension; that he should not be absent five weeks from the time he quitted town, as he would not, on any consideration, be away from home in that hour so interesting to the feelings of a husband and a father, when I expected to become the mother of our first-born child. The time of our separation drew nigh, and my dislike to the journey continued in its full force.

I trust the reader will pardon and allow for my feelings, if I am somewhat particular in relating what may seem, perhaps, trifling circumstances, since they are connected with what I now may almost consider the *last hours* of my husband's life: to me they are of the deepest interest. Memory has been a faithful guardian; she has written the past with an indelible hand; amidst all the distractions of such scenes as it must now fall to my lot to relate, her record has survived. Time will pass away, but her characters can fail but with life.

In proceeding with my narrative, I consider

myself as at the commencement of the month of May, 1821. In a few days more it will draw to its final close. Suffer me, then, to indulge the feelings of a wife. Suffer me to dwell upon each little circumstance of those few brief, brief hours, that remain. The afflicted, who have known calamities like mine, need no appeal. It is to the prosperous and to the critic I would here address myself. Let the first remember their own uncertain state; and the last, forgetful of his office, throw aside the pen, and stifle the severity of the judge in the feelings of a man.

On the 4th of May, then, after having given my consent to this most ill-fated journey; I accompanied my husband (it was the last time we were ever out together) to the exhibition at Somerset House. Whilst we were standing in the anti-room, a woman dressed in the melancholy habit of a widow, and leaning upon the arm of another female, came into the room. Her dejected looks corresponded with her sad attire. Charles was struck with her appearance, and noticed it to me. "The grief of that poor woman," said he, "is something deeper than outward "shew. I do not know a more melancholy "sight, or one that more forcibly excites my "compassion, than the sorrows of a poor widow; "her state seems so desolate, as if she were left "at the mercy of the world, without comfort or

"hope in this life." Before the month had passed, I remembered these words of my husband; and they struck upon my memory, as a prophetic warning of their truth. We walked home leisurely from the exhibition; and the discourse turned upon a favourite theme with poor Charles, the delight he anticipated from becoming a father. He remarked how eagerly imagination outstrips the slow but certain pace of time, and that he already indulged in the plans and conduct of the education of his offspring.

A few days after this conversation, desirous of visiting his most worthy and esteemed friend, Mr. Lane of Arundel, my husband quitted London for that place. It was the last visit he paid to a distant friend. During the few days of its continuance, he made some sketches and observations in the Arundel Chapel, for his work; and Mr. Lane did him the honour of personally introducing him to Lord and Lady Henry Molyneux Howard, who received him with marked kindness and hospitality, and whose generous sympathy evinced towards myself since my fatal calamity, I cannot here pass unacknowledged. To Mr. Lane, the early, the faithful, the zealous friend of my husband, my gratitude is also ever warmly due.

Charles returned from Arundel, on Saturday, the 12th of May. The following morning, whilst

we were at breakfast, the conversation turned upon the accidents of life. He dwelt on his brother Thomas's death with peculiar feeling. The mention of this event led to general remarks upon the uncertainty of human life; and he spoke of death, in its relation only to mortality, as equally terrible and appalling; and observed, that common and familiar as it must be to us all, no one lost a beloved friend, without looking round with astonishment, as if something had happened which confounds human reason, and for whose actual occurrence we could not account. "Sudden death," continued he, "is "indeed terrible to the survivors. All unexpected "shocks affect the mind, from the extreme "transition of happiness to misery, with a degree "of horror that is seldom entirely overcome; "and *yet, sudden death is perhaps only to be "feared by the survivors.* For since we all must "die, and we hope not for ever, I know but "one way to rest easy under the apprehensions "of such a change — *that of living ready for the "summons,* each day as if it were the last; and "yet never troubling ourselves about when that "hour shall come." I asked him if he thought our time appointed, and if such a belief should make one careless of the necessary precautions to preserve life? He replied, "No; but that "this was a subject he knew not how to argue

" upon; and yet, he could not help thinking,
" we had but a determined date upon earth; as
" a human being could neither come into the
" world, or go out of it, by what is called *chance:*
" and that a too great anxiety about personal
" preservation was not only useless, but pre-
" sumptuous, as it arrogated the power of being
" able to defend ourselves, instead of trusting
" in God's providence, who, with all our pre-
" cautions, can and will take back the life he
" gave, in the midst of the most seeming security.
" I recollect," added he, " when my poor
" brother Tom was shot, the horror it occasioned;
" although I was a boy at the time, and so many
" years have passed away. I never remember the
" circumstance without feelings of somewhat the
" same kind; yet, I doubt not, it was God's will
" to take him from the world at that time. Life
" hath so many ways to the same end, that it
" seems almost folly to talk of *casualty;* for if
" doctors always cured, and people were always
" prudent or wise enough to prevent mischances,
" there would be scarcely any deaths at all in the
" world; and yet, by an admitted calculation,
" a certain number of persons *regularly* die
" every hour. *This* certainly cannot be called
" *chance,* for chance is never *regular;* and as
" there are a vast variety of diseases, yet all
" tending to the same thing,—the destruction of

" the body — why may not what we call *casualty*
" be a disease of God's own willing, that cuts off
" the common means, but leads to the same
" end? Deaths by lightning or tempest only
" show us, that the elements of nature, when by
" the will of their Author opposed to mortality,
" can as surely subdue it, as old age or the
" ragings of a fever." This most remarkable conversation I noted down after the fatal event that deprived me of Charles; and although I will not vouch for having given it precisely in his *words*, I feel certain I am correct as to the substance.

On Tuesday, the 15th of May, business obliged my husband to be absent from me the greater part of the day. During this time, I pondered in my own mind a thousand possible evils that might occur whilst he was away. With anxious fears, and a sad misgiving in my own mind, (for which I could assign no reason,) I took up the pen, and wrote what I deemed some necessary precautions for him during the journey. The following is an extract, which at least will prove that the fatal *presentiment* weighing upon my mind *existed at the time*, and was not the effect of supposition arising from any after occurrence.

" *Notes for the observance of my beloved husband during his journey.*

" My dearest husband, if you love me, keep " this paper, and sometimes look upon it when " you are away; and remember, that the best " proof you can give me of your affection will be, " carefully to preserve a life that is so necessary " to my happiness and well-being." * *

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After various precautions, it proceeded thus:—

" Do not clamber up rotten walls, or tottering " monuments.

" *Take care not to fall from high places.* *

* * * * *

* * * * *

" Remember, that when you expose, or are " careless of your own life, you are equally so of " mine.

" Do not mind long or short letters; but re- " collect my situation, and the dreadful conse- " quences suspense and anxiety may occasion " me: when I cannot write to you, you may " always (meaning by letter) find me.

" God bless you, my dearest beloved husband: " keep this paper; and whenever you look upon " it, think it a duty of love and kindness to " observe my injunctions. God ever bless you, " my dearest Charles: and that he may watch

" over and protect you, must ever be the fer-
" vent prayer of your affectionate and faithful
" wife,

" ANNA ELIZA STOTHARD.

" 4. Rodney Buildings, New Kent Road,
Newington, Surrey. May 15."

When Charles returned at night, I gave him this paper, and conjured him to observe its contents, and to carry it about his person. He promised me that he would do so; and said with a smile, that it put him in mind of old times. It afterwards appeared that he had strictly fulfilled the promise he then gave to me.

On Wednesday, the 16th of May, he arose in perfect health and cheerful spirits. Business obliged him to be absent in town for about two hours. Upon his return, he told me that he had purchased for me a *keepsake*, which he knew I should value—a solar microscope: this was the last thing I ever received from his hand. He begged me to compose my mind on his account. My spirits were extremely dejected, and I shed many tears; he kissed me with the tenderest affection, conjured me to be happy, and desired that when I thought of his absence, I would remember the pleasure of meeting upon his return. I shall never forget the kindness and affection of his *manner*; there was something in it that

spoke more than words. As the moment of our separation drew nigh, the dejection of my mind increased. I once more conjured him to be careful of his health and life, for my sake. He promised he would.

At half-past four o'clock in the afternoon, my husband, my beloved husband, bid the last farewell to my venerable parents. I parted with him at our door. He kissed me affectionately — blessed me; and these were the last words uttered by his lips, that ever met my ear — "May God "Almighty bless you, my dearest Eliza; take "care of yourself for my sake, and for that of "our child, — God bless you."

We parted — and in this world for ever. I never saw him more. My husband — the father of my infant — my friend — my companion — torn from me in the prime of his years, in the hour of happiness and affection, at the very season when we were looking for their full completion in the birth of our child!

After the fatal event, upon examining my husband's portfolio, at Beer Ferrers, a most beautiful monumental drawing was found amongst his papers; with a few unfinished landscapes in water-colour, and a little book containing slight pencil sketches of the various points of view that had struck his fancy as he journeyed along, whilst walking through a considerable part of

Devonshire. The following journal, *hastily written in pencil*, was also found. It gives an account of his progress, up to the Friday night previous to the fatal accident. — I insert it here.

Left London at five o'clock in the afternoon, Wednesday, May 16th, 1821; no one in the coach but myself; the night very cold. Arrived at Oxford at two in the morning.

Thursday, 17th. — After dosing for an hour by a good fire at the Angel Inn, got breakfast; and feeling refreshed, sallied forth at four in the morning, to view the various edifices which adorn this beautiful city. The rising sun had just begun to gild the tops of the different buildings, and nothing broke upon the silence that reigned but the cries of the rooks, and the various chimes which sounded from time to time the approach of busy day. — A rook perched upon the fist of a bishop, like a hawk. At six o'clock, quitted Oxford on the outside of the Bristol mail; a bleak ride: passed through Farringdon, a large village rather than a town. The gathering clouds presaging rain; soon after nine o'clock it began to fall. Passed Northleach and Fairford; the last church so hidden by trees, that I could not even get a glimpse of the windows, which contain the glass so celebrated. The tower of the church very ornamented.

Breakfasted at half-past ten, at Cirencester; a very fine church, with a rich open parapet to the body of it. At twelve, amidst a drenching rain, I found Mr. Lysons waiting for me in the road near Rodmarton. Passed an agreeable day. Mrs. L. sings with considerable taste and feeling.

Friday, 18.—The country between Farringdon and Rodmarton, nothing interesting in its character. After breakfasting with Mr. Lysons and his family, I went over his garden. Yellow roses, primroses, hardly known in Devonshire. Took my leave, and at twelve again mounted the Bristol mail. The country improving. The hills above Marlborough on my left, and the distant mountains of S. Wales to my right. Within two or three miles of Bath, descried Alfred's Tower, on a hill at Stowerhead. Entered Bath, a fine city; but like all cities, has its miseries. Some of the inhabitants about the outskirts living in a deplorable state. Bath very smoky. Quitted this place between six and seven o'clock, having an object in view; took the road towards Wells. Saw the sun sink below the Welch mountains. At the distance of seven miles from Bath, finding night-fall fast approaching, thought it most prudent to put up with the first accommodation for sleeping that presented itself; a little inn, which promised

better things, but turned out very miserable. Pork just killed in the room where I took tea; a hard bed, and no want of fleas.

Saturday, 19.—Rose soon after six o'clock; after proceeding about a mile, turned out of the road to Radstock, which lies in a bottom. The smoke of collieries obscuring a sky that was cloudless, much to my mortification. Better sleeping quarters than those I had left. The soil red as blood. At Midsummer Norton, a church with ancient door-ways. One remarkable for its square head, ornamented thus:—The figure called Jack of Lent shut up in a closet by the belfry; it is a wooden figure of a knight, *temp.* Henry III. This has been shifted about so often that the next remove will probably be its destruction. On leaving Midsummer Norton, after a brisk walk regained the Wells road, fourteen miles distant from Bath; having breakfasted at the Down Inn, the coach came up, by which I proceeded onward for Wells. Within three miles of that place, an enchanting view opened beneath us, of the county of Somerset. The principal feature Glastonbury Tor, undulating breaks of land; the whole studded with trees, and contrasted by broad masses of wood. Wells itself was not to be seen, as concealed by the brow of the hills which overlook it. The

cathedral, with its various surrounding gates; the close magnificent; the west front covered with figures of the first workmanship; certainly must bear the palm from all others. Wells church also a fine building.—On approaching Glastonbury, it seems to stand on an island in the midst of a flat, which appears marshy. The town bearing marks of great antiquity, both as to its ruined abbey, and its buildings. Two or three houses very ancient; the George Inn a Gothic edifice, probably of the time of Henry VI.; observed, in passing, the arms of England upon it; one of the supporters was the antelope.

At some distance from Glastonbury, within eight or nine miles of Bridgewater, the view to the right of the road extremely fine, comprehending a chain of hills stretching from Wells to the sea; the Welch coast in the distance; the foremost objects on the sea; the steep and flat holmes. Entered Bridgewater at half-past one; stayed half an hour to repair and direct my luggage. There is a singular custom here of chalking the sills of the doors. Commenced my walk, taking the road to Cothelstone, (pronounced Cussitor,) and found it to be very celebrated. From the elevation of a hill above, which commands a great extent of country, they say thirteen counties are seen; and what has been

said of many wonderful places is applicable to this —*He who has not seen Cussitor, has seen nothing.*

The view from this eminence certainly is wonderfully fine, and probably receives an additional interest from one way so completely commanding the Bristol channel, and South Wales. An ancient house at Cothelstone, built in the time of James or Elizabeth; a tomb much mutilated of that period in the church; also a tomb for a knight and lady, one of the Stowels, whose arms and alliances are seen in various parts of the church. The ends of the seats richly carved, *temp.* Edward IV. or Henry VI. —Went from Cothelstone to Combe Flory. The sexton frightened by the report of an old footing, on the danger people were in of losing their estates by permitting strangers to enter the church. In this church a knight and two ladies, *temp.* Edward II.; the knight in mail with greaves; the ladies with wimples in short-like Crouchback and Aveline. Slept at a most neat and comfortable inn, (Handy Cross Inn,) near Lediard St. Lawrence. An odd custom in Somersetshire of sleeping between a blanket and a sheet; the latter above, and the former underneath.

Sunday, 20.—Left my inn after breakfast for Nettlecombe, six or seven miles distant; arrived

in time for church. After the service, looked at the tombs of the Rawleighs; a knight and lady, apparently one of beautiful workmanship, so rubbed that it might be said, only the most prominent parts were left. A knight in stone, *temp.* Henry III., and another knight and lady of a later period, perhaps Richard II.; the knight with the bows to fasten his gorget behind: both figures sadly mutilated. Received an invitation from the clergyman to go over his house, (Nettlecombe Hall,) and see the pictures. Amongst family portraits, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, Romney, &c., were three interesting pictures: one carefully painted in the Gothic style; the subject, the Dance of Death; a most interesting picture. Another, a small head and shoulders of Edward VI.; his cap on his head; apparently an excellent likeness. The third is erroneously called a portrait of Elizabeth when a child; but it is of the period of James I., or the commencement of Charles I. The child has a lace-cap and feather, with a ruff round the neck, as beautiful as Vandyke or Rubens, but painted with more care than either of those masters. At Monksilver church, some ancient pews, but not later than the time of Edward IV.; these were curiously carved.—Arrived at Dunster at four in the afternoon. The monuments in the church in a miserable state; one of the

time of Henry V., a knight and lady; and another of a lady, *temp.* Edward I. or II., with the wimple. The castle of Dunster, built of the red stone of the country, which gives it the appearance of brick, but little of the ancient castle left. A gateway, the most perfect specimen, built apparently in the reign of Henry VII., and has on the front various escutcheons.

Monday, 21. — Soon after breakfast I left my inn, the an ancient building; some parts very Gothic; in a room on the first floor, a very curious stone chimney-piece, of the time of Elizabeth. Proceeded amongst running streams, and hills covered with purple heath, and here and there patches of plantations, till I arrived at Porlock. I was much disappointed in what I expected to have found in the church: a fine tomb of a knight and lady, *temp.* Henry V., nearly the same as Lord Bardolph, consequently of no use; a cross-legged knight under an arch, of the latter part of the reign of Henry III.; both so closed up that I could scarcely see them. On leaving Porlock, and ascending amongst the hills, I found the country entirely changed, the hills more resembling mountains, and for seven or eight miles nothing of cultivation was to be seen; and in the distance observed but one person, a man who was driving pack-horses, heavily laden. Linton, where I arrived to dinner, is

romantically situated near the sea; it is celebrated on account of a rocky valley through which a stream with many falls tumbles into the sea.

Tuesday, 22. — On quitting Linton I entered upon the same kind of melancholy scenery I had passed the day before; no variation, excepting a few scattered hovels, and now and then a rivulet, which generally took for some distance the road or path for its course. On approaching Combe Martin, a little village situated in a rocky chasm by the sea, I found the scene totally changed; deep rocks covered with vegetation, peering their lofty heads above the waters; at the foot of these the green sea broke in white foam. The walk thence to Ilfracombe lying by the shore, presented a continual change of objects of this character, with Lundy Island in the distance. Whatever may have been said of Ilfracombe, it did not answer the expectation I had formed; nor did I indeed think it so beautiful as the places I had just left.

The sail from Ilfracombe to Swansea has often been performed in two hours and a half or three hours. The loungers of the former place frequently sail over to Lundy to shoot rabbits, with which that island abounds. Having mended some of my tackle, which had given way amongst the hills, I pursued my march, turning my back to the sea, on the road to

Barnstaple; and here I found again something like green lanes, and hedge-rows. In the extreme distance observed a line of hills like a cloud; to the right of my road remarked a point of land stretching out into the sea, forming one side of a bay running inland, till it ends with the river Tau, upon the banks of which I descried Barnstaple, with its white buildings glittering in the setting sun. Entered the town extremely fatigued, having that day walked 30 miles, and the day before above 20.

Wednesday, 23. — On leaving Barnstaple took the road to Tavistock. In the church a superb monument of the Marquis of Bath, *temp.* James I.; also the tomb of a lady, her figure carved in wood, with this singularity in her head-dress, that with the wimple she had the head-dress. The face of the country not agreeable, the land being marked out in endless divisions, like a chess-board, without any appearance of wood to break the monotony. Atherington stands high upon a hill; the church contains, perhaps, one of the most elaborately carved rood lofts in the county; by the arabesques thrown into the Gothic, and from an inscription in a tablet above it, it appears to have been put up in the reign of Elizabeth. Here there is an effigy sadly mutilated, which was brought some months since from the ruins

of Umberleigh Abbey in the neighbourhood. It appears to have possessed considerable merit, and is very much in the style of the figure of William Longespee of Salisbury; with this exception, that the slab on which the figure lies is ornamented in the same manner: it is coffin-shaped. Besides this figure, there is a tomb on the north side of the church for a knight and lady, *temp.* Richard II.; the arms on his surcoat a *sallier varrei.* By a repetition of the last in another part of the church, I could ascertain that the field was gules. The arms of Basset are also to be seen in two or three places.

Thursday, 24, passed in drawing this tomb of the knight and lady. By some conversation I had with the people of the house where I slept, it appears they still believe in witchcraft in this country.

Friday, 25. — On quitting Atherington I proceeded by the way of Roborough towards Dolton, and found that I approached a chain of hills which I had indistinctly seen on leaving Ilfracombe for Barnstaple. On quitting Roborough entered upon moorlands, where I found my road diverging in all directions. Having been some time doubtful how I was going, as I neither saw nor heard any thing, but a solitary peewit breaking the silence by its shrill cry, on gaining the edge of the moor, I ascertained from

some men ploughing that I had mistaken my way. Having gained sight of the village I was seeking, I soon entered it. The font in the church of Dolton, from its style, I should take to be Saxon; but the barbarians had so boxed it up with pews, that of its four sides but one could be seen, and that buried in white-wash. As my object at Dolton was defeated, I proceeded to Iddesley. In the church, under an arch in the wall, a knight of the 13th century, of rude workmanship; his right hand rests on the edge of his shield. On leaving this church it began to rain, and continued till I arrived at Hatherleigh, where I was glad to find quarters for the night.

[*Here the journal ends.*]

I know not with what feelings the reader will peruse this little journal; but thus to follow him from day to day, to witness his progress so cheerfully going on to meet that terrible fate which was so soon to overwhelm him, seems to me like tracing the footsteps of the innocent and unconscious victim to its sacrifice.

Little now remains for me to add; but that little is of such a nature, that the hand which is about to trace these lines, that must record the last sad scene, almost shrinks from its office. Such are the feelings of the human heart, that however conscious we may be of each terrible

circumstance that is finally closed for ever here by *Death*, yet we turn with a sickly and reluctant feeling to each mélancholy particular, as if by avoiding the miserable detail of little circumstances, we could avert their awful consummation. But it is past: I know the worst that could befal me in this life has actually happened. The weight of my own calamity cannot be alleviated by passing over in silence the wretched details of its occurrence. I will follow them, therefore, to the last, whatever are my own feelings. I have undertaken, and I will not shrink from the task.

On the Friday evening, May 25th, we find, by the journal, that my husband slept at Hatherleigh. On Saturday, he proceeded: and on the Sunday morning early walked to Beer Ferrers. After divine service, he addressed himself to the rector of the place, the Hon. and Rev. Henry Hobart, and asked his permission to copy the portraits of the founder, Sir William Ferrers, and his wife, from the stained glass in the east window of the church.

When Charles first spoke to Mr. Hobart, that gentleman was returning to his own house: he walked by his side; and during this short period, Mr. Hobart, as he afterwards expressed himself, was highly prepossessed in his favour, adding, that there was a modesty in the manner of my husband's address which greatly pleased him.

The worthy rector invited him to dinner, and before the evening had passed, insisted upon his sharing in the hospitality of his house and table during his stay at Beer Ferrers. Agreeably to this kind invitation, Charles slept that night at Mr. Hobart's. Upon the next morning, Monday the 28th of May, the rector, accompanied by Mr. Servante (his amiable and kind hearted curate) conducted my husband round his gardens, &c. He expressed himself delighted with the country; but said, that he need not visit any place in search of happiness, for that he had the happiest home of any young man in the world; mentioned his intention of going to Plymouth, and of returning through Totness to London. By his own desire, a ladder was procured and carried into the church. The owner of it was a gardener, a man much heavier than himself, who had this ladder in constant use. No suspicion, therefore, could be entertained of its being decayed.

At eleven o'clock my beloved Charles ascended the ladder, and both commenced and finished the tracing of the glass, representing the founder's lady. Mr. Servante was repeatedly in the church during the morning. At half-past two, my husband removed the ladder to the north side of the altar. He then stood about ten feet from the ground, immediately above the tablets containing

the creed and the commandments. The communion-table below was on the right-hand side: to the left, a very narrow passage (intercepted only by the railing of the altar) came between the communion-table and the wall. Under a low Gothic arch, within a recess of the wall, elevated about three feet above the ground, reclined the monumental effigies of a knight and his lady. The moulding of the stone slab upon which these figures rested, projected about two inches beyond the tomb.

At half-past two o'clock, Mr. Servante took his leave of my beloved husband. He was then stationed upon the ladder, and tracing the portrait of Sir William Ferrers. This was the last time he was seen alive.

Five o'clock was the dinner hour of Mr. Hobart. His guest did not appear. It so chanced that a gentleman, by profession a surgeon, Mr. Honey, of Beer Alston, who had called upon him, was then going to Plymouth, and in his way, must pass the church of Beer. Mr. Hobart requested him to look in, and to hasten poor Charles's return. He obeyed the request; and upon entering the church by the little door near the altar, he beheld my husband, my beloved husband, lying extended — senseless — dead, at the base of the monument from which he had received the fatal blow; — every sign of life gone. He was dead, quite dead — all human aid vain.

The ladder remained resting against the window; the step on which he had stood being found broken on the floor.——From all circumstances, it is supposed that the step must have suddenly given way; that my husband, in the effort to save himself, probably turned round; and in falling — terrible to relate! — struck against the monument with such force that little doubt can be entertained (especially as the fatal blow was received upon the temple) of his having been killed upon the spot. The hour of his fall cannot be precisely ascertained, as he was alone in the church; but from the state of the tracing upon which he was engaged, it is conjectured to have occurred between three and four o'clock. It is one sad consolation, to think that my beloved Charles did not suffer either from the knowledge or the pain of his most awful situation. His countenance looked calm and composed, with not even a trace of the last mortal agony. He slept in peace, but I was spared to suffer. The dreadful intelligence of this most fatal event was immediately conveyed to London by Mr. Hobart, who, upon examining the papers of my beloved husband, the first he opened, taken from the breast-pocket of his coat, was that *very paper I had given to him*, to relieve in some degree the misgiving anxieties of my own mind. Mr. Hobart thus learned

my address; but he had too much humanity to burst upon the unprepared and wretched wife intelligence so appalling: yet, as if it were the will of Heaven that my feelings should be tried to the utmost, upon the day my beloved husband was so fearfully taken from me, upon that very day, I received the kindest letter from him, assuring me he was well, and hastening home on my account. I felt satisfied: my mind became calm: I already anticipated with impatience his return, and the happy event which was so soon expected, in the birth of our child.

How shall I find words to relate what followed! How can I bear the task of recording so much misery! — Scenes that fiction could not imitate, and that are seldom the lot of humanity. Indeed I remember nothing distinctly. The hour which told me I was widowed — told me each long-cherished and fond illusion of my future years was vain — came in the visitation of the night, with all its horror, with agony unspeakable. — It seems so now. —— On Wednesday, the 31st of May, the morning rose upon me. It found me happy, and contented with my lot, and thankful to Providence, the Author of each blessing. In the evening of the same day, whilst I was conversing with my venerable parents and a friend, Mr. Stothard, senior, accompanied by a gentleman, entered the room. The man-

ner and the countenance of my husband's father spoke some dreadful errand. He communicated it to my mother; but it pleased Almighty God, that although I was in the same room, I should *not hear the worst.* I understood only that Charles, my dear Charles, was not well. My mother, aware of the danger of my situation, conjured Mr. Stothard to conceal from me the full knowlege of the fatal event. I begged him to tell me what had really happened. He faintly answered, that Charles had fallen from a ladder in a church near Plymouth, and was much hurt.—God alone knows with what feelings I received this intelligence. I can only remember that a horrid apprehension of what might follow rushed across my mind; for I could not, I would not, think the worst. But the distress of those around me was sufficient, could I have supported the idea, to tell me all was past. Yet so reluctant are we to believe such evils, I would not suffer myself to think that Charles was really more than dangerously hurt. I knew if he were living, no one's attention to him could be like mine, and I determined to leave the house for Plymouth that very night. This was refused me by my friends. I thought their denial cruel and unkind. I imagined if my brother were near me, he would immediately fly with me to the relief of my husband. I, therefore, conjured

the friend who was with us, Mr. Bradley, to go down to Bromley, and bring him up that night. Mr. Bradley obeyed my wishes, although he knew too well how vain was their object.

In the interval between his absence and the arrival of my brother, I remember nothing, but a fearful time of suspense. My mind wandered in a frightful dream. The morning had arisen upon me with the tranquillity of a happy state; the evening opened to me a gulf of misery, into which I seemed about to plunge. I thought my brother's arrival would bring me certainty — *certainty* in some shape; and yet I feared to know it. I fancied that if he consented to accompany me immediately to Beer, that all might yet be well. This consent would imply that life was still warm within the bosom of my beloved husband; and could I only be assured that Charles was yet alive, all else might be supported. I then could bear the journey; even the expectation of meeting him sick, wounded, and lingering on the bed of pain. I should even feel supported by such a hope, and go to him cheerfully. Distracted with apprehension, and agonized by suspense, when I heard my brother's approach, the thought that his arrival was the moment that would support, or perhaps for ever destroy my last lingering hope, rushed upon me with such unutterable agony,

that could the earth have opened, to hide me from such a moment, I should have thought it merciful. I have no terms — I must want words to tell what followed. My brother came to me: he could not speak; but his countenance told me that something more than fearful, something more than dangerous, had happened. And still I could not think that Charles, my dear Charles, my husband, the father of my yet unborn child, was no more. Never shall I forget the moment, when my brother, struggling with his own feelings in mercy to mine, on bended knees, the Book of Salvation in his hand, implored Almighty God to comfort and support his sister, and to guide her finally to meet her husband *in a better world.* The prayer that was offered up to heaven for my support, sounded the knell to me on earth. It told me I was widowed; that my child would come fatherless into the world; that Charles was dead, the being who had lived devoted to me in this life, whose heart, that glowed with the warmest affection, was here for ever cold, silent, lost in the confines of the senseless grave!

There are moments that do the work of years; that leave an impression no time can erase, and change in their visitation the natural course of things. In such, the mind, the feelings, even the world itself, seems perverted; the illusion for

ever destroyed, and one fearful blank, cheerless as it is lasting, alone succeeds to mark the hopeless ruin. And that was such a moment! The agony of suspense was past. It was succeeded by a feeling not less agitated; but yet partaking of that terrible calm which brings with it the horror of certainty, the leisure to reflect upon the full and direful extent of the calamity. The natural flow of sorrow was dried up. Tears that fall like rain upon the parched earth, to moisten the fevered source of sorrow, tears would have been relief; but I could not weep. Tears are the result of but calm and melancholy feeling, a feeling that is denied to an intensity of suffering. — Never shall I forget those hours. I could not seek rest; it was impossible. The morning came; I watched the returning light, with sensations like those of the condemned criminal, who views the sun arise to illumine a day, that opens fraught with happiness to others, but to him must close in endless night. Its cheerful lustre, contrasted with my own feelings, added, if possible, to the bitter pangs of death. I thought myself at Beer, and fancied the returning day, darting its light upon the pale and cold remains of my beloved Charles. I sickened at the sight. Such are human sufferings, and so intimately do we connect them with the objects around us, that it seems as if the world itself should take

part in our afflictions. Yet nature continues her unaltered course, calm and serene, proclaiming from age to age, the eternity of God; whilst each ephemeron of mortality, the beings of his creative power, sink one by one into the sleep of death, lost and forgotten in the lapse of years.

After the fatal event became known to me, I had one wish that would indeed have been a melancholy solace to my feelings, — that of once more looking upon the remains of my husband. In this world we could never meet again. But to part from him *thus;* to have him leave me full of life and health, ardent in affection, and looking to the happiness of our future years; and now, never, never to see him more; denied the sad consolation of watching his sickness, of alleviating his sufferings, or of receiving his last blessing, with his expiring breath; — these were reflections, that rendered this calamity (terrible in itself), the cup of tenfold bitterness. In life or in death, I would once more have beheld him; but, this, even this, was denied me, by the aggravated circumstances of my situation. I was about to become a mother. The fear of destroying by such a farewell, the last, the only living remembrance of my husband's affection in his yet unborn child, induced my friends to deny me this request. — We had parted indeed for ever.

Mr. Stothard, sen., accompanied by poor Charles's faithful and esteemed friend, Mr. Henry Brooke, left London for Beer Ferrers. And on the 4th of June, the venerable and sorrowing father followed to an untimely grave the remains of that son, who in life had been the pride, the ornament, the honour of his name. Thus awfully perished in the prime of manhood, in the vigour of health, amidst the praises of the world, in the bosom of domestic happiness, beloved, honoured and esteemed, — the dutiful son, the tender husband, the affectionate friend, the benevolent and humble Christian. To use the words of his friend* (who penned the following inscription on his tomb), "The eminence of his talents was only exceeded by his virtues."

Sacred to the Memory
(Dear to every friend who knew him)
of
CHARLES ALFRED STOTHARD,
Historical Draughtsman,
And Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries,
Eldest surviving son of Thomas Stothard, Esq., R. A.

While pursuing his professional researches in the adjoining church, he was unfortunately killed by a fall, on the 28th of May, in the year of our Lord 1821, in the 34th year of his age. As a laborious investigator of the ancient sepulchral monuments, and other historical vestiges of this kingdom, which he illustrated by his faithful and elegant

* Mr. Alfred Kempe.

pencil, he was pre-eminent. As a man, though gifted with the most solid ability, he was humble, modest, unostentatious; an example of benevolence and simplicity of heart; a Christian by faith, as he proved by that essential demonstration, his works. Thus awfully bereft of such a partner, what words shall describe the deep, the bitter sorrow of his widow, who stood not by to pay him the last sad offices; but while he perished thus untimely, expected his return, and shortly to bless him with a first child! She has erected this poor Monument to his memory; a living one exists in her heart.

Reader, profit by this sad, but doubtless, in the wisdom of God, salutary and merciful lesson; for it is better that the virtuous should be thus suddenly cut off, than the wicked. "Watch ye, therefore, for ye know not when the master of "the house cometh; at even, or at midnight, or at the cock-"crowing, or in the morning: lest coming suddenly, he "find you sleeping." — Mark, xiii. 35, 36.

"Thus awfully," indeed, "bereft of such a partner," my deep and heartfelt sorrows may be conceived, but cannot be expressed. Broken and wounded in spirit, deprived of the being who had loved me with such constant and unwearied affection, could the severest, could the most rigid moralist, blame me for feeling this world as a dreary void, — a blank on which neither the characters of consolation nor of hope were written? These were the *first* impressions, the *first* views, of a melancholy and care-worn mind. But it pleased Almighty God, in this my hour of bitter sorrow, to give a sweet and sacred balm to my afflictions, in my dear, my only

child, who was born to me on the 29th of June, but one month and four days after the fatal catastrophe. The infant, who came fatherless into this world, seemed as if sent by the hand of Providence to be the future comfort and support of her mourning mother. A sweeter child was never born. Had she been given to me without beauty, the most lowly of her kind, still I should have loved her. But she possessed a beauty of person, and a sweetness of disposition, that attracted the notice and admiration of every one; not even strangers beheld her, without expressing their delight. What must she have been then to me, to my mother, who never trusted her from her arms! My poor child, (to whom I had given the name of Blanch, a name that was a favourite with her father,) was just spared to me till she had wound herself round my heart.

But, alas! from a slight indisposition on the 31st of January, 1822, she was seized with convulsion fits; and, after sufferings the most terrible to witness, that no medicine could alleviate, on Saturday, the 2d of February, it pleased Almighty God to make her in his kingdom the angel she seemed to be on earth. I kissed my child and blessed her, (though she did not need that,) but a few moments before she expired. I did not witness her dying pang: I knelt by her, but I could not look upon her face. My child, my

only child — her father dead. This was too much — I could not watch her last breath. — She died — all pain had ceased — I no longer saw the agony of the convulsive pang. I could look upon her *then* — I could have looked for ever; and the sweet smile that she wore upon her lips in life, again returned after death.* Her little hands, so sweet, so pretty, lay extended by her side. Her countenance composed, so calm and beautiful, I almost fancied her in a tranquil sleep. She made death rich. It seemed as if he had rifled my poor blossom, to make his image fearless. — I kissed her lips, her sweet lips; but their coldness struck worse than death upon my heart. *This* was no illusion; my child's was the sleep of death. I looked upon my last, my only hope, torn from me — dead to my sight, cold, chilling to my touch. Widowed and childless, — my husband, my daughter, both, both for ever gone! — I stood as one upon whom the wrath of Heaven, for some all-just, but inscrutable cause had fallen; like the wretched Cain, the outcast of his kind, the mark of misery upon me.

Reader, I have little else to add. Within a brief space, I have lost both my husband and

* Mr. Flaxman, R. A. with his accustomed amiable feeling, had the kindness to execute some beautiful casts of the head, bosom, &c., from moulds taken of this lovely infant after her death.

my child — they are both torn from me. I have not a heart of stone — I can feel these things; and yet I retain my senses to know the full extent of the sorrows that are my portion. My child, I followed to her grave: the sweet little creature, that I a thousand times had kissed, whilst she lay smiling at my breast, I saw consigned to that grave to whose brink, I had looked forward, she should one day, sorrowing, follow me. These are fearful and terrible lessons; but I trust I have learnt, at the price of all my happiness in this world, to *bear them as I ought.* The words which supported me in that afflicting hour, when the poor remains of my sweet infant were returned to their native dust, support me now, — they nerve my hand to guide the pen, — they have enabled me to trace this awful detail of my own calamities, without sinking under the attempt, — *they shall comfort me in life, — they shall support me in death — they shall triumph in the grave:* —

" I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that " he shall stand at the latter day upon the " earth; and though after my skin worms de- " stroy this body, yet in my flesh I shall see " God."

Of the general character of my husband, little need be said. Action is the test of virtue, and by that he has been proved. I shall conclude,

therefore, with such remarks alone as I doubt not will prove acceptable to the reader.

His industry, during the latter period of his life, rather increased than diminished; for whilst etching, it was frequently his custom to have a pencil and several slips of paper by his side. Upon these he made notes of whatever occurred to his mind, that might prove useful in composing the letter-press of his work. At other times he would place a Latin book upon his table, and study the author, whilst actually employed upon some of those very beautiful plates he executed for the Tenth Number of the Monumental Effigies. It was thus, that during the last six months he studied the German grammar, and had made a considerable progress in the elementary part of that difficult language, without having exclusively devoted a single day to it.

Not many weeks before his death, he told me that he was going to make a holiday. Upon my asking an explanation, he said, that he purposed devoting the morning to amusing himself with the Egyptian antiquities at the British Museum; for he was resolved to attempt (absurd as it might appear) making out the hieroglyphic inscriptions. I laughed at the idea; and told him, that could he succeed in this, I should not despair of finding out the secret of alchymy.

In the afternoon, he returned with impressions that he had rubbed off on tissue paper, from the

Rossetta stone, and several other hieroglyphic characters, on the great sarcophagus from Alexandria. The former of these he hung up over his study chimney-piece, and spent a little time each day in pondering over it, neither impatient nor despairing of success.

His Egyptian studies were the subject of many jests amongst us; but he still persevered, making several attempts at the formation of an alphabet; and he was induced to think, that single figures in the hieroglyphics sometimes expressed a word, and even a sentence. For the sake of distinction, he tinted the several signs with different colours, and at length so far succeeded, that he clearly proved he could make out the words *king* and *Ptolemy*, wherever they occurred. I repeat this little circumstance, not imagining it could have been possible for him to have succeeded in his attempt, but merely as an instance of that indefatigable and inquisitive spirit, which continually prompted him to some new attempt.

Enthusiasm was a striking feature in his character. Charles was ever zealous. Whatever he did, it was with his whole heart. He threw the full power of his mind into the object he pursued; and to this may be attributed his extraordinary success in whatever he undertook. A large portion of his time was employed in business, in travelling, in the active management, as

well as the executive part of his work. When this is considered, and the age at which he died, it is really wonderful to view how much he has left. Such numbers of most beautiful and highly finished drawings, many books of the most exquisite sketches of landscape, figures, architecture, antiquities, &c. &c.; besides his oil paintings, his academy studies, and above one hundred and twenty elaborately etched plates for his work on the Monumental Effigies. To which may be added, the fine drawings he made for the Magna Britannia of Mr. Lysons; those executed for the Society of Antiquaries; and his great and laborious works, both from the Bayeux tapestry and the Painted Chamber. But this is not all; for his manuscripts are scarcely less numerous. These, written in a very neat and small hand, contain a vast body of matter both original and collected, on the subjects of his pursuit, and many others that had occasionally occupied his attention. For he was so anxious to gain knowledge, and so diffident of his own ability, that there was scarcely a subject connected with art or science, but at some period or other he had made it the object of study; and his mind possessed that faculty of order and arrangement, that the stores of knowledge and information thus gained were ever ready when they were most of use.

He was an ardent admirer of nature, and had

a most feeling perception of all that is beautiful in her works. Human life he viewed on the fairest side; and cheerless indeed must have been those circumstances, from which he derived no pleasing or agreeable feeling.

Notwithstanding his indefatigable industry, he always found time for relaxation and the society of his friends. His evenings were generally devoted to both; and since our ill-fated marriage, during the winter evenings, if we had no company, we regularly drew round the hearth, whilst Charles took his seat by the fire-side, and there would read to us aloud, till the morning sometimes gained upon the night. History was generally the subject selected; but sometimes books of another description. We listened thus, with pleasure, to the charming works of Sir Walter Scott and Mrs. Radcliffe; authors, whose fine imagination highly delighted him. It is somewhat remarkable, that the last works he read to us were Kenilworth and Guy Mannering. My husband and my mother regularly made their observations on these works, the same as if they actually detailed some known occurrence in real life; and I shall never forget poor Charles's remarks upon the death of Amy Robsart, the Countess of Leicester, whose terrible fate resembled *his own*. He did not think it so dreadful to *herself*. She was happy at the moment, unconscious of her danger, and expecting a return

of the object of her affections. She suffered little; and left a mortal for an immortal state, scarcely conscious of the change. The fate of Lucy Bertram, in Guy Mannering, excited his compassion. He remarked most feelingly upon it; and in less than six weeks after, his own infant daughter came into this world under circumstances of equal and similar distress.

I am sensible, it is due to the memory of Charles to speak of him in the character of a husband; but this is a point in which my own feelings are so interested, that I know not in what terms to express my sense, my deep veneration, my affection and gratitude, for all his goodness towards me; a goodness that was far beyond my desert. It is a part of justice, of *simple justice*, and not of partiality, to declare it.

During the three years and three months that I was his wife, I cannot recollect a single instance of unkindness, either in word or deed. But his conduct was not negative; it was generous, good, affectionate, and tender. He never made a profession that his actions did not prove to be true; and his heart was *sincerity itself*. He made me the constant companion of all his pursuits. He did nothing without consulting me; and far from assuming that superiority or command the title of husband confers upon its possessor, it was ever his wish that I

should consult my own inclinations. Marriage he considered the highest state of friendship, cemented by the closest bond of mutual interest and affection. Upon these principles he acted. His wife he deemed the dearer part of himself; and whatever affected her, equally concerned him. He judged it a duty of principle as well as inclination, that he should evince that respect he thought her entitled to receive from the world, by always paying it to her himself. During our marriage I suffered from ill health. At such times he never left me for company; and if absent on business, he would hasten his return home with painful anxiety, upon my account. One instance of his kindness to me in sickness I cannot pass unnoticed. It occurred whilst at Ploermel, in Britanny. I had taken a violent cold, which brought on symptoms of fever. No medical advice could be procured in so remote a village, and the people were too barbarous to afford me the least assistance. On the second day I grew worse. Charles appeared so distressed at my situation, that the sight of his anxiety pained me more than illness. The whole of that day and night he watched by my side, and would not take any refreshment, excepting a small quantity of the tea that he had made for me; and once, when I awoke before he was aware of it, I observed him with tears in his eyes, and

upon bended knees, fervently praying God for my recovery. Upon my conjuring him to take rest and refreshment for my sake, if he would not for his own, he replied, "Oh, Eliza! could "I forget my own feelings or anxiety for you! "Think what a trust I have taken upon me, now "that you are absent from your parents. How "could I answer them if any thing happened to "their child!"

Though possessed of the most acute feelings, and painfully alive to the slightest unkindness, Charles was of a temper so patient, that great must have been the injury that could provoke him to a harsh or unkind word. Of the quickest sensibility, he was frequently overpowered by his feelings. The sight of distress, sensations of anxiety, and even of affection, would often occasion him to shed tears. I have seen it a thousand and a thousand times. In these moments he would say to me, "I should be ashamed if any "one but yourself witnessed such weakness;" but if it were really a weakness in poor Charles, it was one that did him honour, as it arose from the finest sensibilities of an uncommonly feeling heart.

As a son, he was both dutiful and affectionate. I never heard him name his father, but in terms of the greatest veneration. Some years before

our marriage, when Charles was speaking of the sorrow that frequently attends upon too early and imprudent marriages, in a pecuniary view, I remember his saying to me, that no young man, whose parents were in adverse circumstances ought to marry, in order that, in such a case, he should devote himself to their support.

"Dear as you are to me, Eliza," added he, "if my parents were distressed, I should love "you till the last hour of my life, but I could "not marry you." I was so struck with this expression of filial piety, that from that time, I have never forgotten the circumstance; and I here repeat it, in justice to the memory of one whose feelings did honour to human nature.

Universally valued and esteemed, as was my husband by the world, I will say it was not the *world* who could duly estimate his rare merit. The full extent of his worth could alone be appreciated by those who knew him intimately, and *knew him long*. Of a disposition naturally modest, and humble in his opinion of himself, he was exceedingly diffident and silent in general society, and particularly reserved towards strangers. Unless the subject was introduced by others, he never spoke of himself or of his pursuits. With an inherent detestation of all that

even seemed like show or ostentation, he rather shunned than courted applause. He was the last person in the world who would attract notice, in what is termed a *party*. Many, totally devoid of his abilities, but who had greater confidence and more address, in making the most of what they possessed, might often pass for his superiors with a superficial observer, or in the casual mixture of society. Endowed as he was with strong intellect, and possessed of large and various stores of information, it was sometimes necessary to draw them forth; but the effort was always repaid, and found worth the pains of having made it. With his family and intimate friends, his character seemed totally different. With them he was another being; for Charles, who appeared so serious in general society, was the first to enjoy a harmless jest; cheerful, animated, and even gay, when unshackled by ceremony, or in the unrestrained freedom of domestic life.

Reader, my task is done. The once happy wife of one so worthy, so beloved, as the last and deeply-felt tribute both of justice and affection to the memory of her husband, dictates this little memoir of his life: fully aware, that an abler pen might indeed, with far greater ability, execute the work; but sincerely trusting

this attempt will at least be received with indulgence, and that the severity of criticism may in some measure be softened by a sympathy with the sorrows, the torn and harrowed feelings, of one, whose happiness and affections have been thus, in the morning of her life, so fearfully shaken and overcast.

Heartfelt as is the subject of this little work, no partial, no misguided feelings, have given birth to a single sentence; each claiming as its sure basis, the unalterable dictates of truth. Solemn as the last awful scene these pages have recorded has been its observance.

If the reader, who knew not personally the subject of this memoir, or to how few he was indebted for success, expected to find in it the brilliant details of elevated life, or the proud catalogue of great and illustrious names,—I fear he has thrown aside the book, finding it but attempts to pourtray, in a brief narrative, the pursuits and meritorious career of one, whose virtues were pre-eminently exerted in private and domestic life, whose modesty shunned applause, and whose talents became both distinguished and successful from his own perseverance and industry.

These pages, however humble, it is hoped, to all readers may at least prove useful, in a moral

point of view. To the young who are about to enter upon the busy theatre of the world, they will hold forth the example of how much may be accomplished by unassisted exertions, with a steady application to the object of their pursuit, and the real value, even in a worldly sense, of just principles and an estimable character. To those who have mounted the steep ascent of fame and honour, they will show the rare pattern of modesty and humility.

To the prosperous, to the happy, the young, the vigorous, and the healthful, they will speak a warning and a fearful lesson, of the frail tenure, the uncertain portion, of all human hopes and possessions. It is true, these things are known and generally admitted; but never do they so powerfully impress the mind, or awaken the slumberer over his own condition, as when some sudden, some awful event, stands with all its fearful circumstances before his view. Then does he indeed reflect, that "our times are in "the hand of God," who speaks to us all by such examples, proclaiming, like the writing on the wall, that our souls also may in a moment be required of us, to give up their everlasting account, when all is closed for ever here; when, to use the sublime language of Scripture, "the "golden bowl shall be broken, and the silver

"cord shall be loosed;" when naked and disarmed, the trembling spirit stands before its Creator, all things having abandoned it, save the mercy of God, and the record of a well-spent life.

A. E. S.

February 27. 1821.

Chronological Order of the Plates in the Nine published Numbers of "The Monumental Effigies of Great Britain," by CHARLES A. STOTHARD, F.S.A.

Monumental Effigy on the south side the nave of Salisbury Cathedral. Published 1812.
The Tablet representing Geoffrey Plantagenet.
Monumental Effigy, south side the nave of Salisbury Cathedral. Published Feb. 1812.
Henry the Second of England.
Richard the First.
Ditto, profile view.
Geoffrey de Magnaville, Earl of Essex.
King John of England.
Ditto, profile view.
Monumental Effigy, Temple Church, London. Published June 1820.
Berengaria, Queen of Richard the First.
William Longespee, Earl of Salisbury.
Ditto, profile view.
Effigy in Malvern Abbey Church.
Effigy of a De l'Isle.
Ditto, profile view.
Effigy, supposed to be Robert, Duke of Normandy.
Effigy in Whitworth Church-yard, Durham.
Ditto, profile view.
Effigy, supposed to represent one of the Mareschals, Temple Church, London.
Ditto, profile view.
Effigy, Temple Church. Published May 1812.

The Boy Bishop, Salisbury Cathedral.
Henry the Third, King of England.
Ditto, profile.
Eleanor, Queen of Edward the First, Westminster Abbey.
Effigy in Gosberton Church, Lincoln.
Robert de Vere, Earl of Oxford.
Effigy, Hitchendon Church, Bucks.
Aveline, Countess of Lancaster, Westminster Abbey.
Edmund Crouchback, Westminster Abbey.
Ditto, profile.
William de Valence, Earl of Pembroke.
Ditto, profile.
Edward the Second, King of England.
Ditto, profile.
Aymer de Valence, Earl of Pembroke, Westminster Abbey.
Ditto, profile.
William de Staunton.
Effigy of a Ross, Temple Church, London.
Brass in Minster Church, Isle of Sheppey.
John of Eltham, Earl of Cornwall, Westminster Abbey.
Ditto, profile.
Sir John d'Aubernoun, Amberley Church, Sussex.
Effigy in Ifield Church, Sussex.
Effigy in Ash Church, Kent.
Ditto, profile.
Sir Roger de Kerdeston, South Reepham Church, Norfolk.
Profile ditto.
Mourners round the tomb of Sir Roger.
William of Hatfield, son of Edward the Third, York Cathedral.
Profile ditto.

Sir Oliver Ingham, Ingham Church, Norfolk.
Profile ditto.
Effigy of a Blanchfront.
Profile ditto.
Effigy in the Abbey Church, Tewkesbury.
Profile ditto.
Sir Humphrey Littlebury.
Profile ditto.
Effigy of a Lady in Staindrop Church, Durham.
William of Windsor and Blanch de la Tour, children of Edward the Third, Westminster Abbey.
Profile of William.
Ditto of Blanch.
John Stratford, Archbishop of Canterbury, Canterbury Cathedral.
Edward, the Black Prince, Canterbury Cathedral.
Ditto, profile.
Edward the Third, King of England, Westminster Abbey.
Ditto, profile.
Joan Burwasch, Lady Mohun, Canterbury Cathedral.
Ditto, profile.
Effigy in Wingfield Church, Norfolk.
Ditto, profile.
John, Lord Montacute.
Ditto, profile.
Sir Guy Bryan.
Ditto, profile.
Sir Hugh Calvely.
Ditto, profile.
Monumental Effigy, Willoughby Church, Notts.
Henry the Fourth, and his Queen, Joan of Navarre, Canterbury Cathedral.

Profile of Henry.
Ditto of Joan of Navarre.
Thomas Fitzalen, Earl of Arundel, and his Countess, Beatrice, Arundel Church, Sussex.
Ditto, profile.
Michael de la Pole, Earl of Suffolk, and his Countess, Catherine, Wingfield Church, Suffolk.
Profile of the Earl.
Ditto of the Countess.
William de Colchester, Westminster Abbey.
Ditto, profile.
Enamelled Tablet, Amberley Church, Sussex.
Philippa, Duchess of York, Westminster Abbey.
Ditto, profile.
John Fitzalen, Earl of Arundel, Arundel Church, Sussex.
Ditto, profile.
Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, St. Mary's Chapel, Warwick.
Back view of ditto.
Profile ditto.
Robert, Lord Hungerford.
Profile ditto.
John Talbot, the great Earl of Shrewsbury.
Profile ditto.
William Fitzalen, Earl of Arundel.
Profile ditto.
John de la Pole, Duke of Suffolk, and his Duchess Elizabeth, sister to Edward the Fourth, Wingfield Church, Suffolk.
Profile of John de la Pole.
Painting on the Effigies of the Duke and Duchess.

The foregoing forms the list of those plates already published (with portions of the illuminated letter-press) of "The Monumental Effigies of Great Britain."—The Tenth Number, ten plates of which were etched by Mr. C. Stothard, will be shortly produced; and the same work, entirely completed from his original drawings and MS. notes, by Mrs. Charles Stothard, who has also published—

The Plantagenet Tablet, fully coloured, separate plate—and

The whole of the Royal Effigies discovered at Fontevraud, in France, fully coloured, separate plate.

The other published Works of the late Mr. C. Stothard consist of,

Illustrations of "Letters written during a Tour through Normandy, Britanny, and other parts of France, in 1818, by Mrs. C. Stothard."

The Tapestry of Bayeux, and various other works, published by the Society of Antiquaries, London.

Also, Illustrations for the Magna Britannia of the late Samuel Lysons, Esq.

THE END.

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